ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1966 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

skiing europe • the sexual freedom league • playboy interview with norman thomas • the nudest look in feminine fashions plus william saroyan herbert gold • jean shepherd • nat hentoff vance bourjaily j. paul getty ray russell

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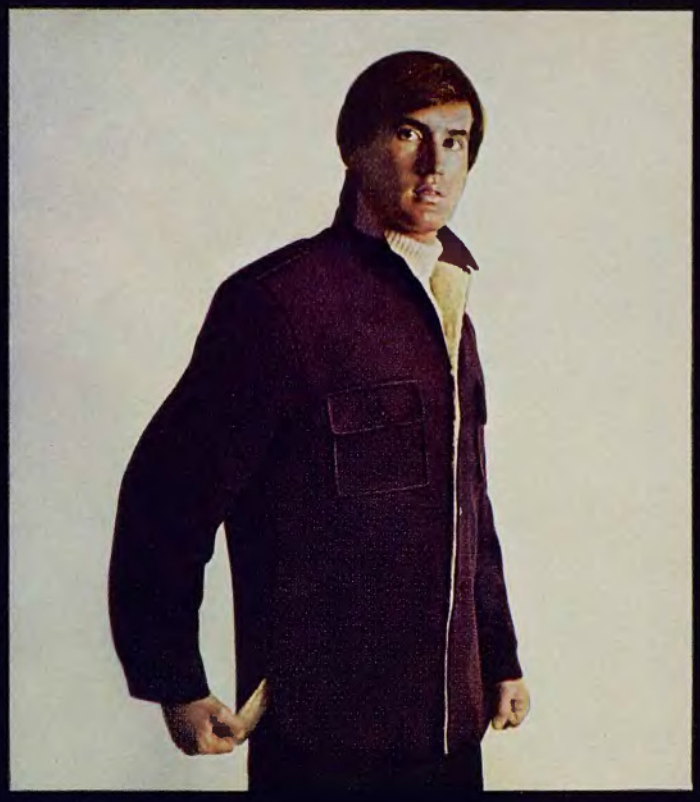

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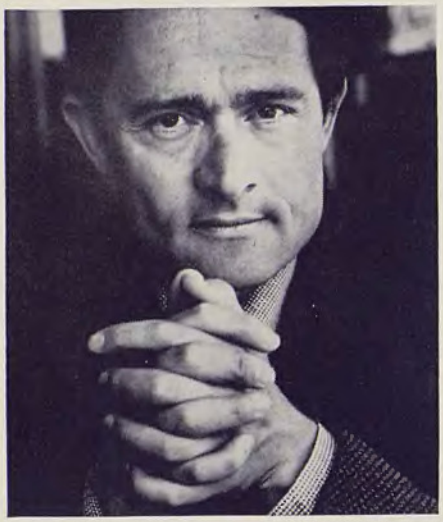

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PLAYBILL GENTLEMEN, consider the gifts at hand and be glad. PLAYBOY this month is as full to bursting as was the first Thanksgiving table, with fine features, appetizing pictorials plus an appropriate sampling of things of interest to the urban male.

The special lucidity that always characterizes the work of PLAYBOY regular Nat Hentoff is evident in this November's *The Supreme Court*. Nat's long-standing interest in constitutional law was at least in part refreshed by an incident that occurred when he was doing a story about a street gang in New York's Chelsea neighborhood: "One of the kids—and this was one the schools had said couldn't learn—for some reason started to talk to me about the *Thompson* decision with which I lead off the piece. It was amazing how thoroughly he knew it, and his ability to apply it was sophisticated, too (and sardonic)—'It's good to know that somebody's making rulings like that,' he said, 'but try to explain them to a cop.' In any case, I expect those nine men in Washington would be both heartened and challenged to know that their work is being scrutinized from the streets."

Leading a trio of short stories wide-ranging enough to satisfy the most catholic of appetites is Herb Gold's *The Ancient Company*, which moves swiftly from the memory of Nazi Germany to the death of one man. Literary critic Granville Hicks has said that Gold dares to look for heroes, and finds them in unlikely places, among which, certainly, is the world of his latest story.

William Saroyan's *The Swimmers*, set in his native Fresno and dealing with the Armenian characters only he can completely realize, is that rare thing—an American examination of early adolescence that treats its subject with no hint of preciosity. Paperback editions of *My Name Is Aram*, *The Human Comedy* and a collection of Bill's earlier plays are being reissued this fall, and (notwithstanding his note to us that his main avocation is "avoiding writing") new Saroyan plays and stories are in progress.

A Most Miraculous Organ, by Ray Russell, is a surprise-studded tale of what can happen when the dead past is brought back to life. Ray, who lives in the Beverly Hills home once occupied by William Faulkner, reports multiple activities: the imminence of a new book, *Unholy Trinity*, to be published simultaneously in the U. S. and England; co-authorship of a play, *The Man Who Said No*; and work on a filmscript of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. *Come to Me, My Melancholy Dane*—one of two Shakespearean spoofs by Ray that have delighted our readers—reached the musical stage at Monterey (California) Peninsula College during the past summer.

Among the most striking photographic features to appear in the pages of PLAYBOY is *The Hallucinogenic Hotel Room*, based on a sequence from *The Defector*, starring Montgomery Clift. Clift's death last summer after the shooting of what first-viewers are calling his best film was a sadly ironic loss to the industry and to his friends.

From outdoorsman-novelist Vance Bourjaily—whose *The Ninth Upland Game Bird* presents possibilities for a Thanksgiving-feast tie-in we'll avoid—comes word of the early-1967 publication of his first novel in six years. Dial Press will be the publisher (title is *The Man Who Knew Kennedy*).

"Admirable as the League may be here in America," Danish-born author Jack Lind writes of *The Sexual Freedom League*, "it would have been wasted on my fellow Danes, whose views on sex are well known and entirely laudable. In a sense, I feel sorry for the League members, who are toiling to put across a philosophy that has long been a *fait accompli* in Scandinavia; but then Denmark is, of course, an old kingdom, where people have had a longer time to mature."

November promises winter, the joys of which are caught in the warm invitation of Sue Batchelor's cover smile and then, at greater length, in *Skiing Europe*, a pictorial slalom through the most celebrated and skiworthy slopes and spas of the Old World. Bringing it all home to PLAYBOY was photographer Marv Koner, shown above flanked by two of our model athletes. The shot was taken in a St. Anton coffeeshop in the middle of an eight-week jaunt during which, Marv tells us, he "drove 3000 miles, slept in 35 different beds and ate in at least 100 restaurants," in pursuit of the 8000 transparencies from which our feature was culled. "English is supposed to be Europe's second language," Marv said, "but if I hadn't been able to get by in the major native tongues—and if PLAYBOY's reputation wasn't as secure as it is in Europe—I wouldn't have been able to give adequate directions to my lovely amateur models."

But if this month promises winter, it remembers, too, the girls of summer, and we won't lock anyone in stocks for starting his feast with heady wines such as *No Cover, No Minimum*, a look at the nuder look in feminine fashions, or California-dreamish Lisa Baker, November's Playmate. The board is spread, gentlemen, with more delights than we have space to mention—so dig in!

vol. 13, no. 11—november, 1966

PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE - PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

THE DEATH OF GOD

You are probably quite aware of the vast number of clergymen who consider your magazine "must" reading. Thank you very much for articles like the Reverend William Hamilton's *The Death of God* in your August issue. Please keep up the good work in supplying the public with perspective on controversial issues.

The Rev. Charles A. Grube
Synod of the Chesapeake
United Presbyterian Church
Baltimore, Maryland

I found Dr. William Hamilton's article on the "death-of-God" controversy very fine. It was quite coincidental that only a day or so after a lecture-discussion session during my summer studies here at Catholic University in Washington, during which I became interested in reading *The Playboy Philosophy*, PLAYBOY appeared with Hamilton's article. I could use your August issue in my classroom to illustrate an aspect of PLAYBOY of which most of the people in my profession are totally unaware.

Father John Sheehan, S. M.
Chairman, Department of Theology
De La Salle College
Washington, D. C.

The Death of God by Reverend William Hamilton is pleasant reading to those of us who have been born but once. With the frost of common sense, he demolishes the God who will damn forever the honest unbeliever and the one who happens to be mistaken in his opinions. It appears that Hamilton has firmly and forever given up the God who judges people according to their belief, and affirms in effect that the wickedness of human beings must be ascertained by their acts. Dr. Hamilton's ideas deserve the commendation of every honest person.

Charley Greer
San Bernardino, California

If by publishing *The Death of God* you have helped clear some of the confusion, it will be well worth while. Even though Hamilton's article is a bit foggy at times, it does at least attempt to define his position. Perhaps the strongest criticism of the piece could be leveled at the question of suffering. Hamilton takes suffering as an indication that God is dead, pleading that "the terrible burden of suffering our time has witnessed can be ascribed to God only by turning him into a monster." I'll go with Hamilton part of the way: Our time has faced suffering and danger beyond that of any other time—or at least suffering on a more massive scale. Yet the same statement might have been made by those who had survived the plague, or smallpox, centuries ago.

However, unlike the survivors of those dread plagues, who ascribed their misery to God and went on worshiping Him because they were conditioned to do so, we could not. And if we ascribed the famines in India, the last two wars and the next one, along with atomic power, to God, we'd be unable to say anything else but that He is dead.

The simple fact is that thinking Christians don't ascribe these things to God at all. Our concept of God as creator is all-inclusive, yet He is not responsible for evil. Sounds like a circular argument? It is, unless you see what's at the heart of it. We feel that God created man (let's not debate how He went about it) for a purpose. That purpose is love—between man and God, and therefore also between man and man. Yet in order to accomplish this, God introduced the element of free will. If we take a look at the suffering of our day, we'll find that in terms of natural disaster and illness, it is no worse than the suffering of any other day. What makes today worse is that man, using his free will, has introduced untold new ways to make his fellow man suffer. Shall we ascribe these sufferings to man, then, and—as Hamilton says—"turn him into a monster," and declare that man is dead?

The Rev. Arthur M. Hale,
Second Pastor
Emmanuel Lutheran Church
Racine, Wisconsin

The article by Dr. Hamilton on the death of God is the most cogent statement of the Christian position I have encountered. However, in suggesting possible Christian replacements for the dead God, he mentions the human community and Jesus, the man. In so doing, he is again resigning the most precious

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benefit of the death of God—man's total individual freedom. By declining the responsibility for the formulation of a new moral and ethical meaning and leaving this function to someone other than himself, man denies that he is able to stand alone, to accept his new status as creator. To make God's death meaningful, the individual must now accept himself as an undetermined agent with the urgent necessity of conferring meaning on a world now deprived of built-in moral and ethical foundations. It is man's greatest challenge, but it cannot be met by substituting one prefab morality for another.

Mrs. Bonnie Moreland
Santa Ana, California

Thanks to PLAYBOY and Dr. William Hamilton for the clearest presentation to date of the current "death-of-God" school of thought. I can apply to the reading of the article what the author applies to the divine demise: "It is an emotional event, in the guts." However, there's much to feed the mind as well, and this is where Hamilton misses the mark, for four reasons:

1. The author insists that the "death of God" is an event, in contrast to a "nonevent," but what he portrays does not meet the specifications of an event. His answer to the reasonable question "When?"—like Gaul—is divided into three parts: the Incarnation, the 19th Century and "just now." The Incarnation was just "the beginning of the death of God"; for Hamilton says "the coming and death of Jesus makes God's death possible." Then he says that "the 19th Century lives that reality and instructs us to do the same." As for "just now": "It is our turn to understand and to accept."

2. "'Death of God' sounds . . . arrogant," says Dr. Hamilton. It *is* arrogant. And this because it is naïvely and geocentrically parochial, as pre-Copernican in its presuppositions as those of the most thoroughgoing fundamentalist. If there ever was a God, He has been the God of the whole universe. It is presumptuous indeed for earth men even to suggest that circumstances in a tiny fraction of a small span of existence of this relatively insignificant planet around an unimportant star in our local galaxy have downed the God of the universe.

3. "Radical" as Hamilton and those of similar mind are in dispensing with God, they are simplistic indeed—to the point of sounding like evangelicals and fundamentalists—in declaring "as the center of the Christian faith a relation of obedience and trust directed to Jesus." In his article, Professor Hamilton seems entirely innocent of the complexities involved in affirmations of the historical Jesus ("Jesus, *the man*," to use

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Hamilton's phrase and emphasis) that have come to light through at least a century of vigorous New Testament criticism. But conservative religionists who indulge in simplism about Jesus have at least a more coherent basis for their focus on him: an inherent connection between Jesus and the ultimate ground of all being. And if Hamilton is going to bypass Biblical criticism, he should be troubled by the fact that there have been attributed to his "focus of obedience, the object of trust and loyalty, the meaning I give to love, my center, my meaning" these words: "Why do you call me good? No one is good except God alone" (*Luke* 18:19) and "the Father is greater than I" (*John* 14:28).

4. Hamilton's Jesolatrous atheism is ill-supported by his touching reference to Auschwitz. He says, "It was *Christians* who did the work at Auschwitz, and their God became impossible after they had finished." He ignores the faith of the countless victims: They, by and large, believed in God—the same one for Jews and Christians. It was their murderers who believed in Jesus. Yet Hamilton accepts Jesus but rejects God.

Last fall, when Christopher S. Wren was interviewing me for *Look* and turned to the subject of the death of God as an "event," his photographer-companion, Bob Lerner, instinctively raised his camera and asked: "How did we miss that story?" If Hamilton were a reporter, even a very average city editor would turn down a story so unsupported by verifiable data. In short, no story. Because no event.

The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike
Center for the Study of
Democratic Institutions
Santa Barbara, California

Dr. Hamilton replies:

"Jim Pike, always more impressive in what he does than in what he writes, cannot be dull, even when he writes hastily. Three brief comments on his remarks might be in order.

"On Pike's first point: I don't know which is funnier, his conviction that there is a normative definition of 'event' that can be used as a test for all other uses of the word or his confidence in a Look *photographer as a theological commentator. (Pike should tell his photographer friend that he's been photographing 'the death of God' for years.) Surely Pike's recent stay in Cambridge has reminded him that 'event' can be a complex and odd word and that no simple definition is available. The radicals mean 'death' in the phrase 'death of God,' but it is used more like 'death' in 'we die daily' than in 'my canary died yesterday.' 'Death of God' is a metaphor, an event, a language event, and each of these categories is messier and harder to clarify than Pike imagines.*

"On arrogance, Pike's second point: Why is it arrogant to try to clarify an experience of the death of God as a fact of one's own participation in his time, and not arrogant to claim that the Christian God is the God of the whole universe? Surely intellectual arrogance is closer to this sort of claim to universality than to the radical's self-acknowledged limited and parochial vision. 'We can only speak of what we know,' Camus has written. Arrogance is the violation of this precept. Any of us is liable to it, whenever we are not content to retreat into a private confessional fantasy, and whenever we make serious claims about the truth of our work.

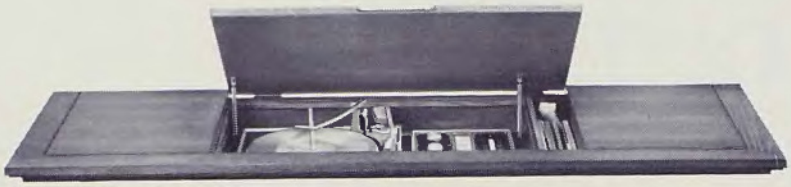
"On Bishop Pike's third point: Can it be that he really believes 'historical criticism' has decreed that no one can make a historical statement about Jesus? If he does hold this, he's been even further away from his books than it appears. The rhetoric about fundamentalism is just aggressiveness taking the form of hostility, and he should be ashamed of it.

"How profound of Pike to have discovered that Jesus talks about God in the New Testament! Does this shatter radical theology? Hardly. Jesus talks about demons, too, and about the end of history and the coming of the Son of Man. Does Pike infer from all this that we have to hold to these First Century views in the same way Jesus did? Of course not. Is there any necessary reason, then, why filial dependence on God the Father may not be one of those First Century ideas, like demon possession and the Apocalypse, appropriate then but not transferable to us?

"Jim Pike is one of the authentic disturbers of Israel's peace in our midst, and we need him. But in this superficial, irritated and bombastic mood, we do not recognize the power, good sense and courage of the man. Surely those whom the establishment dislikes should be a little less careless in commenting on one another's work. I still think that Pike is one of the canniest spokesmen for traditional theology that we have around, and his letter merely shows that Homer can nod. Pike should be as relaxed at having theologians on his left as we are in having them on our right."

Frantic survival tactics of an obsolete clergy, seeking to prolong its age-old racket of selling salvation at exorbitant rates, are becoming funny in a nauseating way. For 2000 years the Bible was the sole theological authority for shushing the nagging doubts of prospective converts. Finding these threadbare myths inadequate in dealing with an educated public, Reverend William Hamilton turns to Hemingway, Hawthorne and Pasternak for succor. While these writers could conceive powerful fictional characters, they have no better luck than the compilers of Biblical tales in materializing a living, ranting deity.

Lift the lid...



all controls and changer rise to meet you

in new Admiral "Flight Deck" solid-state stereo

No more reaching in the well!

Lift the lid of new Admiral "Flight Deck". All controls and record changer rise to cabinet top level, automatically! Load records, tune FM, AM or FM stereo multiplex radio, with new convenience only Admiral has!

Admiral solid-state stereo has up to 360 watts of peak power. Power, to re-create every tweet and oompah on your records, to bring sound breathtakingly alive!

Admiral components give maximum fidelity, minimum record wear. You can set ideal tracking pressure on the Admiral Vari-Gram tone arm, 0 to 4 grams.

The new Admiral solid-state cartridge doesn't depend on delicate record grooves to generate signal strength, as ordinary types do, because it's amplifier-powered. And it's a floating cartridge; can't scratch records even if bumped!

Two new Admiral mid-range speakers are chambered and rear-vented to give new life to important middle-frequency sounds. In addition, Admiral offers two 12" woofers, two 3½" tweeters and two tweeter horns. All eight quality Admiral speakers sound off in a handsome, handcrafted cabinet up to 74" long, for magnificent stereo separation.

If you love music *and* convenience, enjoy new Admiral "Flight Deck" solid-state stereo. It's the ultimate in stereo!

Admiral "Flight Deck" solid-state stereo YK8315, Early American styling, genuine maple veneers.

Admiral "Flight Deck" solid-state stereo YK8328, Italian Provincial styling, genuine pecan veneers.

Admiral® Stereo

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Shown at top, model YK8333, Spanish Provincial styling, genuine oak veneers. Admiral, Chicago. Admiral Canada, Ontario

How the martini got its first name

People have kept calling for one gin by name. As a matter of taste. In the martini, nothing else matters. Just that identifiable taste. It was created by the Burrough family in London, long before the martini was invented. They still taste each day's distillation. Still number and keep a record of each bottle. To make sure martini men get the excellence they call for in the Beefeater martini.

BEEFEATER®

First name for the martini

FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, NY • 94 PROOF • TRIPLE DISTILLED • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Using the theologian's most effective tool of complex verbosity to confuse the issue, Hamilton offers ten versions of the death-of-God theory. Only one could possibly be right. None is. A review of history reveals not the faintest evidence of an omnipotent and paternalistic intelligence. The Christian God isn't dead: He never existed.

Without a master to glorify, there remains no excuse for raising millions to erect churches, schools and meddlesome foreign missions. Church charity did such a disgraceful job of caring for the poor and the unfortunate that the Government had to take over this endeavor. What reason can preachers now advance for being maintained in slothful indolence?

Impractical as always, the pseudo-intellectual types who are drawn to the clergy fail to realize that any change in their basic pronouncements is a confession that everything that went before was only a pack of lies used to govern the ignorant masses. Certainly the dignity, respect, short hours and liberal pay offered by the ministry provide a powerful appeal to the slothful and incompetent. But, for heaven's sake, why can't they be satisfied to turn their feeble talents toward honest work, like the rest of us?

Nat Agnew
Nogales, Arizona

It is probably true that the epitaph "God is dead" is written on the tombstones of many Americans' faith. But that we can now get on with the job of eliminating human pain or creating social justice doesn't follow from Hamilton's post-mortem. Even less cogent is the argument that with God out of the way, the teachings of Jesus can be revitalized.

Rabbi Roger E. Herst
The Liberal Jewish Synagogue
London, England

Congratulations on the excellent quality of the writing in your magazine. This includes Reverend Hamilton's article. That cynical old Catholic, Voltaire, once said: "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him." That seems to be what is going on today. With a wild cry of "Freedom now," the God-is-deaders break from traditional restraint, smash the old idol and immediately start building a new one. Let us hope that man, in his new-found omnipotence, will do a good job.

M. Winslow Chapman
Memphis, Tennessee

I read with interest Reverend William Hamilton's exhortations that we swap our moral petticoats for the humanist cummerbund, an idea I find somewhat pawky, since most educated people I know have already made the switch. My

Something rugged when you want to be gentle.

Women like being caressed by Carhartt, and they like being where the Ranch Wear is. That's because all six styles of our jackets and coats have that "when men were men" look. The outer material is rugged double-fill cotton duck. Linings are natural sheep colored acrylic pile. Prices range from $15 to $22. And if you get a little grass stain on your coat...just throw it in the washing machine. Save your gentle handling for the ladies.

PLAYBOY

SKINDIVE
THIS WATCH TELLS ELAPSED TIME UNDERWATER

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ADJUSTS FOR 5-MINUTE STARTER'S WARNING

REFEREE
IT INCLUDES STOP-WATCH FOR TIMING SPORTS

RACE
IT GIVES CAR'S M.P.H. OVER MEASURED COURSE

GLOBE-TROT
IT SHOWS THE TIME AT POINT OF DESTINATION

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IT CONVERTS TO AVIATOR'S 12-HR. RECORDER

AND STOP TO REST: IT MEASURES REMAINING TIME-OUT, TAKES YOUR PULSE IN 30 SEC. THE WORLD'S BUSIEST WATCH—HAS MORE USES THAN EVER COUNTED! WATERPROOF, PROVIDING CASE, CRYSTAL, CROWN INTACT; SHOCK-RESISTANT, KEEPS FIENDISHLY GOOD TIME. $100. WRITE FOR FACT-BOOK TO DEPT. P-11, CROTON WATCH CO., CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

CROTON
CHRONOMASTER
goes steady goes steady goes steady goes stead

objection to the "death-of-God" business is simply that it makes funeral-parlor custodians of us all. If we bury Him, let us bury Him completely, and include His theologians. This business of trading Christian brotherhood for humanistic brotherhood makes a cathedral of biology. I can see no reason for calling another man my brother simply because his father is dead.

Anthony C. Winkler
Walnut, California

I very much enjoyed *The Death of God*. I find it thoughtful and to the point. I wonder if I could get 40 or 50 copies: I wish to use it as a discussion source with college students here at Central State University.

The Rev. Leon Johnson, Director
United Christian Fellowship
Central State College
Wilberforce, Ohio

Copies are on the way.

HUNT CLUB

I was interested to note the August interview with H. L. Hunt. You have scored a coup in getting him to talk so freely.

Sol M. Linowitz
Rochester, New York

Our thanks to Xerox International's chairman Linowitz, soon to be profiled in PLAYBOY'*s "On the Scene."*

Your excursion into the mind of H. L. Hunt was like a trip to a strange and distant planet, inhabited by hobgoblins and bogeymen bent on (horror of horrors!) causing Mr. Hunt to be deprived of a couple of billion dollars. Surely all patriotic, God-loving Americans should stand together to prevent the Socialists, Communists and criminals from stealing Mr. Hunt's hard-earned money.

It would be difficult to conceive of a political and economic philosophy containing less social responsibility than that endorsed by Mr. Hunt. It seems incredible that a single individual could control such wealth and still remain so ill-disposed to its constructive use.

The shallowness of Hunt's ideas, the thinly veiled racism he exhibits and the unthinkable selfishness he shows in the use of his money, to me are the *best* arguments I have seen to date for the establishment of a socialist economic system.

Herbert R. Millar
Brooklyn, New York

PLAYBOY'S introduction said things about me that sound too good to be true. I told your interviewer if he would publish my answers to his questions without deletions, you could make me out as a dangerous right-winger in your introduction, which was not to be disclosed to me. Evidently you did not accept my invitation, or else you would have found something worse to call me

ORGAN was a miscellaneous instrument in jazz until JIMMY SMITH

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Arranged & Conducted by
Oliver Nelson
HOOCHIE COOCHE MAN
V/V6-8667

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GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'...V/V6-8641
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BLUE BASH (W/KENNY BURRELL)...V/V6-8553
ORGAN GRINDER SWING...V/V6-8628
MONSTER...V/V6-8618/THE CAT...V/V6-8587
CHRISTMAS...V/V6-8604/BASHIN'...V/V6-8474
HOBO FLATS...V/V6-8544
ANY NUMBER CAN WIN...V/V6-8552

V/V6-8667

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than "a damned hick . . . under whose hand everything turns to gold or to controversy." It was already well known that I am "just plain folks," and nowadays nearly everyone who actively opposes communism is termed "controversial."

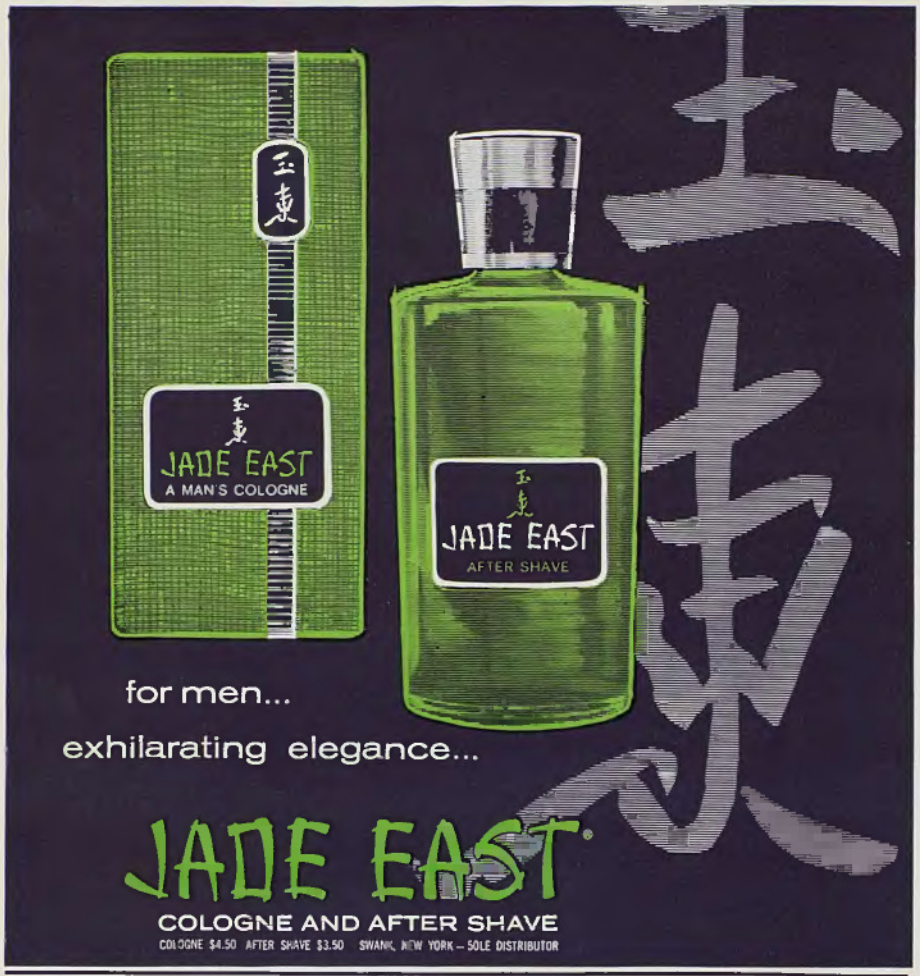
On page 53, PLAYBOY elected to make a bracketed editorial correction of my statement that Social Security funds are diverted into the general fund. I believe that although the funds are first deposited in the Federal Old-Age and Survivors Insurance Trust Fund and the Federal Disability Insurance Trust Fund, these depositories must purchase Government bonds with the funds, which again makes the beneficiary dependent on the Government's power to levy and collect taxes. The proceeds of the bonds then become part of the general fund, which pays for the inefficient War on Poverty, wasteful foreign aid and scores of frivolous projects, some as small as cold-drink stands.

H. L. Hunt
Dallas, Texas

We appreciate Mr. Hunt's appraisal of the objectivity of our introduction and hasten to point out that we didn't call him "a damned hick"; we merely quoted someone who did.

Though what Hunt says about Social Security is true, several implications of his statement need clarification. All Social Security receipts do go into trust funds (now not two but four, since two new trusts were set up to handle Medicare receipts), but, according to a recent report of the Advisory Council on Social Security, only "trust-fund receipts not needed for current disbursements are invested in Government securities." When the Social Security trusts purchase Government bonds, as Hunt says, "the proceeds of the bonds then become part of the general fund." This is more than just a bookkeeping transaction, because the interest on the bonds—which now approximates five percent—goes back to the Social Security trusts, to provide additional money for current Social Security payments. While the general fund finances most current Government operations—including those Hunt regards as "inefficient" or "frivolous"—the Social Security trusts are administered as entirely separate entities, by a board of 13 businessmen and economists, whose outlook is generally regarded as conservative. The bonds held by the trusts are legal instruments of credit, with the full faith of the Government pledged to their repayment. Financial analysts view such Government bonds as the safest of all investments.

During the Depression, the framers of the Social Security Act considered allowing the Social Security trusts to invest their money in the open market —in stocks, corporate bonds, real estate, etc. But the framers concluded that this would permit the Government—through



Of all the great Bourbons, which is No.1 in Kentucky, the home of Bourbon?

Yellowstone Bourbon. Though it's fairly expensive, Yellowstone continues to outsell every other Bourbon in Kentucky. Maybe there's one great experience left for you: Yellowstone Bourbon. Six years old.

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the administrators of the Social Security trusts—to exercise an awesome and undesirable influence in the private securities market. This is why the Social Security trusts are required to invest their excess revenues in Government bonds. Their regular purchases also help provide an orderly market for the bonds that the Government issues from time to time to raise money and to stabilize the economy. While this makes the trusts indirectly dependent on the Government's taxing power, the only alternative, short of competing with individual investors in the private securities market, would be to let the funds lie idle. Even in times of no inflation, this would deny Social Security taxpayers interest on the money taken from them. At current interest rates, with the Social Security trust funds approximating 20 billion dollars, the loss would be about one billion dollars annually.

When Hunt questions the wisdom of investing Social Security money in Government bonds, he implicitly questions the ability of the Federal Government to survive. The Government's ultimate collapse may be close to reality in some apocalyptic minds, but most financial experts agree that it is an unreasonable premise on which to base Federal fiscal policy.

Thank you for introducing me to my newly acquired real-life hero. Until now, I had to be satisfied with Ayn Rand's fictional character John Galt; but now I have H. L. Hunt.

Robert L. Gielow
Marietta, Georgia

Should the United States lose its battle with communism, it will be the H. L. Hunts who bring about the downfall. If our supposedly affluent bourgeois are as mentally degenerate, politically provincial and economically self-interested as Mr. Hunt, we have nothing to fear from either Red China or Russia. The revolution will take place internally.

Len McCulloch
Detroit, Michigan

It is ironical and truly pathetic that the "richest man in the world," Mr. Hunt, is rich in only one sense: materially!

Alan Segal
Ted Bulotti
San Francisco State College
San Francisco, California

"SCRAP-GOAT" OSWALD

I was quite interested in the article by PLAYBOY interviewing H. L. Hunt. Many pertinent questions were asked of H. L. Hunt by PLAYBOY.

Mr. Hunt has been accused of participating in certain aspects of the assassination (so have many others)—only they know for sure.

"Nearly all of the rumors I have heard regarding me are untrue—" How fortu-

nate that H. L. Hunt has the privilege of defending himself and the power to back up his statements. You will note that Lee Harvey Oswald, my late son, was deprived of that right. He was EXECUTED by Jack Ruby while in police custody still proclaiming his innocence. Millions of Americans saw the shooting and heard him shout, "I don't know what this is all about; I haven't killed anybody." Jack Ruby pulled the trigger —but what I want to know is—who gave that order!

"In these hazardous times, people owe it to themselves to find out the facts on the important issue—." How true! How true! I have been doing just that since the "Dallas Tragedy," and in nearly three years of hard work, I find the facts to be:

My son was a SCAPEGOAT. He, himself stated, "I am a scapegoat." This quote of his is documented.

My son was also a SCRAP-GOAT.

Yes, I coin a new word for Webster's dictionary, as the many thousands of written words are mere speculation and secondhand theories and opinions that I can tear up into scraps of paper by the tons.

A few minutes after arriving at Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas, Texas, that awful Sunday, November 24, 1963, and having been escorted by the doctors to view my late son's body, I made this statement, as documented in Volume 1, Page 162, Hearings before the President's Commission, Washington, D. C.:

"So while leaving the room, I said to the police—'I think someday you will hang your heads in shame,' I said, 'I happen to know, and know some facts, that maybe this is the unsung hero of this episode. And I, as his mother, intend to provide this if I can.' And with that I left the room."

The "Lone Assassin Theory" is not accepted by most open-minded Americans. The Warren Report is based on the findings of a closed-minded approach, and for that reason their ruling will someday be overruled.

And all the paid performers will not make it so!!!

Marguerite C. Oswald
Fort Worth, Texas

FOND OF FONDA

I haven't reached Sol Weinstein's *On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen* in your August issue, because I can't get past the Jane Fonda pictorial. I'm a fast reader but a slow looker. She's magnificent. My suggestion for your next issue is an interview with Miss Fonda, discussing her political views, and four pages of nude photos of H. L. Hunt. Anyway, I should get to Sol Weinstein by Rosh Hashana. If not, Happy New Year.

Alan King
New York, New York

No slide projector ever looked like this before . . . or did as much

It's the dramatically successful Sawyer's.

Shows 100 slides uninterrupted with circular tray. Takes regular trays, too. Can even show up to 40 slides automatically without a tray.

Shows 35mm slides, Super Slides, and slides from instant cartridge cameras.

No other projector, at any price, does so much, so well.

From less than $60. Rotomatic® 707Q model shown, with double-life 500 watt quartz iodine lamp, less than $150.

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Columbia Record Club's HOLIDAY

Perfect for gifts... Ideal for your own collection

2607. Queen Of The House, Sam Cooke Medley, etc.

2673. Also: On A Clear Day, All Or Nothing At All, etc.

2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

2629. Also: Time Is On My Side, It's All Over Now, 7 more

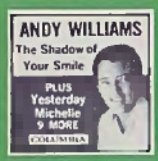
2615. Also: There She Goes, All I Really Need Is You, etc.

2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

2435. Also: Since I Fell For You, Spartacus, etc.

2340. Also: Angie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.

2404. Also: Never Too Late, The Pawnbroker, Smile, etc.



2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

2426. Also: Like a Rolling Stone, Girl from Ipanema, etc.

2604. Ave Maria, Ol' Man River, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

2602. Plus: A Well Respected Man, You Baby, Daydream, etc.

2461. Also: I Walk The Line, Second Hand Rose, etc.

2610. Blowin' In The Wind, Teach Me Tonight, Hold Me, etc.

2508. This Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection

2527. Also: How About Me, Tell Him I Said Hello, etc.

"Plenty of great albums for everybody - all you need is the tree!"

2063. Includes: Little Drummer Boy, 12 Days of Christmas, etc.

1967. Joy To The World, Ave Maria, First Noel, 11 more

1488. Silver Bells, December Time, The Christmas Song, etc.

1489. Carol of The Bells, Patapan, Away in A Manger, 13 more

2667. Also: I Woke Up From Dreaming, If You Believe, etc.

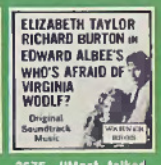
2612. Plus: Michelle, Let's Hang On, Honolulu Lulu, etc.

2684. Also: Bonanza, Walk Right In, Dulcinea, Yesterday, etc.

2639. "The best musical score of '65."—Am. Record Guide

2598. Plus: I Got You, Just A Little Bit, I Hope, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *



2675. "Most talked about film of the year."—Variety

2714. Plus: I'm So Proud, Good Lovin', Say I Am, etc.

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.

1977-1978. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) The fabulous "live" performance, his first in 12 years!

2161. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc.

1896. Also: Crying, I'm Hurtin', Mama, Blue Angel, etc.

2184. More hilarious reminiscences by this great comedian

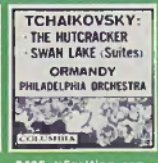
2674. Also: Just A Little Bit, Trickle Dickie, 8 more *

2350. Also: Charming Vienna, A Walk In Bavaria, etc.

2697-2698. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Also: I Want You, Just Like A Woman, Memphis Blues Again, 10 more

2344. Also: Wait and See, He Was a Friend of Mine, etc.

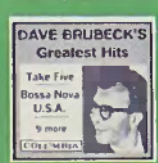
2286. A real bargain. Two records count as one selection.



2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism."—N. Y. Times

2488. Also: Silver Bells; Silent Night, Holy Night; etc.

2486. Plus: Winter Wonderland, Silver Bells, etc.



2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.

1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.

2392. "A bright swinging score." Variety

2613. Also: Say You, One Kiss For Old Times Sake, etc.

2662. Plus: When The Saints Go Marching In, Bye 'N Bye, etc.

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

2614. Plus: People, Land Of Make Believe, Get Rid Of Him, etc.

2287. Also: Washington Square, Dominique, 8 more

2668. Also: Green Grass, Ginza Lights, Escape, 6 more

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SELECTION OF HIT ALBUMS

As a new member you may take

ANY 9

REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS

FREE

if you begin your membership by purchasing just one record now, and agree to buy a record a month during the coming nine months (you will have over 300 records a month to choose from)

BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOLIDAY SEASON with these yuletide favorites and year-round best sellers by America's greatest recording stars. Each one will make an ideal gift for anyone on your Christmas list . . . or an exciting addition to your own collection. By joining now, you can have ANY NINE of the hit albums shown on these pages — ALL NINE FREE! What's more we'll also give you a handsome record rack FREE!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 9 FREE RECORDS — simply write in the numbers of the nine records you wish to receive FREE on the postage-paid card provided. Then choose another record as your first selection for which you will be billed only $3.79 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.79 (stereo). In short, you will actually receive ten records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway and Hollywood; Country and Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month you will receive your free copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine, with over 300 different records to choose from . . . a wide selection to suit every musical taste. You may accept any of the records offered —from any field of music! The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.79 (Classical $4.79; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase a record a month during the coming nine months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any records from the Club, and you may discontinue your membership at any time. If you choose to continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

MONEY-SAVING BONUS-RECORD PLAN: If you do wish to continue membership after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will be eligible for the Club's bonus-record plan . . . which enables you to get the records you want for as little as $2.39 each (plus a small mailing charge). So the Club represents your best buy in records for as long as you remain a member. Mail the card today!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. ✻Records marked with a star (✻) have been electronically rechanneld for stereo.

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

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2647. "A richly colored performance." —St. L. Post-Disp.

2715. Also: Cloudy, Cry, Big Little Woman, 12 in all

2605. "Some of his funniest material." —Billboard

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.

2601. Also: Let It Be Me, Call Me, Time, Sand, etc.

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

2397. Plus: Shimmy Shimmy Ko-Ko Bop, Our Song, etc.

2347. ". . . he plays like an 'angel'. . ." Wash. Sunday Star

2400. Also: Red Sails In The Sunset, It's Magic, etc.

2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

2597. Plus: Sweet Little Sixteen, Rock & Roll Music, etc.

2695. Also: The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all

1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 6 Academy Awards

2623. Also: These Boots Are Made For Walking, 9 more

2462. Also: We can Work It Out, Dance With Me, 8 more

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." N.Y. World-Telegram

2600. Plus: See How They Run, I Got A Man, Deserted, etc.

2505. Lara's Theme, What's New Pussycat, 12 in all

2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Wild Colorado, etc.

1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic etc.

2661. Also: Slow Walk, Jabo, Hooks, Fat Bag, 5 more

2225. Also: Jane, Jane; The Rising of The Moon; etc.

1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.

2410. Also: As I Love You, Dreaming The Blues, etc.

2416. Plus: Green, Green; We'll Sing In The Sunshine; etc.

2716. Also: Barefootin'; Louie, Louie; Wooly Bully; etc.

2327. Also: Ciribiribin, Sugar Blues, O Mein Papa, etc.

2680-2681-2682. Four-Record Set (Counts As Three Selections). The 80 biggest hits of the decade, by the stars who made them.

2253. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." S.F. Chron.

2268. Also: Who Can I Turn To; Long Ago; Sunrise, Sunset; etc.

2651. "One of the greatest pianist alive."—N. Y. Times

2679. Also: God Bless America, This Land, etc.

2686. Michelle, I'm Coming Home Cindy, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

2395. Fearless, exciting interpretation of Batman!

2411. Also: Blue Flame, Apple Honey, Caldonia, etc.

2485. Also: Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Unforgettable, etc.

2535. Also: A Taste Of Honey, Yesterday, Guicinea, 12 in all

2671. Also: Little By Little, La Bamba, 12 great songs in all

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Luxurious 100% Pure Alpaca. At All Fine Stores.

URSULA'S PORTRAITS

I represent Ben Stahl of Sarasota, the artist mentioned in your July pictorial report on Ursula Andress. While Mr. Stahl did, in fact, paint a portrait of Miss Andress in connection with the movie *Four for Texas*, the painting shown in PLAYBOY was not his. Mr. Stahl feels that his reputation is injured by this reference and he asked me to request that you set the record straight.

Richard W. Cooney, Attorney
Sarasota, Florida

Happily, I see *my* full-length portrait of Ursula Andress reproduced in your July issue. Unhappily, I observe that Ben Stahl is credited.

Originally, Mr. Stahl had been commissioned and he did, indeed, paint a portrait of Miss Andress. Robert Aldrich, the producer-director of *Four for Texas*, subsequently decided that a different approach, with a period look, would be more desirable. Miss Andress generously consented to an additional posing session, and I did the portrait you published.

William George
Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY *apologizes for the confusion and is happy to set the record straight. Two similar, life-sized paintings of the*

unadorned Ursula Andress were used in the filming of "Four for Texas," in which she starred with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Anita Ekberg. The first of these (shown with the real Ursula), painted by Ben Stahl, was damaged during a rough-and-tumble scene with the Three Stooges, so producer-director Aldrich ordered a second version (bottom), painted by William George, which was reproduced in our July pictorial, "Ursula," and incorrectly credited to Stahl.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Amid the mounting official and editorial outcry against the perils of LSD, we came across a column—by humorist Arthur Hoppe of the *San Francisco Chronicle*—that takes a refreshingly fresh and funny view of the psychedelic syndrome. For the edification of interested readers, we reproduce it here:

"In the furor over LSD and other hallucinating drugs, our leaders have ignored the discovery of a new 'thrill pill' which threatens to destroy utterly our present way of life. The new drug, known as LS-MFD, was first isolated and synthesized by the noted researcher Dr. Tom Hicks. Its major ingredient is a leading anti-acid compound and it can be made by any high school chemistry student.

"What are the insidious effects of LS-MFD on the thrill seeker who ingests as little as 100 milligrams in sugar cube? 'It causes him,' said Dr. Hicks with a suppressed shudder, 'to experience reality.' Already, there is a rapidly growing group of users, known as 'alka-heads,' who show an almost religious devotion to the effects of the drug—an experience they describe in their argot as 'staying where you are' or 'turning off.' Here, in the words of one alka-head, Homer T., is what such a 'stay' can be like:

" 'I had a tough day at the office. So when I got home I decided to take a stay. Nothing happened for about 20 minutes. And then this indescribable feeling came over me. The first thing I did was to get up and turn off the television set. Then I poured my martini down the sink and went out into the back yard. I'd never really noticed before how sun-warmed the earth is in the late afternoon and how a leaf is made and the way a cabbage moth flies. It was beautiful.

" 'My wife asked if I was going bowling and I said no, because it really didn't make sense to knock over pins with a ball for hours on end. I said I'd rather go downtown and look at people. I did and it made me a little sad the way nobody looks in your eyes. But I was very excited to see how many different kinds of people there are—old, young, rich, poor. Every single one of them different! I went home, kissed my wife, played happily with my children and went off to sleep without a sedative.'

"Unfortunately, as sometimes happens, Mr. T. suffered brief, recurring periods of reality for several weeks following. One occurred at the office during a conference to think up a new slogan for a stick-type deodorant. He was fired.

"Not only can LS-MFD cause unpleasant aftereffects, but it can also result in a 'bad stay.' In one such case the user picked up a newspaper while he was turned off. He was found later wandering down the street in a daze muttering, 'We're REALLY killing REAL people in Vietnam.'

"Thus, while society applauds our leaders for cracking down on LSD and other mind-expanding drugs, the spreading use of LS-MFD poses a far greater threat. Not only will it wipe out the great television, alcohol and bowling industries, but its potential for causing psychic damage is far greater. Most of us are unquestionably conditioned from birth to survive hallucinations. But who's equipped to face reality?"

•

It's reported that all openings for "Electronic Instructors" were immediately filled after the Packard Bell Electronics job-corps center in Albuquerque, New Mexico, ran an ad that closed, "This position offers a challenge to succeed with 16–22-year-old female population where traditional methods have not been successful."

•

Unnecessary topic of a recent biology colloquium at the University of Rochester: "Some Population Consequences of Cannibalism."

•

The following instructions are printed on the wall of a dilapidated elevator in Tokyo's Ichigaya Youth Hostel: "Now, your destination button of the station in the car is pushed from the doors of the entrance and the car gates perfectly closed, and so attain your desires automatically. Please, shut perfectly the doors of the entrance and the car gate surely after you used. In case of Emergency, give notice to an official in charge with the BELL-button after pushed the Emergency STOP-button. However, hands off these buttons."

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To whom it may concern: Anyone caught molesting butterflies in Pacific Grove, California, is subject to a fine of $500 and a jail term of up to six months.

•

Even Steven Department, Just Deserts Division: According to an item in the Williamsport, Pennsylvania, *Grit*, three men quietly lined up at the box-office window of the Mayan Theater in Denver, paid the one-dollar admission fee and walked in. Once inside, the three drew guns, forced their way into the office and robbed the manager of the evening's total receipts: three dollars.

•

Our Washington correspondent informs us that a new graffito has appeared on a wall of the seventh-floor men's rest room in the State Department. It reads: "The CIA put V. D. germs on this toilet seat." Beneath this inscription someone has scribbled, "You mean this place is bugged?"

•

Just the News, Please: A story in *The Atlanta Journal* ended: "When the crew drilled into the ground to test the equipment, they struck oil—not enough to make any women on, but oil nonetheless."

•

We don't blame the pedigreed bull that took one look at a passing truck in Morwenstow, England, not long ago and promptly smashed down a fence, raced

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across a field and plowed headlong into the side of the vehicle, toppling it over. The truck was loaded with instruments for the artificial insemination of cows.

•

Premed students may be interested to learn that a seminar conducted for doctors by the New York State Association of Trial Lawyers included a session reassuringly entitled "Successful Techniques in Medical Malpractice."

•

Even the most skilled Trivia experts, who breezed through our recent *Playboy After Hours* quizzes with nary a blunder, are apt to stumble over these three innocent-looking questions: (A) What was the name of the 3700-year-old character played by Boris Karloff in *The Mummy*? (B) What was the name of the princess he loved? (C) What was his connection with tana leaves? If you answered (A) Kharis; (B) Ananka; and (C) He drank a potion extracted from these "leaves of life" in order to keep himself alive—you're *wrong* on all three questions. Kharis did pursue the reincarnated Ananka throughout *The Mummy's Hand* (1940) and several sequels, his lust fueled constantly by tana leaves. But the *original* star-crossed lover in the original *Mummy* (1932) stepped out of a different sarcophagus entirely, had no truck with tana leaves, was named Im-ho-tep, and loved a princess with the cacophonic cognomen of Anck-es-en-amon. Incidentally, although Im-ho-tep had reached the sedate age of 3700 years when exhumed, Kharis was a teeny bopper by comparison, being a mere 3000. This may explain why Im-ho-tep kept rapturizing rather platonically about his girl's *ka* (the fourth soul), while Kharis had more down-to-earth notions about Ananka.

•

The North Platte, Nebraska, *Telegraph-Bulletin* listed in its "Police Calls" column the following official communiqué: "Saturday 6:32 P.M., 400 block of East Tenth, woman reports man has been in her bed. Unable to determine exact nature of her complaint."

•

Greek second fiddles had their day recently when the astrology column in the Athens *Daily News* ran the following bit of advice to persons born under the sign of Taurus (the bull): "Don't lay favorites. Try to make an arrangement that will please all."

•

Academic Freedom Department: According to a California accreditation-committee report on Petaluma Junior High's health-services program, "A school nurse is in attendance one day a week. In addition to handling the normal traffic of ill students, she investigates

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home situations, various medical needs and is currently engaged in a sex-education program with the vice-principal."

•

We were unsettled by the following information, provided in the Canadian government's handy booklet "Eleven Steps to Survival"—a publication designed to help you survive a nuclear bombing: "If you were near the explosion without adequate protection, you would be seriously affected by the immediate radiation in addition to being killed."

•

Warning to scofflaws in Swat: Jaywalkers in that minuscule Himalayan state are forced to run along the roadside at top speed until they drop from exhaustion.

•

A sharp-eyed correspondent on the automotive scene sends word of a classified ad in *Competition Press*, a newspaper for racing enthusiasts, which confronts a potential respondent with a tough choice. It reads, "'61 ITALIA TRIUMPH—2000 GT coupe, Vignale body, TR3A engine and chassis, Michelins, Abarth exhaust. Pregnant wife. Must sell. Your choice for $2700. Detroit, Michigan: 952-7577."

•

It's pleasant to note that something of the old frontier candor still persists in Anchorage, Alaska, home of the Twin Peaks Bra Shop.

BOOKS

The Warren Commission was supposed to establish the critical facts in the assassination of President Kennedy. How good a job did it do? Three recent books give the inquiry marks ranging from poor to abysmal: ***Inquest***, by Edward Jay Epstein (Viking), ***Rush to Judgment***, by Mark Lane (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), and ***The Oswald Affair***, by Leo Sauvage (World). While these works vary in perceptiveness and persuasiveness, they all agree that the contents of the 26 volumes of evidence behind the Warren Report often contradict the contents of the Report itself; the Commission frequently included only evidence that supported its conclusions. The study by Epstein, a young political scientist, is likely to have the greatest impact, because it is so carefully reasoned, because so much of it is based on extensive interviews with Commission personnel and because it focuses on a few key issues in questioning the Commission's premise that Lee Harvey Oswald slew the President unaided. Epstein's thesis, with its enormous implications, comes down to this: Psychopathic Oswald was incontestably

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guilty, but the case for *singlehanded* guilt is woefully weak. For example, how many shots were fired? Although only three shells were found in the Texas Book Depository, considerable evidence suggests there were four shots. The commissioners could not agree that the evidence for three was "compelling"; they settled for "persuasive." But to sustain their hypothesis, they had to assume that one bullet that struck the President left his body and then wounded Governor Connally—a highly controversial assumption. The Commission also decided, by dismissing testimony from witnesses, that no shots came from the famous grassy knoll located ahead of the Presidential motorcade, since such testimony conflicted with the thesis that Oswald and Oswald alone, from a point *behind* the procession, was the assassin. Therein lies the crux of the Epstein argument—that the Commission strove to "protect the national interest" by dispelling damaging rumors of a conspiracy. Committed to this "dominant purpose," he says, it picked and chose among pieces of evidence to obtain support for a tranquilizing theory. Attorney Mark Lane (who tried to represent Oswald before the Commission) takes a more radical point of departure: He contends that the evidence was grossly insufficient to convict Oswald under normal legal procedures, and he questions not only the Commission's methods and conclusions but its motives. Lane adds substantially to doubts that are enveloping the Report, but along the way he hurts his own case by being annoyingly selective as regards the evidence. Leo Sauvage, American correspondent of *Le Figaro* of Paris, has exceeded Lane by writing an even broader attack on the Commission and on the sloppy procedures of the Dallas police. He lends logic to the possibility of *two* Oswalds (the second a look-alike), but while many of his blows rattle the underpinnings of the Warren Report, his unrelenting querulousness blunts the force of his attack. The three authors are unanimous in concluding that a new investigation is decidedly in order, an investigation free of preconceived theories or of a need to find anything but the whole truth. If books influence history, the official version of President Kennedy's assassination is in trouble.

•

Several times in **Love's Body** (Random House), Norman O. Brown refers to the children's tale *The Emperor's New Clothes*. At one point he uses it as a springboard to say: "Things hidden from the wise and revealed to babes. The learning to be unlearned; the simplicity to be acquired. The great, the terrible simplification, the last judgment." The quotation, as just given, is a complete unit and accurately reflects the book as a whole: fragmentary, disjointed, pretentious. Like the emperor's

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clothes. Brown's book is woven out of invisible strands, and in the end the author can be seen standing unclothed under what he believes to be the mantle of scholarship. In his remarkable earlier book, *Life Against Death*, Brown showed that he has an audacious intellect, but here it is allowed to run wild. Rarely has the literary road to hell been paved with such artistically good intentions. The author, Wilson Professor of Classics and Comparative Literature at the University of Rochester, is at war with the idea of literal truth. He attacks definition, champions symbolism, sees all knowledge as carnal, finds sexuality even in grammar: "Intercourse is what goes on in the sentence. In every sentence the little word 'is' is the copula, the penis or bridge; in every sentence magically, with a word, making the two one flesh." So extreme is Brown's view of the nature of reality that he finds schizophrenics possessing a superior unity with the world. "The mad truth: the boundary between sanity and insanity is a false one. The proper outcome of psychoanalysis is the abolition of the boundary. . . . The proper posture is to listen to and learn from lunatics . . ." Pardon our posture if we sit this one out.

•

For some reason, the mention of John Updike sends literary opinion scurrying to the barricades. Those who admire his writing admire it extravagantly. Those who do not, put him down with wholesale vehemence. An official accolade in the form of a National Book Award for his novel *The Centaur*, in 1963, has only sharpened the controversy. All opinions will undoubtedly find confirmation in his latest collection of short stories, ***The Music School*** (Knopf). The mixture is quintessentially Updike. He examines marital love, premarital love and postmarital love with an eye that is often less passionate than precise. Precision, in fact, is Updike's passion. He is superadept at exposing the nerves and muscles of an emotion. Men and women who have failed in love and in marriage—and a good many of the stories in this collection of 20 concern themselves with such failures—elicit an uncanny sentience from Updike; but somehow the very exquisiteness of his writing so rivets the attention that, in the end, one is left with the anatomy of love rather than the poetry of it. The search for grace is another of Updike's concerns, and in the longest and most powerful story of this collection, *The Christian Roommates*, he deals with the emotions of a young man almost bedeviled out of his wits by a companion who commits the secular blasphemy of living according to his convictions. One thing is certain: John Updike *is* a special writer. He handles language with utter seriousness, and most of his stories have great delicacy and

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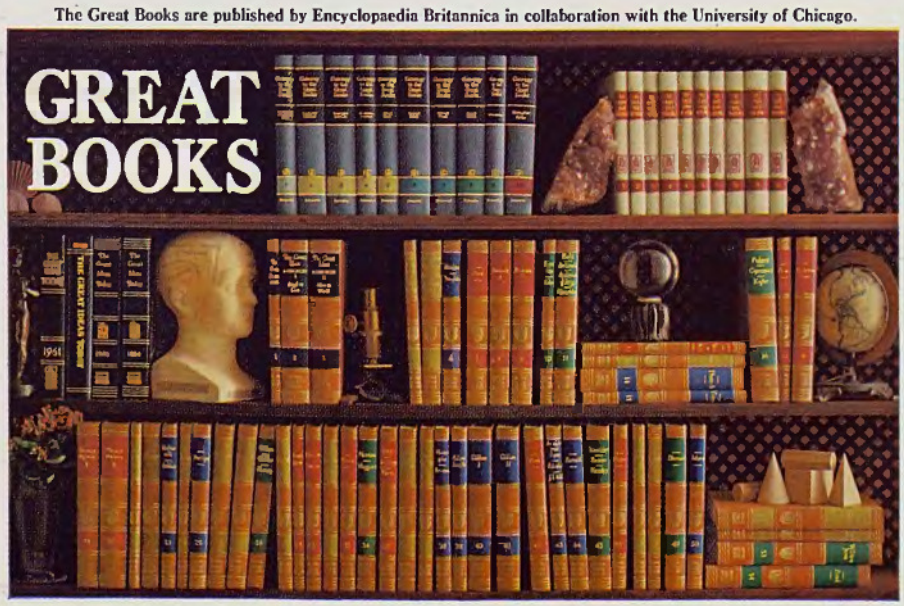

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strength. *The Music School*, like all his work, is eminently worth reading, and even those stories that do not quite succeed offer the reader a generous measure of brilliance in compensation.

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The important effects of the psychedelic experience remain the subject of raging controversy. Two new literary trips, ***LSD*** (New American Library) and ***The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), are now offered to the far-out worlds of inner space; one can choose one's guide according to one's psyche predilections. *LSD*, as its title implies, deals solely with lysergic acid diethylamide, a derivative of a fungus that is easy to synthesize as the colorless, odorless and famous LSD 25, which promises its takers everything from a "shower on the inside" to "an orgy of vision" but gives to some snake-pit willies and stomach cramps. Co-authors Richard Alpert, a pioneering associate of Timothy Leary's at Harvard, and Sidney Cohen, a physician and therapist long interested in drugs, debate the efficacy of LSD's contrabandal use amid a setting of photographs provided by Lawrence Schiller. On several essential points they agree: LSD should not be carelessly left about the house, given to people without their advice or consent nor taken in large or solitary dosages by novitiates; they disagree, however, as to the nature of the controls and preparations necessary. Alpert calls for the establishment of an I. F. (Internal Flights) Agency that would be responsible for the training and issuance of licenses to anyone over the age of 16 wishing to become an inner-space pilot; Cohen does not believe in the inalienable right to fly. In *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*, R. E. L. Masters and Jean Houston (Mrs. Masters) are more concerned with investigation than with discussion. After observing 206 sessions, interviewing 214 subjects and studying the effects not only of LSD 25 but also of psilocybin, derived from Mexican "sacred mushrooms," and of mescaline, which comes from peyote cactus, they have produced a Krafft-Ebing of the psychedelic scene. The Masters trace the history of these nonaddictive drugs; they codify the different kinds of sensory reactions experienced during the drug state; and they chart the ports of call—religious, symbolic and psychotherapeutic—available during inward voyages. Although the Masters never stoop to proselytizing, they make it quite clear that they believe psychedelics can effect a revolution in both the concept and the study of the mind. But they warn: "To venture into these previously inaccessible, or very rarely accessible, regions of mind where new concepts and methods have to be evolved, learned, and utilized is a challenge to vested personal psychological and emotional as well as economic and ideological interests that many therapists will be reluctant or altogether unable to accept." (For reviews of recordings concerning the psychedelic experience, see page 48.)

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Imagine a Commander Whitehead–type Englishman heading up the all-American staff of a very small American magazine of liberal persuasion, and you have imagined most of Wilfrid Sheed's wry, witty novel, ***Office Politics*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Sliced symbolically, *The Outsider* is as rich as a seven-layer cake, but opened ledgerwise, it's as poor as 21,000 subscribers would indicate. Editor in Chief Gilbert Twining, a British import, holds the reins on his little team with a hand that is sometimes cunning, sometimes heavy, but at all times teddibly English. All who enter the portals of *The Outsider* leave the hope of wealth and fame behind. Needless to say, everybody hates nearly everybody. Cabals crackle. Conspiracies hiss. Commander Twining divides and rules until a heart attack lays him low, and then entombed ambition crawls out, blinking in the sunlight. Author Sheed counterpoints these ambitions skillfully, playing them toward a clever denouement. He keeps his ammunition and humor dry, and when he aims at an epigram, the shot usually goes off—"The American male doesn't mature until he has exhausted all other possibilities." He is a funny writer, very often a brilliant writer, but also a strangely passionless writer. Granted no one is supposed to get too excited about the fate of an expiring "think" magazine, still one wants to get excited about at least *one* of *The Outsider*'s insiders. One cannot, however. They all carp differently but in the same tone of voice, and they do practically nothing but carp—at each other, at their wives, at themselves. This has the effect of giving Mr. Sheed's novel a somewhat bloodless uniformity. The only *real* person one meets in the novel is the author himself, peeping out from behind all the different names. Since Mr. Sheed's wit is almost unfailing, his ubiquity almost suffices.

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Man, as a scientist once remarked, is the missing link between the animal and the human being. In ***On Aggression*** (Harcourt, Brace & World), Austrian naturalist Konrad Lorenz transforms the remark from wit to wisdom. He begins by documenting the unity of man and animal, and his documentation is disconcerting, since it consists of careful descriptions of life among birds, beasts and fish that leave no doubt that so-called human traits, such as affection, love and loyalty, exist elsewhere in the animal kingdom. Man and animal also share four fundamental instincts: sex, hunger, fight and fear. But in one sense, according to Lorenz, the animal has evolved to a point past that where man now stands. It is rare for an animal of one species to fight to the death with another of the same species, apparently because evolution has worked toward the continuation of the species by the inbreeding of controls over aggression. Man, as each day's newspaper documents afresh, has not evolved to this point. Lorenz finds evidence that other animal species have achieved this level of stability by what he calls "redirected activity"—that is, "an activity is released by *one* object but discharged at *another*." As a human example, Lorenz gives an angry man who "hits the table instead of the other man's jaw." This inhibition does not become redirected activity, however, until it becomes "part of the fixed instinct inventory of the particular species." The crucial point here is that from this ritualized, redirected activity, a new instinct can arise. That is essential, because aggression cannot be diminished or eliminated, since it is indivisibly fused with the drive to love. "There is no love," says Lorenz, "without aggression." The challenge to man, if he is to survive on earth, is to find ways of channeling his aggression into new, nonmurderous rituals. The only question is—will we have the time?

•

We take pleasure in announcing that Jean Shepherd's novel ***In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash*** (Doubleday), a healthy portion of which first saw light of day in these environs, is now available at your neighborhood bookshop. Jean's rollicking evocation of adolescence in the Midwest 30 years ago extends his well-deserved reputation as a humorist from the airwaves to the printed page.

MOVIES

When it comes to filming the Bible, one picture is not worth ten thousand words; in fact, it takes a good many frames to equal a dozen. But director John Huston has done better than most film makers who have ventured into this alluring domain, resorting to little extravagance and less sentimentality. ***The Bible***, in Christopher Fry's screenplay, spans the first 22 chapters of *Genesis* in just under three hours and breaks up into three main segments: Adam and Eve from Eden to Cain's fratricide; Noah and the Ark; and Abraham from his entering Canaan to his offering of Isaac in the mountains of Moriah. The most impressive single element in the movie is Huston himself, not only as director but as narrator and, most emphatically, in the role of Noah. His readings from the Old Testament are astonishingly successful, grave without being pompous and utterly free of rhetorical excess. As a performer he walks away with the show; his Noah, a patriarchal Pied Piper

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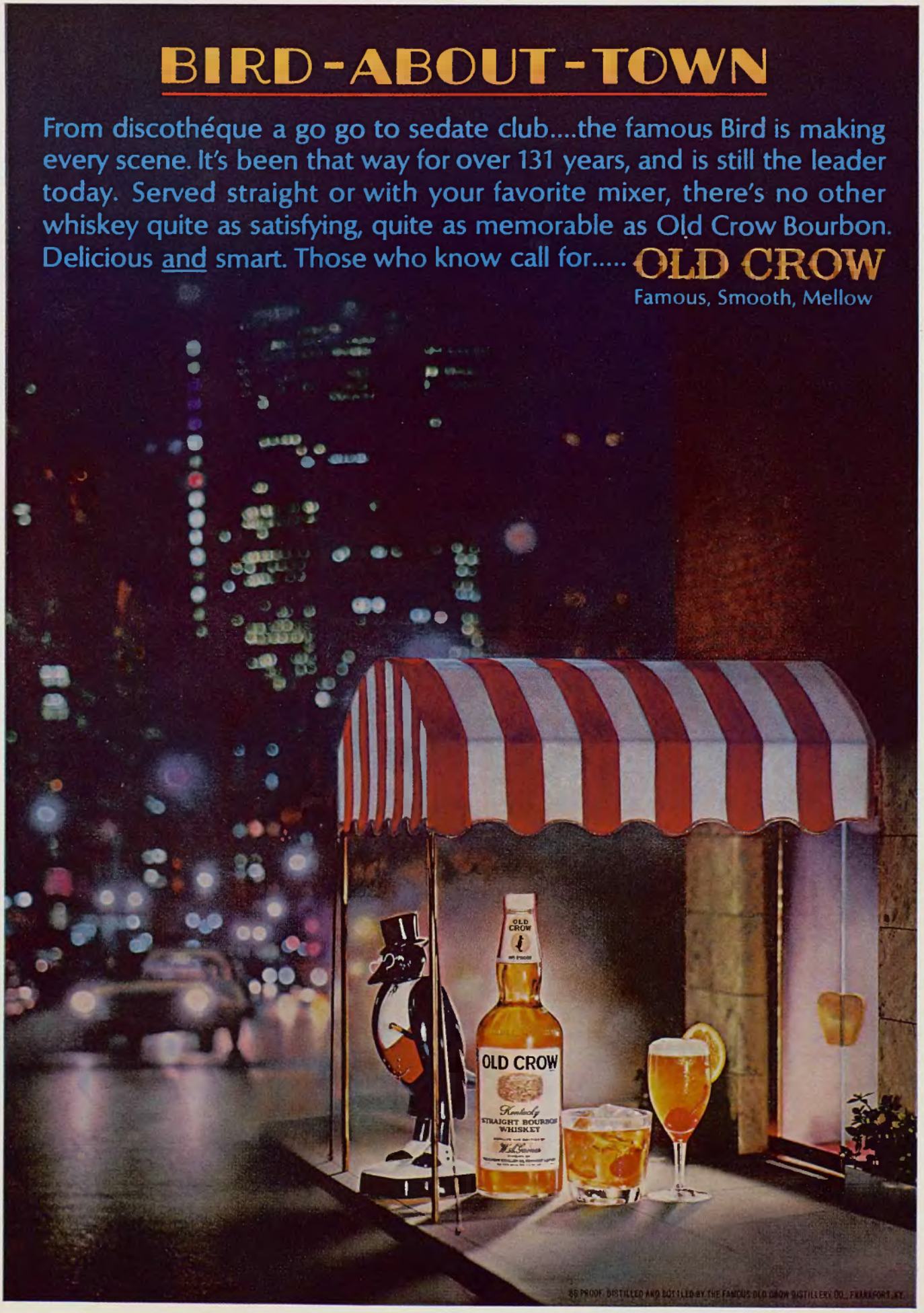
piping his zoo into the ark in a column of twos, is a charming conceit. When the lions lap up milk or Noah tips a bucketful into the jaws of a happy hippo, there is a sense of faith and animal innocence that recalls the English miracle plays, which were also particularly successful with the Noah story. The first seven days Huston dispatches with out-of-focus shots, pictures of cloud and smoke, close-ups of lava, panoramas of sea or grassless plains or barren escarpments. He shot the film in North Africa, Italy and Sicily, and he has taken pains to match mood to episode, blissful or bleak. When Cain (Richard Harris) tears off in fright after killing his brother, Huston puts him barefoot on a slope of what looks to be volcanic ash. But even Huston's eye cannot find an Eden. After all, Adam and Eve gave John Milton trouble, and the feeling for naturalism that has always been a strong point in Huston's work is simply not suited to Paradise. The absolute ideal that we must assume Eden to have been can't be rendered by any one piece of real estate, even in Italy. As for Adam (Michael Parks) and Eve (Ulla Bergryd), Huston has not indulged in either suggestiveness or prissiness. George C. Scott's make-up as Abraham is good enough to give one a start when his familiar voice breaks through the unfamiliar beard. He carries off the crucial scenes with becoming dignity—although he might have resisted some excessive emotionalism as he wrestles with the Lord's demand that he sacrifice Isaac. Ava Gardner (now *there's* a Gardner of Eden) plays Abraham's Sarah with due restraint. *The Bible* attempts the nigh impossible and does not altogether fail. Huston's readings put a scaffolding under the weaker portions, and his jaunty Noah makes the whole trip worth while.

•

In the past couple of years, a gladsome swell of talented young actresses has been rising in the English film industry, which in its turn is producing a succession of buoyant comedic vehicles for the girls to work in. The distinguished English actor Sir Michael Redgrave and his actress wife, Rachel Kempson, have already contributed their daughter Vanessa to this happy throng. Now comes Lynn Redgrave, Vanessa's younger sister, to swipe the acting laurels from her sexier sibling, as the star of **Georgy Girl**, a bawdy contemporary comedy that mines its belly laughs from the freewheeling life style of the children of the sexual revolution. Georgy (L. Redgrave) is a mess—her sweater never knows what her skirt is doing, her hair just hangs there, and she is fat. She's charming, warmhearted, witty, a good cook and a true friend, and she's absolutely seething with untapped sexual appetite. But she's fat. So here Georgy sits dateless in the vortex of London's unbuttoned student life, while her slim-hipped roommate, Meredith (Charlotte Rampling), is straddling life to the hilt as often as she can pull off her miniskirt. "You a virgin?" asks her roommate's perpetually horny boyfriend, Jos, brilliantly portrayed by Alan Bates. "Well, what do *you* think?" Georgy counters angrily. Georgy has one admirer, a middle-aged businessman (James Mason), who likes to pinch her on the stairs, but who already has a wife. When Meredith gets preggers by Jos and they marry, the pair decide to keep Georgy around the apartment for laughs and to do the dishes; out of loneliness, Georgy stays, a decision that leads them into a bizarre *ménage à trois* and other delightfully unforeseen developments. There is more than a little of the flavor of *Morgan* in *Georgy Girl*, but with an important difference. Georgy and Morgan are both monsters of love, but there is more to identify with in a fat 22-year-old virgin who wishes she weren't than in a gangling painter with an ape complex. Almost everybody knows a time when he feared he was too fat or too awkward or too something awful ever to be loved. So the extra dimension in *Georgy Girl* is sentiment, and it's rather nice to have it back.

•

On the printed page, and in context, Norman Mailer's dialog takes on a sweaty, muscular quality that overpowers the absurdity of the sounds. In **An American Dream**, made from Mailer's serial novel of love and murder, the muscle, even the context, is gone. All that remains are those cartoon-strip sounds, emitted deadpan by a group of competent actors who are paralyzed nearly into stone by the noises they have to make. For Stuart Whitman, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh and even Lloyd Nolan, there is no escape from Mann Rubin's screenplay. Only Barry Sullivan, because his role of tough cop suits the staccato lines he has to read, survives without lockjaw. And there's Susan Denberg, PLAYBOY's August Playmate, who has nought to do but speak haltingly and stand dripping from the shower. It's the high spot of the film. Stuart Whitman, as Stephen Rojack, war hero and cuckold, comes to visit his estranged wife, Deborah (Eleanor Parker), to ask for a divorce. "Greetings from the undead," he says, trying to mean it. And this lovely lady has to turn around and say, "Bitch I am, but rich I am." And poor Stuart has to answer, "Tired I am." Bored we are, one thinks, if this kind of thing goes on another minute. But it does, interminably, all shot in earlyLanaTurnercolor, in L. A. settings of high gloss and shimmer. Janet Leigh goes perfectly with the decor, with near-shaven head and silver gilt all over her eyelids. She plays that hard girl, Cherry. "Money in the bank," she argues gutturally, "and next year's food in the freezer. What the hell else is there?" Rojack, having recently murdered his wife, suggests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love. But the nugget of the novel is delivered by Lloyd Nolan, dead Deborah's fabulously rich and powerful father. "It is a characteristic of this country," he remarks, "to believe that everything will come out right in the end. It's the American dream." Very little comes out right in this awkward screen version; so little, in fact, as to remind one of another Mailer title, with many naked and almost everybody dead.

•

Michael Caine's portrayal of a Cockney rogue in ***Alfie*** is hard to beat. Of course, the characterization is a tribute to writer Bill Naughton and director Lewis Gilbert, but Caine carries off with triumph every nuance of the title role. Essentially, his story is that of a bloke who tries to beat the system and gets waylaid; but the success of the film is in the manner of the waylaying, which doesn't announce itself until the final line. As Alfie fiddles his way from one job to another and philanders his way from one man's wife to another man's girl, he seems to have more luck than any one chap is entitled to. There's no intentional harm in Alfie. He has a good heart; he just doesn't trust it. Alfie believes nothing is more time-wasting than thinking about a bird who's left you, that any bird can be replaced, and that you have to be most wary when the tears begin to flow or—even more dangerous—when they take on that faraway look and turn silent. To Alfie it's all self-defense, and in his sparring in bedroom or kitchen or behind the steamy windows of a parked car, he seems a match for a wide variety of tender traps. But, after all, he does tend to choose the meeker birds, the wrens or doves, and in only one instance—that of a promiscuous American played by Shelley Winters—does he pick on a sparrow who can peck harder than he can. When Julia Foster, who keeps house for him at the start of the film, begins to talk of marriage, he tells her, "You might gain a husband, but you'd loose a bleeding good friend." And when she speaks of her respect for another, less callous admirer, he says, "I don't want any bird's respect, I wouldn't know what to do with it." *Alfie* is an honest, diverting and brutally funny comment on the war of the sexes.

•

On the island of Rhodes, about 200 B.C., a gaggle of dust-choked shepherds stagger over the parched hills in search of water. Finally, at the seacoast, they come upon a well. As they splash in the water, they are warily observed by a group of women from a nearby fishing village, whose men have been away at sea for a long, long time. This is what Hollywood would call a situation; the ancient Greeks called it the same. And Nikos Koundouros, a contemporary Greek director, has put it on film, in ***Young Aphrodites,***

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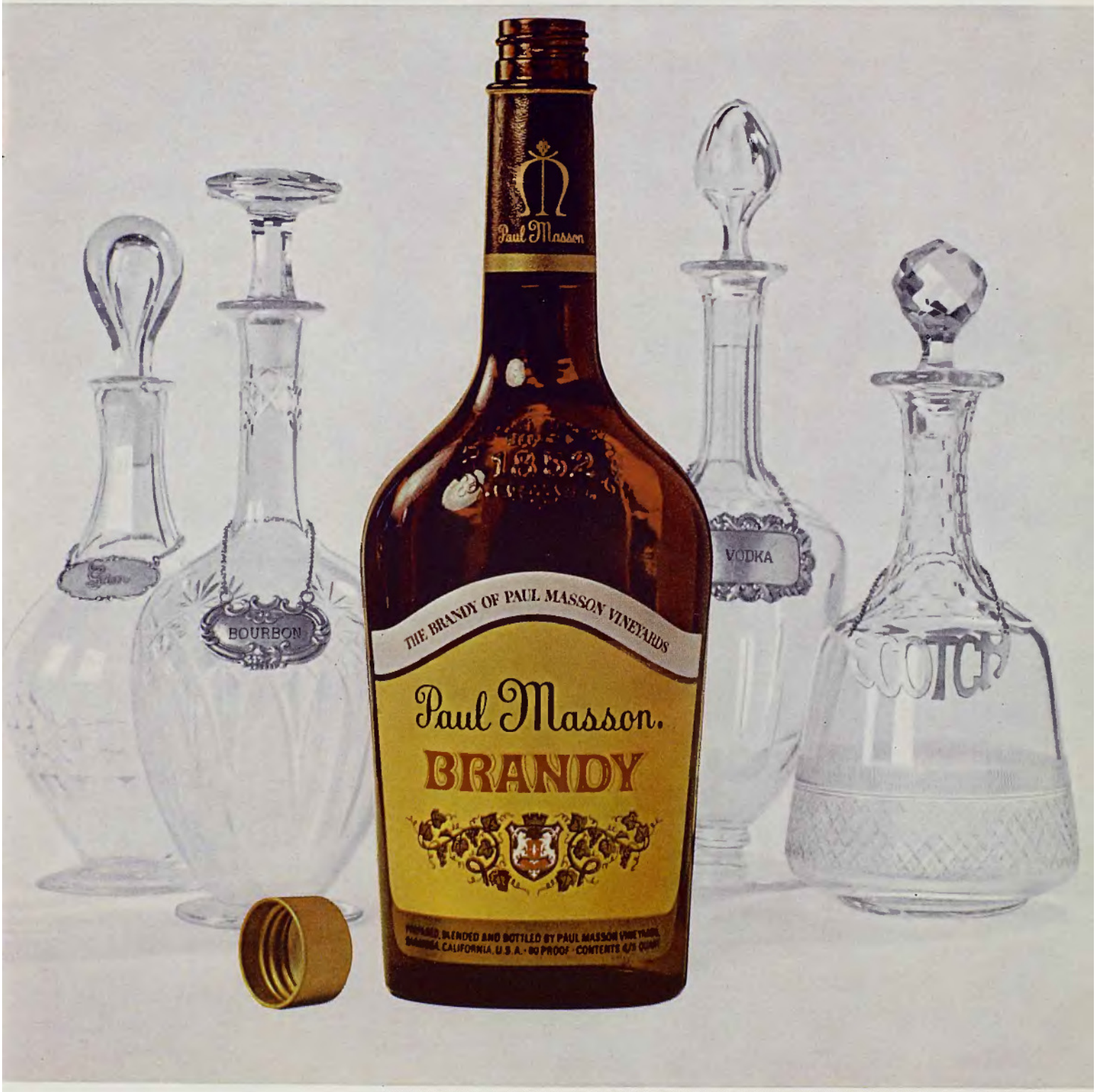

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as a distillation of the classic tale of Daphnis and Chloë. Daphnis (Vangelis Joannides) is a 10-year-old shepherd boy; Chloë (Cleopatra Rota), daughter of the sea, is a boyishly lean and lithe 12-year-old, breasts budding prettily beneath the rough shift she often casually abandons. Along the rocky shore Daphnis clumsily woos Chloë, his methods rude and his intent still obscure to him. Chloë, awakening to her own sexuality, encourages these worshipful attentions but is afraid, skittish, coy and tomboyish by turns. Meanwhile, one of the adult shepherds and a married woman from the village are pursuing the same carnal goals with considerably greater skill. During a rainstorm the children come upon their elders in a cave and try to imitate their kinetic activities, but poor Daphnis is still clumsy, and in the end it is another shepherd boy who takes Chloë's virginity. All of this is played in realistic terms against the rough rocks and glittering sea of the coast. A heavy atmosphere of pagan sexuality dominates the film, enhanced by a score composed for guaida, bouzouki, santouri and lute. It's not *Never on Sunday*, but, in its own primitive way, it swings.

•

Mister Buddwing opens with a chancy bit of camera technique that turns out to be the only thing in the movie that really works. A man awakens on a bench in Central Park, sits up, looks at his hands—only the camera is where his head ought to be, so that the audience sees all this from the actor's point of view. The actor (audience) rubs his eyes, searches his pockets for identifying papers, finds only a New York Central timetable and a scrap of paper with a telephone number scrawled on it. Quite deliberately, the actor (audience) gets up and walks uncertainly out of the park and into the lobby of the Plaza Hotel, where he (the audience) looks into a mirror and peers without recognition at the regular features of James Garner. At that point, actor and audience take leave of each other and never get together again. *Mister Buddwing* is based on Evan Hunter's 1964 novel about an amnesiac's daylong odyssey through Manhattan. He meets several women who remind him of various aspects of a woman he knows, possibly his wife, and through successive episodes with them he reconstructs his past and finally recollects his present—and a profoundly unpleasant present it is. Delbert Mann, who both wrote the screenplay and directed James Garner as Buddwing and Jean Simmons, Suzanne Pleshette, Katharine Ross and Angela Lansbury as the women, consistently misses the *Buddwing* boat. There are moments of professional skill—an affecting scene in a luncheonette with Jack Gilford and a powerful high-stakes crap game in Harlem—but these are tiny barks tossed on a sea of overwritten

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dialog. "Oh, God, I love music," Garner is obliged to say. "It's better than we are, you know what I mean?" And having made it with his bride on their wedding night, he must look at the lady with tears in his eyes and declare, "I feel like praying." Actors twice as able as Garner would have a tough time with lines like those. The last disservice Mann does to Hunter's book is that traditional movieland insult: He contrives a happy ending, thereby utterly bludgeoning the logic of the plot. Amid all the ineptitude, two truisms prevail: that Suzanne Pleshette is a bright actress, even with flawed material, and that Jean Simmons looks god-awful in a blonde fright wig.

•

It is evidently Jean-Luc Godard's obsession that man does not know that he is alive, and that attention must be called to the absurdity of human existence. In ***Masculine Feminine,*** Godard repeats this melancholy theme with sadistic persistence, in a disconnected series of crudely chopped moments from the pointless lives of several Parisian young people. Though they play at working and loving, Godard's people feel nothing. A woman shoots her husband in a café, a boy stalks another with a switchblade and then stabs himself in the belly to the sound of a flushing toilet, a man borrows a box of matches and immolates himself in front of the American hospital. Godard's people haven't the interest even to shrug. These, he tells us in a sight card, are "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." Once again Godard assaults his audience with a display of the technical incompetence that has made him famous. His camera goggles owlishly and his sound track is garbled to incoherence. His aimless youths—wandering over an urban landscape of incessant noise, in spasms of imitative behavior, so unfamiliar with privacy that a boy and a girl can make love in a double bed while a third girl reads, oblivious, beside them—make his point about Marx and Coca-Cola over and endlessly over. A dubious point, tediously and pretentiously made.

•

When the team of Jerry Gershwin, Elliott Kastner and Jack Smight made a flick called *Harper,* the critics were quick to detect a loving resuscitation of the hard-bitten Bogart mood of the 1940s. Now, with ***Kaleidoscope,*** the same team has tapped another rich vein—the 1930s genre of escapist adventure that found people such as Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper posturing stylishly on the Riviera. In this case, the pert pair is Susannah York and, improbably, Warren Beatty, both excessively urbane and up to no good whatever. Feature Beatty as a cool gambler, an accomplished acrobat, a skilled press engraver and an expert cheat. Then accept Miss York, who turns out to be an enchanting temptress and comedienne, as a swinging London dress designer and daughter of a Scotland Yard inspector. Now you are ready for Clive Revill as Daddy, the freckled pixy, and Eric Porter as his absurdly menacing underworld nemesis, Dominion. The first half of the movie has to do with Miss York's seductive entrapment of Beatty as he stacks up big wins at *chemin de fer* in all the casinos of Europe. In the second act, in London, Miss York turns softer as Beatty finds himself serving the interests of British justice, which means getting the evil Dominion on the hook. Porter's Dominion is a campground grotesque—a big faggoty villain who offers "scones or sticky buns" for tea before he rubs out his victims. He keeps an impregnable castle near London, with cavernous halls, banks of guttering yellow candles and a *Phantom of the Opera* organ on which he plays to charm his prey. Naturally, a rotter like Dominion cannot be allowed to do a whole bunch of bad, though unspecified, things indefinitely; but a gamut of desperate adventures intrude for York and Beatty before this fiend gets his deserved comeuppance. It's all just silly putty, but gleaming with a fine pop glaze.

•

Considering Ross Hunter's well-earned reputation as Hollywood's leading *schlockmeister,* it would be folly to approach one of his movies with much hope in the heart—even though ***The Pad (And How to Use It)*** is based on Britisher Peter Shaffer's pleasant one-act play *The Private Ear.* Predictably, Hunter has turned Shaffer's silk purse into the usual sow's ear. The story is simple enough: An inexperienced young man (Brian Bedford) interested in music meets a pretty girl (Julie Sommars) at a concert and is emboldened to invite her to his place for dinner the next night. He asks a friend (James Farentino) who is notoriously successful with women to help him. In a wink, friend steals girl from host, who ends up alone, brooding on the betrayal to the strains of *Madame Butterfly.* That's all. Everything laid on by Hunter, and there's a lot of it, is wholly improbable—notably, the Los Angeles of the mind where all this is supposed to be taking place. It is a place of piercingly vivid colors—electric blue for the sky, jewel green for the trees, and even the books in the impoverished Bedford's apartment are bound in leather, brilliantly gold stamped. Not to mention his gracious terrace overlooking a paper moon. The potentially talented Bedford is directed by Brian G. Hutton as a sort of aging Andy Hardy, voice breaking, arms flailing wildly at the thought of entertaining a girl. Julie Sommars, who *might* have some comedic gifts, is just the dumb broad who doesn't like that longhair music. Farentino, who seems to have taken Jack Lemmon for a hero, leers and swaggers, except when pressed to say why he likes Bedford. Then he burbles

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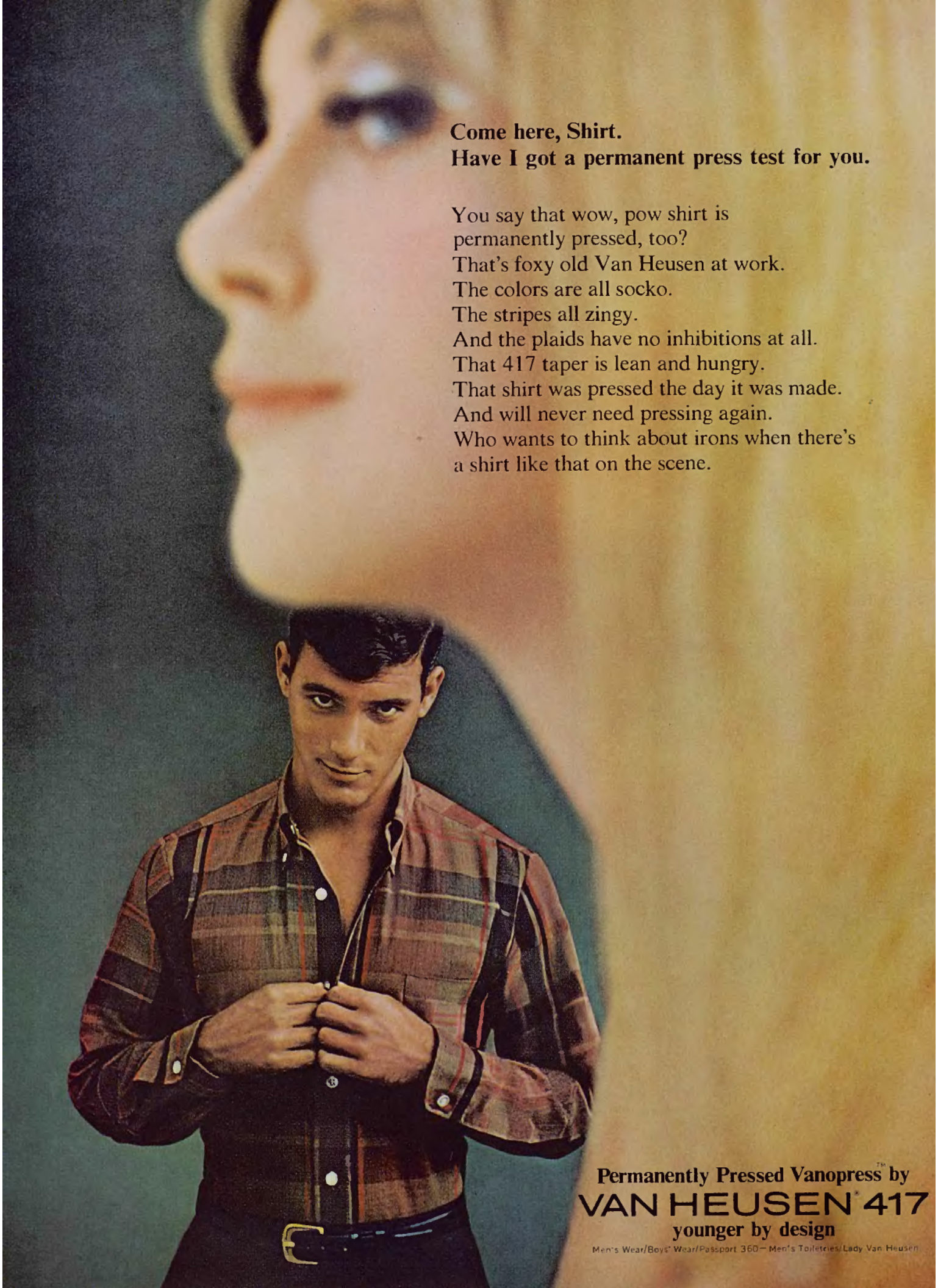
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something about "all these deep feelings." And that's about as honest as *The Pad* ever gets. A nice short play has been overdeveloped in all the wrong directions to perpetrate in perpetuity the Dagwood-and-Blondie theme in American courtship.

•

The Endless Summer is one of the most pleasant and least self-conscious travelogs and sports commentaries to come along in years, a delightful sojourn into surfdom. Virtually a one-man movie, it was written, produced, directed, photographed, edited and narrated by Bruce Brown. Although in it we meet some of the foremost surfing acrobats in the world, for the most part we accompany two members of this fraternity, Robert August and Mike Hynson, as they set out to follow the summer season from hemisphere to hemisphere. In Senegal they pay a dollar for a cup of coffee but ride waves that never before lifted a board. In Ghana they astonish the natives and give lessons, leaving behind, no doubt, a new race of surfers. In South Africa indigenous surfers travel 800 miles by car to shake hands with them, and at Cape St. Francis they find what every surfer dreams of—an unending succession of waves so perfect that, as Brown puts it, they seem to be turned out by some kind of machine. In Australia they are disappointed by a general absence of surf, because the water tends to be quiescent in the Australian summer, rising to the surfer's needs only in the winter. But to hear Brown tell it, the local nymphs, wearing bikinis that can be packed a dozen to an aspirin box, almost make up for it. The photography is always good, frequently dazzling and occasionally astonishing. Brown's humor is cool, unstrained and penetrating; and he has managed somehow to give his two ubiquitous surfers an easy manner that is very attractive in these days of overly brash movie characters.

RECORDINGS

Sammy Davis, Jr. / Buddy Rich / The Sounds of '66 (Reprise), recorded live in Las Vegas, is a pressure cooker from start to finish, with drummer Rich and his band pushing Davis to the outer limits. The high point of the session is a riotous rendition of *I Know a Place*, which Davis converts into a Ray Charlesian blues shout of the first order. Close behind it in *joie de vivre* are *What the World Needs Now Is Love* and a dilly of a *Ding Dong the Witch Is Dead*.

•

Taking as its motto "If at first you succeed, try it again," ***California Dreamin' / Bud Shank*** (World-Pacific) picks up where the previous smash, *Michelle*, left off. Shank's liquid alto sax is vis-à-vis Chet Baker's lyrical Flügelhorn as they wend their way through the lush orchestrations of Bob Florence. The sound sometimes borders precariously on the saccharine, but Shank's and Baker's musicianship saves it from becoming overtreacly. Among the subjects covered: the title tune, the Beatles' *Norwegian Wood* and Roger Miller's *Husbands and Wives*.

•

Sophisticated soul is served up in generous quantities on ***Whatever's Fair / The Howard Roberts Quartet*** (Capitol). Counting guitarist Howie, the foursome is five strong: There's another guitar, bass, organ and drums. A sixth member—Jill (Mrs. Howard) Roberts playing Latin percussion—is added on *Sweet September*. But what's in a number? The group digs its way from *The Shadow of Your Smile* through *Manha de Carnaval* and on to *A Taste of Honey* and *Bye Bye Blues*, and has itself a ball in the digging. You will, too.

•

A big, bulging package, indeed, is ***Sinatra at the Sands*** (Reprise). Frank is in the good company of Count Basie and his Orchestra, conducted by arranger Quincy Jones. The album has much merit—an immediacy, a raft of first-drawer songs (including most of Mr. S's chart breakers of the last few years) and a fine rapport between singer and instrumentalists. On the debit side: Frank is not in the best of voice (a studio session would have avoided the clinkers, but such is the price of immediacy); there are several comic monologs delivered by Frank that do nothing but take up LP space; ditto the uninspired Basie instrumentals that are scattered throughout the two-LP package. But when the Chairman and the Count are both at work, the results are almost always exciting.

•

Nat Adderley / Sayin' Somethin' (Atlantic) says a great deal about the talents of the Cannonball's svelter sibling. Three of the items—*Manchild*, *Gospelette* and *The Other Side*—are his own compositions; a fourth, the traditional *Walls of Jericho*, has been arranged by Nat, and the Adderley trumpet is clarion. Nat works with two groups. One is a rather large aggregation that has the good offices of trombonist J. J. Johnson, trumpeter Ernie Royal and a handful of other topflight jazzmen; the other is a quintet highlighted by Herbie Hancock's piano and Joe Henderson's tenor.

•

More of a good thing is offered on ***Getz / Gilberto #2*** (Verve), wherein Stan and João are recorded in concert at Carnegie Hall. Getz' quartet has Gary Burton on vibes, Gene Cherico on bass and Joe Hunt on drums; Gilberto and his guitar are assisted by bassist Keeter Betts and drummer Helcio Milito. The soft, mellifluous sounds of Getz' tenor and Burton's vibes are echoed in the whisper-level Portuguese sung by Gilberto. A capital concert; an exceptional LP.

•

As befits the Age of McLuhan, the "literature" of the psychedelic high—expansion of consciousness through drugs and other means—is becoming aural. (See page 32 for reviews of the written word on psychedelic drugs.) Two recent additions to this luminous lore are a documentary report, ***LSD*** (Capitol), and a guide for trip takers, ***The Psychedelic Experience*** (Broadside). The former, produced by Alan Livingston and photo-journalist Lawrence Schiller, is a vividly evocative mélange of music (mesmeric rock), descriptions of the more venturesome scenes of the restless young and interviews. The views of proponents, and some exponents, of LSD (Timothy Leary, Allen Ginsberg and Mrs. Aldous Huxley) are balanced against testimony by police and by cautionary Dr. Sidney Cohen. The weight of the evidence, as presented by Capitol, is against casual experimentation with the drug; and the key, unwitting witness for extreme care is a young man surreptitiously taped during a scarifyingly bad trip. *The Psychedelic Experience*, on the other hand, is for the converted or those contemplating conversion. It consists of soft-voiced, gently persuasive readings by Leary, Ralph Metzner and Richard Alpert from their translation of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* into "modern psychedelic dialect." The first side is intended to prepare the traveler for the trip outside his mind ("Leave behind your ego, your beloved personality, which will be returned to you at the end of the voyage"). The second side is a companion for the return trip to the "real" world. Even the nontraveler should find the readings, punctuated at times by an Eastern gong, of considerable help in understanding what the current controversy is all about. (A booklet, providing a history and philosophy of "ego death," is a further aid.) Even the gurus heard in *The Psychedelic Experience* make clear, however, that the trip is not to be taken without careful preparation and orientation. Otherwise, you may never come back.

•

If you can forget the violins that are sawing away innocuously in the background, ***Terry Gibbs Plays "Reza"*** (Dot) is a decidedly pleasant way to spend about 40 minutes. The title tune is a beautiful piece of bossa-nova business that contrasts nicely with the opening swinger, *Missouri Waltz* (President Truman never had it so good); and they are typical of the imagination employed by the vibist as he takes off on his own arrangements and those of Shorty Rogers.

•

The Horne of plenty is still producing goodies in delightful profusion. ***Lena / Soul*** (United Artists) has the singer in a funky,

[Or, The Eagle Also Rises]

THE STRIPES OF KILIMANJARO; *OR,* FOR WHOM THE PIPE BOWLS

Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high and it is said to be the most popular mountain in Africa. Close to the western summit there is the striped and button-downed carcass of an Eagle. No one has explained what a shirt company was seeking at that altitude.

AT THIS POINT it is necessary that you see a meerschaum pipe. Some *aficionados* try to imagine one, but either the imagine-ing is not good and true and honest or they imagine something else entirely, a calabash perhaps, which is the wrong color.

Where the bowl sticks out did you notice that its color is that of the oxford shirting, and that the inside is that of the stripes running up and down vigorously? This is the why of Eagle's Meerschaum Tromblees.

A *Tromblee* is like this: buttoned-down at collar and cuff and at pocket-flap too. Men find security where they can. It costs about $8.00. It is true that some men who can't find security can't find Eagle shirts either. So they write Revera Afflerbach, the Pennsylvanian, at the address below. It seems to work out, clearly.

What may not be clear to the reader, or *consumero,* is how Africa comes in here as implied unless dragged by its heels. In this fashion, Señor; do not the celebrated Amboseli Block Meerschaums, of which this twenty dollar pipe is one, come from Lake Amboseli in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro? A far-fetched tie-in, Bwana, but is it not damned manly? And look at that shirt.

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gospelish, rhythm-and-blues, country-and-western bag, and a beautiful bag it is. The outing, charted and directed by Ray Ellis, proves that the high-class Miss Horne can get down to the nitty-gritty with knowledgeable ease. Any one of the dozen songs is worth the price of admission, but our favorite is *I'd Like to Hear It Sometime*.

•

Here and Now / The Hampton Hawes Trio (Contemporary) brings to the fore a pianist too seldom heard on vinyl. Hawes, who cut his jazz teeth on early soul and the beginnings of bop, still maintains a pioneering spirit as he leads bassist Chuck Israels and drummer Donald Bailey through an exhilaratingly unclichéed reprise of standards such as *Fly Me to the Moon* and *Days of Wine and Roses*, and an unbossa-novaed *Girl from Ipanema*. A Hawesome achievement.

•

Morgana King / Wild Is Love (Reprise) gives further indication of Miss King's growing stature as a warbler of note. With exemplary backing from Torrie Zito, Miss King, in a voice that is at once delicate and pervasive, refreshes the oldie *Anything Goes* and enhances more recent entries such as *The Shadow of Your Smile* and *The Best Is Yet to Come*. Although the latter title is undoubtedly true in Morgana's case, what's here right now is plenty good enough.

•

In 1932, the teenaged Yehudi Menuhin recorded Sir Edward Elgar's ***Violin Concerto in B Minor*** under the baton of the composer. Now, 34 years later, Menuhin has again recorded the concerto, this time for Angel, with Sir Adrian Boult conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. The lyrical Elgar work remains a perfect vehicle for the rich, sweeping sonorities of the Menuhin violin; three decades have neither dimmed its luster nor diminished its scope.

•

Dave Pike: Jazz for the Jet Set (Atlantic) is filled with happy sounds: Pike's marimba, Clark Terry's transcendent trumpet and Herbie Hancock's groove-oriented organ (a switch for the pianist) are three shining examples of what's on hand. The jazz is strictly mainstream, with no great subtleties involved, but the Pike septet is easy on the ears, which in this day and age is no mean accomplishment.

•

And yet another winner by Nancy Wilson. ***Tender Loving Care*** (Capitol), arranged and conducted by Billy May, is a richly rewarding roundup of current top pops and time-tested evergreens—from *Try a Little Tenderness* to *Don't Go to Strangers* to the title tune, which was put together by Johnny Mercer and Ronnell Bright for the wondrous Miss Wilson. TLC is A-OK.

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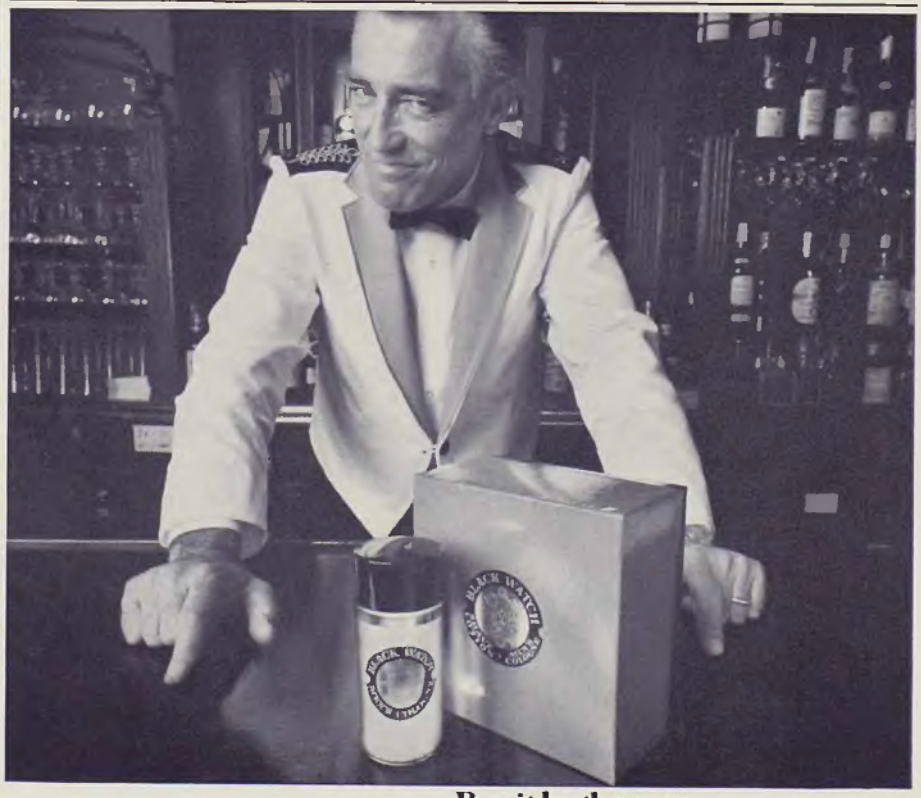

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been married for two years. My wife and I go to different schools and we see each other only once a month. I have reached the stage where I need more sexual satisfaction than I can get from one of my wife's letters. How do I begin solving this dilemma?—S. B. D., Storrs, Connecticut.

Begin with either you or your wife transferring to the other's school, or one located in the same vicinity, so you can start living together as man and wife on more than a once-a-month basis. We think a good formal education is important, but your arrangement is designed to give you both a degree and a divorce decree at about the same time.

Ha! *The Playboy Advisor* has finally goofed. In the July 1966 issue, a question was asked pertaining to the order in which the James Bond novels were published. Your answer listed all the Bond novels except *For Your Eyes Only*, which was published in 1961. Right? Right!—G. V., Brooklyn, New York.

Wrong. "For Your Eyes Only" was not included in the list because it is a collection of five short stories, not a novel. For the same reason, we omitted other Fleming novelettes and short stories, including "The Property of a Lady" (PLAYBOY, *January 1964) and "Octopussy"* (PLAYBOY, *March and April, 1966). Incidentally, "For Your Eyes Only" was published in 1959, not 1961.*

Would you please settle an argument I've been having with a friend? We are two college coeds who consider ourselves "foot-loose and fancy-free." I say that the best way to stop dating a man who has lost your interest is to bluntly tell him so. My friend disagrees. She plays a silly game in which she strives to make the man feel as though it were his idea to stop dating her. In most cases, this has led to a month or more of headaches as the result of inventing excuses as to why she won't see him. My way may hurt more at first, but I have always felt that it was better in the long run. What is the masculine viewpoint?—Miss M. C., El Paso, Texas.

Both solutions seem rather extreme. Ending a casual dating situation shouldn't require either the extended game your girlfriend makes of it, or anything as cold-blooded as your blunt approach. When a guy loses interest in dating a girl, he simply stops asking her out; when a girl loses interest, she stops accepting invitations. It needn't be any more complicated than that—except in truly serious relationships, which deserve more personal consideration in their dissolution.

I have seen what appear to be silver-and-black "international license plates" on quite a few foreign cars in the United States. Can you tell me if they can be purchased and used in place of state license plates?—D. K., Madison, Wisconsin.

What you saw were Standard European license plates. You can use them temporarily only—depending on state regulations—if you buy the car abroad and bring it here. You can't buy the plates in the U. S.

For the past year and a half, I have been a member of a private men's club. However, because I rarely use the facilities, I've decided to resign. Is there any correct procedure to follow? Do I have to give a reason for my resignation?—H. T., Chicago, Illinois.

The correct procedure is to write a simple letter to the secretary, requesting that your resignation be presented to the board of governors at their next meeting. Although it isn't necessary to give any reasons in your letter, it would not be improper to explain that you are resigning because of your inability to use the club's facilities. It's considered good form to send the letter in before the next year's dues' date.

This may be a strange one for *The Playboy Advisor*, but the subject of my letter is girdles. My fiancée (we'll be hitched in two months) is 21 years old and has a beautiful figure. Our problem is that she has to wear a girdle because of her mother's insistence. My future wife doesn't dig them and neither do I. What's the solution?—L. S., Flushing, New York.

Count us among those who consider the unnatural effect that a girdle has on female anatomy unflattering except when the figure really requires it. We don't think a girl of 21 should still be dressing to please her mother, but since your marriage is so imminent, it's hardly worth making a fuss over. After the wedding, your wife can toss out the girdles without having to argue with anyone.

Can you tell me something about the history of playing cards? Do the symbols of the four suits stand for anything? Are face cards modeled after anyone in particular?—C. B., Elgin, Illinois.

Much of the history of playing cards has been lost in the shuffle of time. No one knows where the first deck was cut (probably in India or China), but card historians do agree that the Italians dealt Europe its first hand. The symbols for the four suits have varied from country to country. Early Spaniards and Italians chose cups, swords, coins and

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batons, while Germans preferred dogs, dukes, falcons and stags. Suits used in this country are patterned after those created by Etienne de Vignoles, a 15th Century French knight. Hearts represented the Church, arrowheads (diamonds) were the symbols of archers, clover leaves (clubs) stood for husbandry and lance points (spades) represented knighthood. French face cards originally depicted Biblical, classical and mythical heroes and heroines as the kings, queens and jacks (then called "valets"). Early American playing-card manufacturers patriotically substituted renderings of Colonial notables, until public protest forced them to return to kings, queens and jacks, which, with the passage of time, have taken on an anonymous cast.

I recently purchased a package of English cigarettes and noticed that they were labeled "Class B." Would you please explain?—P. N., State College, Pennsylvania.

Cigarettes are classified by the total weight of the tobacco in a pack. Class B cigarettes are ones that are packed more loosely than Class A cigarettes, or contain less tobacco because of a "Russian-type" filter (a hollow tube). Practically all American brands are Class A.

Does etiquette require that a fellow lace up his date's skates?—R. F., Moncton, New Brunswick.

No.

I am an undergraduate at a small Southern liberal-arts college and, as a result of a large inheritance left to me by my parents, I have everything a young man could ask for. In addition to my own Mercedes 300SL and a twin-engine Beechcraft, I have enough allowance left over to support my own off-campus apartment and the expense of a very attractive female roommate. The only flaw in this lovely life I've been leading is that the young lady I'm living with has begun to get more and more sexually demanding of late, and I can't make her understand that it's possible to overdo a good thing. What can I do to bring her sex drive down to normal?—N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

The trouble begins with trying to define what is "normal" regarding the frequency of sex relations. The type of imbalance you describe is classified as "incompatibility" in divorce courts. However, there are things you can do before giving up the cause as lost and seeking a girl whose sex drive more closely approximates your own. Is she a student? Encourage her to take more courses. Is she a lady of leisure, possibly sitting around your apartment reading erotic novels while you're at school? Try to get her to take a job, even if it's just charity work. If she's already employed, see if you can interest her in a hobby. In short, keep her busy, in the hope that she'll divert some of that excess energy into channels other than sexual. At the same time, get a medical checkup yourself, to make certain the problem isn't caused by your being physically under par.

I enjoy dining in the many fine restaurants available in New York City, but not long ago my date told me that my "European" manner of handling the utensils (fork in the left hand and knife in the right) is boorish—especially in an expensive restaurant. I am quite adept at eating this way and feel that the American way of handling the knife and fork (switching the fork from left hand to right after cutting meat, etc.) is silly and uncomfortable. Who's right?—W. K., New York, New York.

You are. Continental table manners used skillfully in an American restaurant are no more incorrect than our hand-to-hand maneuvering would be in an elegant European eatery.

I completely reamed out a favorite pipe that had built up an uneven cake. Should I break it in all over again?—D. T., San Francisco, California.

No. But smoke slowly—right down to the bottom of the bowl—until a new cake builds up.

I have been going with a wonderful girl for almost two years. She is 34 years old (I'm 42), absolutely stunning, and thoroughly knowledgeable on all my favorite pastimes—books, music, theater and bed. I know she loves me and I would marry her in a second, except for one thing—early in our relationship she told me that she had been a callgirl for ten years, having retired just before I met her. While "employed," she earned $25,000 and more a year, so money is no problem for her. (I've checked all the facts and know she's telling the truth.) The trouble is I'm finding it damn difficult to adjust my rather strict moralistic upbringing to this situation and I wonder if I will ever be able to completely love a girl with this background—even though she's come out of it perfectly adjusted. I've had my own sexual flings, although never for money, so I'm not a complete prude. What do you think are the chances of a successful marriage in a situation like this? Am I right or wrong in feeling this way?—A. S., Santa Barbara, California.

It isn't a question of whether you're right or wrong—your misgivings concern a matter important enough to seriously undermine an otherwise successful marriage, and we urge you to put off plans

of matrimony until your feelings are considerably more certain than they are now. You didn't ask us, but if you had, we would have assured you that a great many prostitutes have adjusted well to marriage, becoming devoted and faithful wives. The real question in this case seems to be—as you, yourself, recognize—whether you can adjust to this woman's past sufficiently to make a happy marriage a reasonable prospect.

What's the best way to drink tequila? Should the ritual with the lime and salt come before or after quaffing?—W. S., Tucson, Arizona.

When tossing down this Mexican hot shot, take the lime (or lemon) and salt in whatever order you prefer. Some aficionados like the salt first, then the tequila, and then a bite of lime as chaser. Others reverse the order. The original south-of-the-border practice called for the imbiber to lean back and squeeze the juice of half a lime onto his tongue, cover his thumbnail with salt and lick it clean, then down the tequila—pronto.

Some time ago, I met a girl of 23 (I'm 29) who had been deserted by her husband. We became close friends, began dating, and suddenly found ourselves deeply in love. Unfortunately, one day her husband decided that he had given up a pretty good thing and came back home. The problem is that the girl feels that she is still obliged to attempt to make a go of the marriage. How the hell can I convince her that the bastard showed his true feelings when he deserted her for seven months and that she ought to divorce him and marry me? I'm ready to step in and draw the line for her.—J. R., Houston, Texas.

If the girl wants to try saving her marriage, you ought to give her the chance by stepping out, not in—at least for the present. It is obviously more than a feeling of obligation that is motivating this marital rematch. If her husband is really unworthy of her, she'll discover it soon enough without your having to draw any lines, or pictures, to emphasize the point. Try to develop other diverting relationships of your own, leaving yourself in a position to pick up the pieces of this one, if it comes apart again—or to phase out completely, if it doesn't.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THE VACATION VILLAGE run by the Club Méditerranée at Agadir on the southern coast of Morocco is the first of the club's complexes to operate year-round—and the first that provides bungalow accommodations. There's always plenty of action going on—sailing, deep-sea fishing, swimming, skindiving, tennis, riding, dancing barefoot on the beach, listening to stereo under the stars along with fine French cuisine—but no regimentation. Most of the club's *gentils membres*, or nice members, as they are called, tend to wear the now-standard *pareu* with a necklace of Pop-it beads that serve as money on the club premises. It's impossible to be lonely at club villages: such touches as never serving a meal until each eight-seater table is filled help initiate new visitors into the social circle. If you can tear yourself away, excursions are available that take you from Agadir to Marrakech and on into the Sahara Desert. The all-inclusive rate for a two-week stay at the club is approximately $120, and it's more than worth that low price, as the ratio of females to males is usually about 60 to 40. Other Club Méditerranée villages are scattered around the world, from Spain to Israel, to Tahiti, and three more will soon be set up: Martinique; Isla Mujeres, Yucatán; and Acapulco. A fairly recent innovation is winter villages in the Alps—where the $135 tab includes train fare from Paris, one week's lodging and good food (with table wine served at each meal), ski instruction and a wide range of after-ski activities. The club also maintains two luxury hotels at St.-Moritz. The Hotel Princesse-Victoria accepts only single people as guests, so it jumps more than the other hotel, the Roi-Soleil.

If you've been making the European ski circuit (see *Skiing Europe* in this issue) and find yourself in Italy, we suggest you take a sunshine break and visit some of the easily accessible Italian islands in the sunny Mediterranean. Stromboli, for instance, has been sprouting little inns ever since it was "discovered" by Bergman and Rossellini some years back. One of its attractions is a live volcano that safely erupts every couple of hours, night and day. Guides will escort you to the top of the crater for an extraordinary close-up. Or you can stay below and watch red-hot streams of lava spread down the rocky "fire-pit" slope to the sea. Three small inns offer accommodations—La Sirenetta, Miramare and Villaggio Stromboli.

Lipari and Vulcano are two other Aeolian islands nearby. Vulcano boasts a black-sand beach and the fact that Anna Magnani once made a film there. The fine beaches of Lipari, accessible by steamer from the Sicilian port of Milazzo, are lapped by warm, clear waters.

An excellent diving area is the little-known island of Giglio, reached by ferry from Porto Santo Stefano. This bright, pastel-colored spot has one first-class *pensione*, La Nuova Pergola. But dedicated skindivers make a beeline by boat around the cliffs to the secluded Pardini's Hermitage, a good stopping place.

Other Italian islands still relatively undiscovered by American tourists—that offer a welcome escape from the ordinary plus first-class small hotels—include little Ustica, in the Tyrrhenian Sea north of Sicily (the Cottage Hotel and Grotta Azzurra are where the skindiving set hangs out), and Maddalena, located northeast of Sardinia.

For a double-date winter vacation, try Hawaii's Foster Tower Hotel. The elegantly decorated penthouse suites offer stunning vistas in every direction: Even the showers have full-length windows that look out over Diamond Head. Each two-bedroom suite includes living and dining room, kitchen, two baths and a big roof deck. Typical touch at Foster Tower: Suites are identified by your name rather than by number.

Waikiki, day and night, is a mass of sunning, surfing, swimming, strolling humanity on the make. And it doesn't take long for both sides to make contact. There's no problem of where to go: Michel's and Canlis offer the best food; Duke Kahanamoku's is still tops for Polynesian food and the Cock's Roost for steaks and prime ribs. After dinner, try the Hawaiian Village for Dixieland jazz, the Romanie and the Dunes for topless diversion, and the Oasis and Forbidden City for strip shows.

Closer to home, for a Florida vacation that's slightly off the beaten path, take in the first of the big keys—Largo. Old State Route 905 runs for 12 miles through lush jungle foliage; at road's end is the 1300-acre Ocean Reef Club—with about 60 luxury homes, a golf course, a yacht club, a skeet range, a restaurant, a large inn and an airstrip for private planes. From here, skindivers can also explore the 21-mile John Pennekamp Coral Reef. The U.S.' first underwater state park, it offers a vast array of brilliantly colored living coral and numerous shipwrecks. The marina manager at the Ocean Reef Inn can make arrangements for a boat, or you can get one at the Port Largo dock.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

EPITAPHS FOR LENNY BRUCE

I am shocked at Lenny Bruce's death. That a man of his creative brilliance should die at 40 is tragic enough—but even worse is the fact that he was driven to it by the self-righteous guardians of pseudo-Victorian morality. They killed him just as surely as if they'd pushed the hypodermic needle into his arm. Worst of all, however, is the satisfaction they'll get from his death, for moral hypocrisy will be that much stronger.

James R. Daugherty
San Diego, California

"The truth is what is, not what should be. What should be is a dirty lie," as Lenny Bruce once said.

Lenny was a man who sacrificed financial success, social acceptance and prestige for personal integrity. He sought out the truth in every facet of human experience and held up to ridicule all that was phony. His sometimes shocking choice of words was an integral part of the truth he sought.

Bert L. Dragin
Cleveland, Ohio

The death of Lenny Bruce, following so quickly upon the Supreme Court ruling in the *Ginzburg* case, is more than the tragedy of a genius who died too young. It is a tragedy for a whole generation. To almost all of us who are under 40, Lenny was more than just a great comic talent; he was a spokesman. His anger was our anger; his contempt, our contempt; his dedication, our dedication. Never before in history—as Timothy Leary and Mario Savio and Hugh Hefner have all pointed out—has one generation so thoroughly rejected another, as is the case now in America. Nobody over 40 could understand Lenny, or even laugh at his jokes. They were, as Leary always says, trapped in their games—boxed in by rituals of status that blinded them to 99 percent of actual reality. They couldn't see anything outside their games—not the reality of sex, as distinguished from their dirty puritan myths about sex; not the reality of capital punishment, as distinguished from their pious and sadistic *need* for capital punishment; not the racial horror of this country, as distinguished from their neurotic need to pretend that the ghetto doesn't exist or matter. In a world on fire, they closed their eyes, shut their ears and pretended that they didn't feel the flames. And now Lenny is dead, and I will never doubt that it was the legal persecutions he endured that killed him. He was murdered, as sure as Christ and for the same reason. Allen Ginsberg wrote in one of his poems that "wars are made by an insane Senate which no longer sleeps with its wife." Lenny's tombstone should read: "Killed by an insane generation that never learned how to sleep with its wife."

William Greene
New York, New York

I don't know if anyone at PLAYBOY is going to write a eulogy or tribute to Lenny Bruce, but here are some personal reflections that I've got to put on paper, because they're too painful to keep inside.

I knew Lenny both as his lawyer and as his friend. I tried hard to understand him, but I couldn't all of the time, on too many occasions. I had him as a guest on my TV talk show once, firmly resolving at the outset to not only be understanding (sympathetic), but to truly understand (comprehend); my lack of success convinced me then, with the certainty of a closed mind, that Lenny simply had nothing more of importance to communicate. Otherwise, how could I have failed to perceive and appreciate it, I reasoned. How, indeed! For, in retrospect, I'm convinced the deficit was in my comprehension, not in his message.

It is, I think, the confusion, complexity, sham and hypocrisy of our social values that made Lenny's message an enigma for many; we concentrated on his words, instead of his meaning. I don't know if Lenny deliberately tried to shock his audiences with his language, but if he did, it was incidental to the significant part his dirty words played in a *modus operandi* intended to restore individuals to reality and reason. Lenny liked to illustrate how foolish we are to fear the power of four-letter words, and to seriously contemplate punishing a person for uttering them, when all that is really involved is a question of "taste."

Certain words are considered in "bad taste" by most of the members of society, when spoken in public; but that doesn't make them obscene, or a fit subject for criminal prosecution. Just the other day,

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an appellate court in California held unconstitutional a statute which proscribed conduct that was "against the morals, welfare and best interest of the state." The court said that was too nebulous—it didn't proscribe a sufficiently definite standard of conduct to make the actor appreciative of just what was inveighed against. This was a "topless" case. But in a 30-page opinion, our court showed that the language in this California law was the same as that used in the Hitler Code. And under this language, ethnic groups were persecuted, tortured and killed.

I think Lenny was trying to tell us that if you allow the authoritarian bluenose to use fuzzy legislation on obscenity, and jail citizens for conduct not sufficiently defined in the statutes, further fuzziness in the law can lead to infringement upon our right to worship at a church of our choice, express ourselves freely, and go about our daily lives without fear of a knock at the door by the Gestapo. Lenny was actively involved in the fight against capricious and arbitrary censorship; and he paid a heavy price for his involvement, in continuing personal and professional persecution.

Many of our courts understood Lenny and set him free, when he was charged with obscenity for his outspoken opposition to social injustice and inhumanity. I think the United States Supreme Court would have understood him, if they had ever heard his case. [After Lenny was found guilty of obscenity in the two lower courts in Illinois, his conviction was upheld, and then reconsidered and reversed, by the Illinois Supreme Court, on the basis of liberal U. S. Supreme Court decisions in other obscenity cases. Between September 1961 and April 1964, Lenny Bruce was arrested seven times for obscenity and three times for the possession of narcotics, in California, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York.]

And Lenny was a hell of a good lawyer, too. He was familiar with every constitutional case concerning freedom of speech. He prepared one of his own briefs to an appellate court in my law library. He worked on it around the clock. And with that pixielike, persuasive personality of his, he got one of my best secretaries to work with him. I think she forgot the time in the exhilaration of his sweet, enthusiastic presence. At the end of the research travail, she had to take a day off to recover from almost complete exhaustion—and this *solely* from secretarial work.

With the pixiness, there was a sweet sincerity and decency about Lenny. When he used four-letter words in conversation, it was usually in a context, or for some purpose, that seemed appropriate; his speech was ordinarily more respectable than the language of those around him. Lenny spent a considerable

amount of time with my eight-year-old son, Caesar. He loved to play with the boy; or just sit and talk to him. Actually, it brings tears to my eyes to remember how he and Caesar were better able to understand each other than Lenny and I. He had a *rapprochement* with curious, intelligent, uncomplicated minds. He never uttered a dirty word in the presence of Caesar. But I'm sure he would have if he had thought he could teach Caesar a social lesson worth learning.

So to sincerity and true social purpose, I add the paradox of sweetness and decency to Lenny Bruce. If he could have taught us his social lessons by counting apples and oranges, I'm certain he would have done it that way and never resorted to the "dirty words." For they weren't really "dirty words" to him: they were the semantic tools with which he built lessons of love and beauty.

I think Lenny Bruce was a clean, sweet, sincere, decent, nice guy. We weren't nice to him in return. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't convince us. He continued to try until the day he died. It took his death to touch some of us deeply enough for the message to begin getting through.

The world is cleaner—we're better individuals, whether artists or actors or writers or lawyers—for Lenny Bruce's having passed through it. And whether he did or he didn't believe, I'm sure he's someplace now where he's understood and loved (for I do believe): and the sadness of his passing is eased at least a little by the knowledge that he's finally free.

Melvin M. Belli
San Francisco, California

JUDGING THE JUDGE'S JUDGES

Sometimes I wonder whether some of the people shipped to Saint Elizabeth's Mental Hospital in Washington don't get delivered to the House of Representatives by mistake. The newspapers from the States have just caught up with me, here in Tierra del Fuego, and I find that —while North Vietnam is being bombed daily and is, in turn, threatening to try some of the pilots as war criminals; while the ghettos are erupting into riot in New York, Cleveland and Chicago; while a million and one national and international problems await solution—three of the paleolithicoid intellects of Capitol Hill are holding press conferences to deplore the marriage of a 67-year-old man to a 23-year-old woman. There is no evidence, in their published statements, that they have any personal knowledge of the man or of the woman, or of the merits of the marriage. Of course, since two of the Congressmen come from the South and the other is a Republican from the Midwest, and the man in question is Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, one might suspect that low political motives underlie these attacks; but such suspicions, I am sure, are unfair. We all know that our politicians always speak and act from the highest ethical motives and are never influenced by politics. Of course. And yet, with Red China grimacing at us from one direction, and armed revolutionaries increasing in our slums, and crime on the increase, and all of the other ghastly predicaments of our times, is *any* marriage worth this much of the time of *three* members of Congress?

Representative Thomas G. Abernathy objected to Justice Douglas' marrying "one only a third his age." Representative George W. Andrews called for a Congressional investigation of Douglas' character. And finally, Representative Paul Findley stated unctuously that "There should be a way to remove a Justice from the bench without a trial for crimes and misdemeanors." None of them explained what was an acceptable age difference between marital partners, or where in the Constitution it says that a couple in love must have a publicly acceptable age difference for the man to qualify for office, or what type of procedure *could* be used to remove a judge who has *not* committed "crimes and misdemeanors." The barking of dogs, in short, has more responsible intellectual content than the snarls, yelps and growls of these press conferences.

Would these Representatives be willing to pass a law establishing a "correct" age difference for husbands and wives? Would they like the law to be applied to Congressmen also? What kind of standard will they use? Elijah Muhammed, I hear, teaches his followers that a wife's age should be one half her husband's plus seven years. Can they think of a less arbitrary standard? Some sociologist wrote once that the happiest marriages, statistically, are those in which the wife is five years older than the husband. Shall we adopt that norm? Or should we just laugh it all off and remind the good Congressmen that envy is one of the seven deadly sins?

Henry Masters
Tierra del Fuego, South America

POSTAL PRIVACY

I had no idea that you had become so big over the years as to be able to pull off an attack against the corruption of the U. S. Post Office. Congratulations.

Howard R. Houck
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

I cannot help but feel that the exposition and discussion in the pages of PLAYBOY of postal snooping was the driving factor behind the Post Office Department's sudden reformation. This definitely shows that PLAYBOY is concerned about the rights of all, not just "a few males seeking entertainment." PLAYBOY is to be highly commended for its work, as well as for the results of that work.

Stanley Strout
Stamford, Connecticut

Your letters about Post Office snooping are shocking! To those outside of the United States, to those who look to the United States as representing the closest a modern society can come to a working system of democratic government, to those who look to the United States as the leading nation of the Western world, such a situation, especially along with the racial strife and the war in Vietnam, will only increase the fear, mistrust and bitterness.

When an individual is sick inside, it is difficult for him to ward off attackers from without, and even more difficult to protect those to whom he has pledged his aid. What is true for the individual is also true for an entire country, which is really no more than the sum of its individual citizens. Were I an American, I should be more concerned with such situations as the invasion of postal privacy than with hunting down "Commies," "Reds" and other kinds of "preeverts." Surely the invasion of postal privacy is an act that is to be associated with a totalitarian regime rather than with a supposedly democratic country.

Paul Biscop
Halifax, Nova Scotia

REVERSE ENTRAPMENT

Your recurring accounts of the Post Office Department's violation of private mail has launched me on a furious campaign of answering "questionable" advertisements. The vision of a postal inspector appearing on my front doorstep clutching one of my personal letters sets off a spasm of itching in the knuckles of my right hand (which knuckles happen to be rather large and bony, after my 20 years as a heavy-duty-truck driver).

My problem, doctor, is this: So far, I've had some interesting replies from the advertisers, but nothing from the Post Office! What do you suggest I do now? And does my activity constitute entrapment of a Federal official? Do you think the official might complain after his mouth heals up? I hate the thought that my efforts will come to nothing. How can I make sure that my "improper" letters are noticed? I will appreciate any helpful advice that you can offer me. I even use their stupid zip code—seems the least they could do is arrest me.

Bob Wood
Portland, Oregon

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS

Several years ago I deliberately got myself involved with a number of sex clubs, of the type that advertise in tabloid newspapers. My purpose in joining

was twofold: First, I wanted some firsthand knowledge of the new social phenomenon, community sex, in order to be able to write about it; and, second, I wanted some poontang. Or perhaps it was the other way around. Anyway, I joined six different enclaves and sat back to wait for the flood of mail to commence. Actually, it turned out to be a trickle, though some of the letters were real dillies. One of my correspondents was a big, red-haired momma near Cleveland who, as I quickly divined, got most of her jollies by *talking* about episodes, rather than actually taking part in them. Once I had decided what her tastes were, I proceeded to regale her with accounts of various fictitious orgies. However, after about three or four letters from her, the exchange abruptly stopped.

Some weeks later, while having dinner, I was called to the back door by an unknown man, who insisted on speaking to me outside of and away from the house. Once I had joined him in the driveway, he flashed his Mickey Mouse badge and signaled to a second Gestapo man, who was sitting in a car parked out front. After a brief conversation in the driveway, they asked if they could enter the house, to which I agreed, and I escorted them to my basement study. More blah-blah followed, in the course of which it came out that the prime reason for their being there was that my red-haired correspondent had been busted, and in searching her effects, they found my name and address on some envelopes. They even had photostats of the envelopes with them, and of some letters that they were presumably holding. They then asked to look through my correspondence, much of which was in full view on my desk. I asked if they had a search warrant and they said no, but that they could get one. I said, "Fine, you get one and come back and you can paw around to your heart's content, but until then, no."

They caught my animosity and started to lecture me about the power of the state and legal authority and all that jazz. I cut them off and pointed out that I spent over two years of my youth in World War Two attempting to guarantee that I, and others, would be free from this sort of crap. The conversation got a little loud and I wound up challenging them to arrest me. They didn't have a case, and they knew it, and they knew that I knew it. They got the point and left, and I haven't been bothered since, though I assume that my mail is watched, counted and possibly opened. And this is the land of the free! This creeping Big Brotherism is worse than open tyranny; at least under a dictatorship, one knows who the enemy is and one can go heave a Molotov cocktail at Gestapo headquarters. Here, if I go

heave a Molotov at my local post office, I'm liable to burn up all local copies of PLAYBOY, plus *The Realist* and *The Independent*, and then where would I be?

(Name withheld by request)
Okeechobee, Florida

POSTAL CLERK'S CONFESSION

Perhaps a view from a former postal clerk of almost five years' employment might further show your readers how "unprivate" their mail can be. The post office where I worked handled mail for a population of approximately 100,000, located in the center of California's growing defense-industry area south of San Francisco. The town, over the last several years, has spread out to encompass approximately 22 housing tracts; it also handles the mail for the area's mental institution. Besides the supervisor, there were roughly 12 clerks on the night crew (3:30 P.M.–12 midnight) during the week, with limited crews on the weekends. In this warm atmosphere, the philosophy of "you don't tell on me and I won't tell on you" prevailed. Not only was first-class mail invaded; it was frequently read aloud for the entertainment of all.

The letters most often opened were those with the initials SWAK (Sealed With A Kiss) on the envelope, or any similar message of endearment. Those going to or coming from Servicemen, either in basic training or overseas, were the primary "meat." Letters from the mental hospital, which encourages its patients to write as many letters as possible, were opened and read merely, it was said, to see "the other side." There were letters from paranoids, schizophrenics and neurotics. (One girl, once a week for five weeks, sent out a letter to her "fiancé" that would have made Henry Miller blush.) The crew usually filled the building with coarse laughter as these letters were read aloud: a spectacle that would have been distressing, to say the least, to the writers who had imagined that their deepest emotions were still private.

In the spring of 1964, in the post office where I worked, the names and addresses of all persons writing to a specified address had to be noted by any persons who handled that mail. For eight weeks, there was a 25-cent pool for the person who found the first of these letters during distribution to the city routes. This was never explained.

A resident, operating her own newspaper dealing with world-wide subjects, was classified "Communistic" and for two years all mail to her address was monitored.

The Post Office Department has an official procedure for the proper handling of any copies of a publication that are undeliverable; those that are nonreturnable are supposed to be held a certain length of time and then destroyed.

It never happened.

If you belong here...

Union League Club—Philadelphia

Jonathan Club—Los Angeles

Racquet Club—St. Louis

Ranier Club—Seattle

Minneapolis Club

Detroit Athletic Club

Chicago Athletic Club

Boston Club—New Orleans

Harvard Club—Boston

The Lambs Club—New York

Commerce Club—Atlanta

Multnomah Athletic Club—Portland, Ore.

Preston Trails—Dallas

Pacific Union Club—San Francisco

Metropolitan Club—Washington, D.C.

...you belong in a clubman® sportcoat.

available at finer stores, or write: clubman, 1290 avenue of the americas, n. y., n. y.

At the post office where I worked, these magazines were saved for several months and then turned over to the mental hospital for the patients (a thoughtful gesture prompted, perhaps, by the entertainment provided by the patients' personal correspondence); but before these charitable contributions to the mental hospital, every postal carrier and clerk had his pick of the publications. Frequently, the carriers carried home undeliverable copies of magazines without even bothering to return them to the post office. If the supply of a particularly popular publication didn't satisfy the demand, the clerks simply stamped "UNDELIVERABLE" on copies chosen at random, then hid them until they could be taken home.

Your own magazine is a prime example. At the time of my resignation, this post office was handling three sackfuls of PLAYBOY a month. This was roughly 500 copies—of which perhaps half a dozen, on the average, were actually undeliverable, due to incorrect or incomplete addresses, insufficient postage, etc. But six copies weren't nearly enough to satisfy our staff of 32 clerks and 55 carriers. Almost 60 copies of your magazine failed to reach subscribers in this area during my last few weeks as a postal employee. A subscriber who misses an issue of a magazine usually blames the publisher, not the post office: and it is the publisher who is expected to replace the copies that unexplainably disappear during delivery.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

ABORTION, AMERICAN STYLE

I would like to comment on the letter published in the June 1966 *Forum*, written by Douglas F. Auka, on abortion. I feel I am more of an authority than he on the subject, having had an unsuccessful abortion and subsequently an illegitimate son.

My reasons for seeking an abortion were: I felt I was too young to marry (20), did not want the consequences of marrying a 20-year-old boy with no education or means of supporting a family, and I didn't want to attempt to raise a child by myself—alone and unassisted. So my son was adopted very soon after he was born. If I could have had an abortion performed legally, I most definitely would have.

Mr. Auka asked what we should do with the institutions established for unwanted children if abortion was legalized. Well, Mr. Auka, I don't believe you could tour one of these institutions without becoming physically sick. When your guide tells you in glowing words how much "love and care" the children receive, just look into the eyes of these children and tell me you would want *any* child raised this way, let alone your child. These institutions in California, one of the most advanced states in the U.S., are a disgrace to the whole populace. A child who lives in a slum with no father would probably receive more love.

Let me say also, as a girl from a "good middle-class" family who stayed in a "good" Catholic hospital for unwed mothers for a month (and I was a lucky one who didn't have to stay six or seven months like the 15- and 16-year-olds), that even that institution would have made a better prison. In prisons you don't have 16-year-old, 8-month-pregnant girls doing heavy housework as they are told by the authorities how they are generously being "hid" from society, to the tune of $200 a month. You don't have a 13-year-old girl who had been raped listening to the sex adventures of the older girls; and you don't have hysterical girls trying to commit suicide because they can't face giving their son or daughter up for adoption.

What do we do with your precious orphanages and state and *church* institutions, sir? Demolish them, bomb them, tear them down, and be glad to be rid of the breeding grounds for such inhumanity to man.

(Name withheld by request)
Long Beach, California

I needed an abortion but was not fortunate enough to locate a medical doctor willing to perform this simple operation. Although many doctors are sympathetic with the problem, they dare not risk helping you. My choice, therefore, was to either bear a baby totally unwanted by both myself and the father or go to a rundown house in a slum area, where, for $200, an old woman "helped" people like me if they were less than two months pregnant. It was not an easy decision to make. It was not a matter of whether I thought abortions right or wrong, for morally I thought it wrong to have an unwanted, unloved, fatherless child. Nor did I desire to heap shame and disgrace upon my horrified family (who insisted they would not stand by me if I chose to have the child). What terrified me was the thought of perhaps risking my life in the hands of that woman.

Finally, in desperation, I decided even possible death could not be worse, so I went through with it. The experience turned out to be even worse than I had anticipated. The house was filthy and the "operation" was performed on a dirty bed on old newspapers. This horrible memory is the price I still pay for one lousy midsummer night's madness. How different this might have been if laws had permitted me to go to a hospital where my own doctor could have attended me.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I have enclosed a clipping from a recent issue of *A. M. A. News*, a publication of the American Medical Association. I believe that this more liberal approach to abortion laws is in step with the liberalization of sex laws proposed in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

"Abortion is the only area where legislation imposes itself between the physician and the patient," said Zad Leavy, California lawyer and former deputy district attorney of Los Angeles County. "The laws regulating abortion should be liberalized within the framework of sound medical practice," Leavy said.

Leavy was one of four speakers interviewed before they appeared on a panel on "What Can We Do to Update Our Abortion Laws?" at the annual clinical meeting of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists held in Chicago.

Other speakers were Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D., president of Planned Parenthood–World Population; Robert E. Hall, M.D., professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Columbia U.; and Bayard Carter, M.D., professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Duke U.

The panel agreed that laws should be changed to permit abortion in cases where (1) continuance of the pregnancy would gravely impair the physical and mental health of the mother; (2) the child would be born with a grave physical or mental defect; and (3) the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest. This is the model penal code recommended by the American Law Institute.

Despite legal restrictions, Dr. Guttmacher said, "we patently break the law in every state." However, even when a physician believes that abortion is the medically right thing to do, he may be scared off because of the restrictive nature of the laws. That's why laws should be liberalized, Dr. Guttmacher said.

Leavy pointed out that recently in Los Angeles a 14-year-old girl was made a ward of the court in a rape-incest case. "The judge stuck his neck out and approved a therapeutic abortion," he said. "So far, no one has questioned this in higher courts."

"We are operating under laws well over 100 years old," Dr. Guttmacher said. Supporting that, Dr. Hall said: "At the time the laws were made we didn't have the science of psychiatry and gynecology nor did we have antibiotics or anesthetics, all of which make an abortion more safe."

In a recent study, Dr. Hall said, therapeutic abortion has apparently

become more available to the well-to-do patient. He cited figures which showed that for every one abortion performed among clinic patients, there were four abortions for private patients. With liberalized laws, more abortions could be performed on poor patients, which would act as a deterrent "to having it done in a back alley," Dr. Hall suggested.

It is unfortunate that our archaic abortion laws usually force a woman to risk her life in the hands of criminal abortionists. I hope that interest in modernizing these laws will increase and that the suggestions of the American Law Institute can be put into effect.

James W. Ralph, M. D.
Alexandria, Virginia

DIVORCE-LAW REFORM

Present divorce procedures subject both parties to a "trial by combat" where one party must be proved guilty and one innocent. Such procedures seldom reveal the truth and result only in destroying all hope of reconciliation.

United States Divorce Reform, operating as a "mutual aid" society with hard-working members in 46 states, is attempting to remedy this situation. Among other things, members swap legal advice to assist one another and provide moral support when a member is acting as his own attorney.

But more important, we believe that taking a family quarrel into a quasi-criminal court and handling it with criminal "adversary" procedures is ridiculous, and it is our aim to establish family-relations centers to replace the present archaic divorce, conciliation and family courts.

These family-relations centers would be placed throughout the state according to population density. They would have exclusive jurisdiction, subject to appellate court review, over divorce, annulment and separate-maintenance proceedings. These centers would be staffed with sociologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, educators, lawyers and accountants.

The most outstanding feature of USDR's family-relations-center concept is the elimination of the adversary proceeding with all its name-calling. Children would not be scarred for life, as helpless pawns in the battle between their parents. And teenagers who now put the parents against each other to obtain favors would find this practice curbed.

Parties may appear before the family-relations-center panel upon payment of a $25 application fee, and may represent themselves or be represented by a non-attorney agent. The only "ground" for a divorce would be that the marriage is unworkable, and a divorce, if granted, would be effective immediately and

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without labeling one of the parties guilty and the other innocent.

Alimony and support payments would be based on the ability to pay and on the need. Of interest to mothers is that child-support payments would be made through the center and it would be responsible for seeing that such payments were made. Now mothers must contact the district attorney. Of interest to fathers is that an accounting of the use of child support may be required if requested. Both parents may be required to contribute to the support of children.

George Partis
Founder and Executive Director
United States Divorce Reform
Kenwood, California

TEENAGE CONGRESS

On May 13, 14 and 15, 1966, New Rochelle High School hosted the Second Annual Model Congress, to which I was a delegate: 350 students from high schools from Maine to Maryland attended and introduced bills on almost every topic. Preparations had been made since September and interesting legislation was to be proposed. I took as my main source *The Playboy Philosophy* and wrote the following amendment to the Constitution:

Sec. 1. All legislation approved by the governing bodies of the United States of America on any level whatsoever that imposes the sexual morality of the minority upon the great majority is hereby declared null and void as noted in the following sections of this legislation. The power to determine sexual morality is hereby delegated to the people and denied to the states.

Sec. 2. All laws making a crime of sexual relations privately and discreetly engaged in between competent and mutually consenting persons having attained the age of 21 years, or less as determined by the individual states, are hereby declared null and void. This measure includes those practices commonly known as fornication, cohabitation, adultery (except when prosecuted by the individuals involved or their legally married mates), sodomy and statutory rape.

Sec. 3. To correct the misadministration of justice as regards these previously enforced statutes, be it enacted that a committee shall be established under the auspices of the judiciary committee of this Congress and consisting of five members thereof, to review convictions under these previous statutes. Said committee shall have the power to declare a new trial after having studied the case and received the approval of at least three of the five committeemen. However, they may not directly reverse any court decision.

Sec. 4. All laws prohibiting the distribution of sex information for generally accepted and nonprofit purposes and not held illegal under pornography laws are hereby declared null and void. Likewise, laws prohibiting the proper sale or distribution of contraceptive drugs and devices having been approved and prescribed by a licensed medical doctor are hereby declared null and void.

Sec. 5. Sex laws pertaining to crimes against the public, such as forcible rape by violence, coercion or other unsavory means, indecent exposure, incest, prostitution, corruption of a minor, or those relations between persons with mental and severe physical disabilities shall not be in any manner affected by this legislation.

Sec. 6. No overly harsh or unjust punishments shall be imposed for commission of the crimes in Sec. 5, and this shall be decided by a Federal court only if the sentence is appealed.

In my supporting speech and in the support of other speakers for the bill, PLAYBOY was prominently present, as was the case of Donn Caldwell. Suffice it to say that H. R. 112, with one favorable amendment, was passed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States almost by acclamation of the 230 representatives in the House.

The point I am stressing is threefold. First, that the youth of today are moving toward the goal of "live and let live" democracy. There were many other civil liberty bills proposed at the Congress. Second, that young people are not just "beatniks" but seriously and truly concerned with the problems of today. Teenagers are anxious to learn how their Government works so that their future will be brighter than their past. Third, that archaic and unfair sex laws will be eradicated soon. Youth has seen the problem and at least in New Rochelle's Model Congress, they have found the cure.

In conclusion, although the New Rochelle Model Congress is long over, its ideas are not dead. It was decided by joint resolution of the Congress that all passed bills would be sent to the actual representatives of the people in Washington, D. C. This has been done, and the ideas of youth as expressed in their mock legislation are now in the hands of their elected representatives. Whether or not the Congressmen are receptive to this legislation, the voice of youth has been heard.

Robert M. Diamond,
Vice-President
New Rochelle High School
Forum Club
New Rochelle, New York

MISCEGENATION LEGISLATION

I am not an advocate of any specific type of "tolerance" (sexual, religious, racial); I simply believe in the old expression "Live and let live." In other words, I think that each individual has the right to do whatever he pleases with his personal life, as long as he doesn't infringe upon the rights of others. It is on this basis that I am opposed to miscegenation legislation and I would appreciate some information on the subject. How many states have laws against interracial marriage? What effect does the recent passage of the Civil Rights Act have on these laws? What, if anything, has been done in the courts to test the constitutionality of such laws?

C. C. Copeland, Jr.
New York, New York

Seventeen Southern states still have miscegenation laws. Some of these statutes prohibit marriage or cohabitation between a white person and a member of any other race; others specifically outlaw only white and Negro relationships.

None of the recent civil rights legislation in Congress has been concerned with marriage—an area that has traditionally been left to the separate states. In our opinion, however, the discriminatory nature of miscegenation legislation is an abridgment of the equal protection and privileges guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The constitutional issue is currently being raised in court by the case of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Loving, whose conviction for violating Virginia's miscegenation law, upheld in the lower courts, has been appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, with a decision expected before the end of the 1966–1967 term. If the High Court reverses the Loving conviction on constitutional grounds, it could mean the end of all miscegenation laws.

THE DECLINING FAMILY

In your May 1966 issue, I read with interest the letter written by Page Keeton, dean of the University of Texas School of Law. Keeton said, "I consider it immoral to do that which undermines an important social institution, and I believe that large-scale sexual intercourse out of wedlock would tend to undermine the family unit and could be a very serious problem." It would seem that Mr. Keeton has not looked at the situation fully. To bring it into focus, I want to quote a few paragraphs from Francis E. Merrill's book *Society and Culture*:

The progressive shift in function away from the family has been received unhappily by many persons. The traditional family has assumed an ideal quality in the mores, and

(continued on page 190)

If Rose's is made for gin gimlets and vodka gimlets, what's it doing in a brandy gimlet? (And a rum gimlet?)

Some people think a gimlet is a small carpenter's tool. And some people think a gimlet is a delightful mixture of one part Rose's lime juice to four or five parts gin or vodka.

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What about a bourbon gimlet? Well, a Rose's by any other name...

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Here's a four-dimensional look at Chet Atkins, one of today's most exciting guitarists. First dimension: His newest album, "From Nashville with Love," in which Chet plays such selections as "La Fiesta," "English Leather" and "I Love Paris." Album two teams Chet's guitar with Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops, doing "Orange Blossom Special," "Country Gentleman" and "On Top of Old Smokey." Then, it's a hop, skip and a "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" to record three — his arrangements of great Beatles hits like "Yesterday," "Michelle" and "Hard Day's Night." We saved the "best" for last — "The Best of Chet Atkins, Volume 2," featuring "Limelight," "Josephine," "Yakety Axe" and 9 more in that special Atkins style. Get with these recordings – join the Chet set!

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NORMAN THOMAS

a candid conversation with the elder statesman of american socialism, champion of radical reform and outspoken opponent of the war in vietnam

For more than half a century, Norman Thomas has devoted his considerable energies to protest—in word and deed. Almost totally blind, his tall frame slightly stooped, he is still the ubiquitous dissenter—writing, chairing a broad range of protest groups, addressing civil rights rallies and peace demonstrations. "The years have given a cavernous austerity to his patrician face," A. H. Raskin wrote recently in The New York Times, *"but the wrinkles of laughter still hold their own against the wrinkles etched by time. His pale blue eyes glow . . . and ideas tumble from his thin lips with the easy eloquence that used to make his campaign speeches entrancing to conservatives as well as liberals."*

Although he is now regarded as "the respectable rebel," Thomas has frequently been a figure of turbulent controversy in the past and even now is in the forefront of protest against President Johnson's policies in Vietnam. He remains, as The Washington Post *observed on his 75th birthday, "a conscience of the American people . . . among the most influential individuals in 20th Century politics."*

The rebellious odyssey of Norman Thomas began in Marion, Ohio, in 1884. Graduated from Princeton in 1905, he became a Presbyterian minister in East Harlem after studying at Union Theological Seminary. From the start of his ministry, however, he was militantly active in campaigns against social injustices, and his growing commitment to pacifism and socialism led him finally to resign in 1918. From that point on, Thomas was an indefatigable agitator for social, economic and political change throughout the country.

In the years that followed, he engaged in many struggles for the right of workers to organize and was one of the first to focus national attention on the oppression of the sharecropper in the South, going on to help organize the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. A champion of civil liberties, he was also one of the founders of the Civil Liberties Bureau, which became the American Civil Liberties Union in 1920. Thomas has also been active in civil rights battles, and in 1935 was a leader in action against the Ku Klux Klan in Florida. Often arrested because of his insistence on translating his radical beliefs into action, Thomas also has survived periods of widespread unpopularity, particularly for his opposition to America's entry into both World Wars.

Six times a candidate for the Presidency on the Socialist Party ticket, he was an advocate in the mid-1920s of old-age pensions, public-works programs, unemployment insurance and the legalization of collective bargaining. Between his most successful campaign—in 1932, when he won 900,000 votes against Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover—and his last race, in 1948, Thomas saw all of these programs enacted into law.

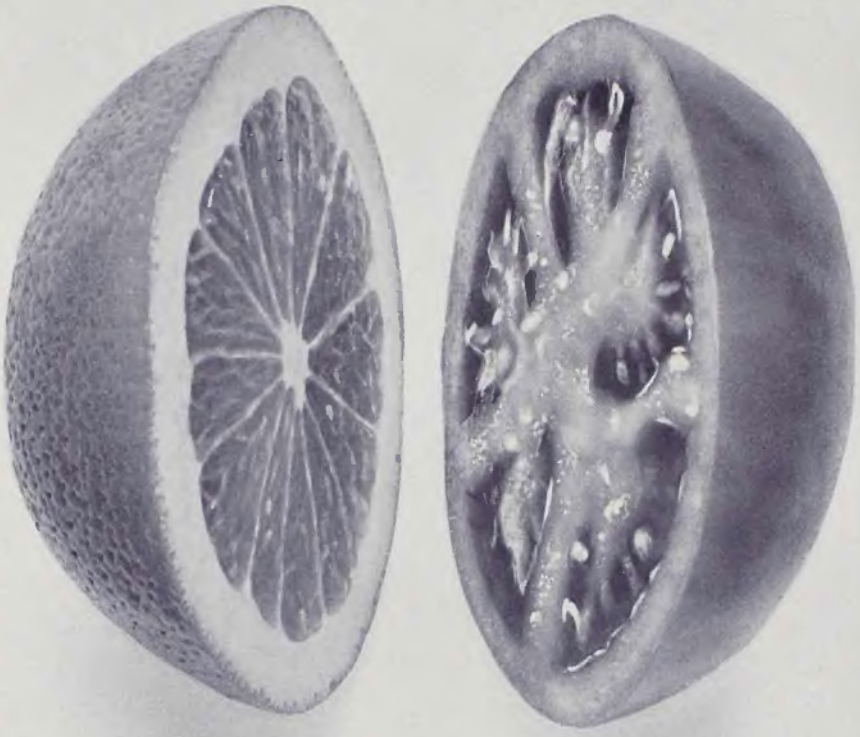
Among the organizations in which he has since taken—and continues to take—a major role are the League for Industrial Democracy, the American Committee on Africa, the Spanish Refugee Aid committee and the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. As Allard Lowenstein, an influential New York social activist, puts it, "Any cause I ever heard about that involved oppression and injustice and in which no one else was interested could call on Norman Thomas for help. He and Eleanor Roosevelt have done more through the years than any other American figures to inspire young people to devote their lives to social justice."

In the midst of an arduous schedule of college speaking engagements late last summer, Thomas acceded to our request for an exclusive interview. The six-hour conversation took place in Thomas' office on East 19th Street in New York. The furnishings are spare but comfortable. His desk is free of clutter. Bookcases line the walls, and in them are volumes on international politics, civil rights and socialism. Tacked to a bulletin board are leaflets and notices about forthcoming meetings on peace and civil rights. Thomas is listed as one of the

"I always get more applause than votes. In general, I've found today's young much more militant in criticism than in proposing practical alternatives—let alone in carrying them out."

"I don't think our technology and our ways of making a living are so disastrous to the individual. I've never believed there was an Eden from which the individual was driven by General Motors."

"By our blundering, by our irrationality, by our inheritance—genetic and political—we are being swept along paths that are far more likely to lead to war than not to. And I mean a very big war."



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main speakers on more than half of them.

The white-haired Socialist leader talked easily and vigorously throughout the long afternoon. He had no need to ask his secretary to refer to notes or to any of the books around him. Although his voice has a quaver of age, his ideas are crisp and lucid. Occasionally, as the urgency of a particular need for action seized him, he would lean forward, his voice rising, and slam the desk to make a point.

His passion against injustice is infused with wry wit, often directed at himself. He is a man utterly without pomposity. Although he appears to have a secure sense of his place in American history, he also speaks with candor about what he terms his "failures." Though his view of the future often seems bleak, he himself is without despair. Vital, continuously curious, he sees no possibility of his retiring, because so much remains to be done.

During our long conversation, Thomas had explored, without euphemism or evasion, the scope of his past achievements and his view of present imperatives. In covering the most current topics, such as the war in Vietnam, it is possible that the fast-moving tide of world events may have overtaken both our questions and Thomas' replies in the weeks since this interview went to press. But what follows will remain resoundingly valid for many years to come—the eloquent distillation of a singularly uncompromising life.

PLAYBOY: In recent months, you have been particularly active—in demonstrations, speeches and articles—as a critic of the Administration's policy in Vietnam. Are you advocating, as some of *your* critics seem to believe, unilateral withdrawal?

THOMAS: No, I'm not. I do feel we had no business getting into Vietnam, but once there we do have certain responsibilities. I would not, for example, want to withdraw at the expense of allowing a subsequent massacre of those who have opposed the Viet Cong—just as I was appalled to see that happen on the other side when so many alleged Communists were massacred in Indonesia earlier this year. What I'm trying to work toward is the principle that we can settle disputes like this by negotiation rather than by military action. And I do not believe the President has *really* tried to enter into serious negotiations. We have not, for instance, agreed to consider the Viet Cong among the chief negotiators. Nor have our two cessations of hostilities been long enough. What I propose is that the President order a cease-fire—meaning that our troops would not fire unless fired upon. It would also entail, of course, an end to our bombing. As further proof of our good faith in

wanting to negotiate, he should send no more troops to Vietnam. We should immediately call for a reconvening of the Geneva Conference, at which both the Viet Cong and Communist China should be present. Under the circumstances I've outlined, I think they'd attend. The resultant negotiations should allow for elections in South Vietnam under United Nations supervision. If the Communists should win, there should be a provision for an amnesty for their opponents—also under United Nations supervision. Whichever way the election turned out, we should get out of Vietnam militarily. We ought, however, to provide economic and other constructive help. We certainly owe them that.

PLAYBOY: You would be willing, then, to accept Viet Cong control over South Vietnam?

THOMAS: I would prefer a coalition government. I don't like totalitarianism. I don't like terrorism. But if the Viet Cong did win a free election in the South, I would say the Vietnamese have the right to decide their own fate. However, even under those conditions, I'm convinced that Vietnam, if left to itself under its own Communist control, would not voluntarily ally itself with either the Russian or the Chinese empires. Instead, I think we would see it become a Yugoslavian kind of state, and that would help a great deal toward the neutralization of Southeast Asia.

PLAYBOY: In terms of bringing about negotiations to end the war, how did you assess the President's escalation of bombing last July to include the oil depots at Hanoi and Haiphong?

THOMAS: It was quite a blow and certainly does not help toward achieving negotiations. Another bad sign—and this troubles me greatly—is the complete silence of the State Department and the President when Premier Ky, head of the present government of South Vietnam, continues publicly to rule out negotiations with the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front. This continued silence, this failure to contradict Ky, makes Johnson's asserted willingness to negotiate "any time, anywhere" seem hypocritical.

PLAYBOY: Despite the escalation, do you feel it may be possible, by protesting the war as you have, to influence Administration policy in the direction of a negotiated settlement?

THOMAS: I do—and toward that end, I've been working as co-chairman, with Reverend William Sloane Coffin of Yale, of the National Voters' Pledge Campaign. It's an attempt to collect as many thousands of signed pledges as we can from people who will support and vote for candidates in 1966 who are for a settlement of the war that involves American initiatives to encourage negotiations with all the concerned parties, including the Viet Cong. The signers, moreover,

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pledge to back candidates who support the use of international agencies to settle disputes among nations, who support the avoidance of unilateral military intervention in the affairs of other nations, and who are for the increasing use of our resources in constructive economic and social programs at home and abroad.

I consider this campaign important because it focuses on the key power the people have: political power. What I tell the young is that we're a poor sort of democratic society if we have pretty good success at demonstrating but do not use our power at the polls. That kind of power is appreciated by Presidents as well as by town councilmen. Now I'm not denouncing the right to demonstrate, nor am I denouncing demonstrations. What I'm saying is that here we are, making so much fuss about the peoples of other countries having the vote and claiming that our greatest objection to communism is the denial of the direct vote. Well, we *have* the direct vote, but we haven't used it as impressively as we could.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile this kind of political approach with public-opinion polls—polls that the President often cites—that indicate the large majority of the American public is in favor of the Administration's Vietnam policy?

THOMAS: If you really look at those polls and at a growing number of Congressional campaigns, I think you will discover that the majority of the American public is actually in a very confused state of mind. On the one hand, they say they support present policy and the harder line Johnson has been following; but on the other hand, in recent campaigns in New York and California, among other places, Vietnam was the most important issue, and a number of candidates were vying with one another to show how implacably they opposed the Administration's policy. This took place in both the 17th and the 19th Congressional Districts in New York; and in California, although not all the peace candidates won their primary contests, several took more than 45 percent of the vote. In Oregon, the governor of the state, Mark Hatfield, a Republican, has been campaigning for the Senate on a platform that opposes, in large part, the Administration's approach to Vietnam. Obviously, these politicians sense a considerable degree of unrest, of confusion, among sizable sections of the electorate.

And even if I'm being overly optimistic about the immediate effects of the kind of political pressure I'm advocating, it certainly can serve a valuable educative function. What it comes down to is that if you have strong beliefs, you often have to do things even if you're not too sure they'll bring speedy results. This is one such occasion, and I hope more of the young will join us in the National Voters' Pledge Campaign, and will also organize other kinds of political activity to this end.

PLAYBOY: Do you really feel that the President can be persuaded by a minority, however vocal, to change our policy in Vietnam?

THOMAS: There's an old Puritan saying: "While the light holds out to burn, the vilest sinner still may turn." You can never give up. I cannot rule out all hope when I remember, for example, that De Gaulle got into office on a pledge to hold Algeria for France, and yet it was De Gaulle who gave Algeria its independence. And Johnson himself, for another example, was hardly a model civil rights champion as a legislator, but changed significantly in this regard once he was in office. And I do think, furthermore, that he can be *reached* politically. If enough of us who oppose the present Vietnam policy can make our opposition clear at the polls, it may be possible to move him in that direction.

PLAYBOY: Those of the young whom you are encouraging to engage in this kind of political protest often adopt a nonexclusionary policy in terms of with whom they'll work toward these ends. They have openly stated their willingness to collaborate, for instance, with the Communists in seeking a peaceful solution to the war in Vietnam. You had some bitter experiences with Communists in the Thirties. How do you feel about this tendency of the New Left? Doesn't it leave them prey to manipulations?

THOMAS: I'm not sure, because I think we're confronted with quite different Communists today. I don't know if my Communist friends will like me for saying this, but communism—at least the orthodox Russian and the American Communist Party variety—isn't what it used to be. And that heartens me. I think it has evolved. Gus Hall, now the leader of the American Communist Party, has proclaimed, for example, that you can have a multilateral political system in the United States, and that you can have civil liberties as well. I remember very well when Communists used to seem to be eager to get practice in *denying* the civil liberties of their opponents—including me. But I always believed in civil liberties for them, even when they would not have allowed me mine if they had been in power. And I have always believed that you don't fight communism by emulating it, by passing the Smith Act and the McCarran Act and that sort of thing; and that you don't lick Communists by the methods we're following in Vietnam and Santo Domingo. To get back to your question, I would say that I don't know whether it will be dangerous for the New Left to adopt a nonexclusionary policy. I expect they're going to have to find out for themselves.

PLAYBOY: In terms of protest, several

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commentators have observed that today's dissident younger generation is the most militant of any since the Thirties. How do today's young rebels differ from those of your own youth?

THOMAS: As for my own youth, those of us in dissent then were rather naïve, rather innocent. We thought specific reforms would be more easily achieved than they turned out to have been. And we thought that once achieved, they'd accomplish more than they did. Women's suffrage, for example, was going to save the world. I, however, made myself quite unpopular at the time by arguing for woman's suffrage on the ground that they had as much right to be wrong as we men did. But really, there was an almost messianic faith in causes when I was young. We believed in progress with a capital P. But we didn't *do* so much about them. I mean, in the summer we didn't work in the slums so much as we helped out at summer camps for the poor. That sort of thing.

Then came the 1930s, and the nature of dissent was, of course, quite different. There was less innocence, more bitterness, more action—but still less action by youth than one would have expected in view of the magnitude of the Depression. The Forties were the war years, and in the Fifties there was a terrible apathy in the colleges. But now, in the Sixties, we've had a real awakening and a widespread desire to participate, which I find very admirable. It's been particularly evident in the civil rights movement and also in the peace movement, although the latter was a good deal slower in getting started and never did acquire as much momentum as the civil rights thrust.

But you asked how today's youngsters are different from the dissenters of the past. Well, I'm one of those who think that the present New Left is a good deal more nihilistic than the old. If you were a leftist in the Thirties, you might not be a member of the Socialist or the Communist Party, but ideologically you would have been likely to be a Socialist or a Communist, to all intents and purposes. For the most part, the young now are not. They're not as firm, as sectarian in their ideologies. They're searching for something more than has been offered them by the older left.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned nihilism among today's young. Why does it exist?

THOMAS: It exists because today's young are very aware of how difficult it is to accomplish basic change, to achieve 100-percent success. They're aware of how complex the problems are, how entrenched the opposition. It's quite easy to be against a lot of things and to be ashamed of a society that permits all kinds of injustices; but as of today, it's much less easy to be certain you have the specific cures for all the ailments you attack. Our work in the Thirties went on under the shadow of at least a highly public idea that answers *could* be found within set frameworks. The Communists felt they had found the answers, and the Socialists were saying, "No, your way isn't the answer, but *we* know the right directions." All those clear-cut prophecies from one side or the other, however, have turned out to be imperfect. Russia, for instance, hasn't turned out as badly as some of us had feared. But Russia is also hardly the classless society that others had predicted. And democratic socialism hasn't exactly established a utopian society either.

And overall, there is the terrible feeling of man's capacity for irrationality. We're all afraid of nuclear war, but none of us is very successful in finding a way to prevent it. Even among people who ordinarily don't stop to think, the possibility of a nuclear confrontation is a very pressing fact.

PLAYBOY: A confrontation with Russia?

THOMAS: If not with Russia, then with China. The way we're going now, it's just a question of time. I don't think China will intervene directly in Vietnam—at least not in the near future—because it doesn't feel itself ready to. But there is the possibility that if we continue to escalate the war, we will *force* them to intervene before they consider themselves prepared. In any case, if we do continue in this direction, while a confrontation with China may not take place in my lifetime, it will almost certainly during the lifetime of my grandchildren. I was shocked at a recent CBS television survey of a group of 16-year-olds in a prosperous suburb of St. Louis. The majority of them expected there would be a nuclear war in their lifetime. You see, they have accepted the unthinkable. Nobody is so sure anymore that we can even survive.

PLAYBOY: If there should be a nuclear war, what chance would there be of survival, in your opinion? Do you agree with J. Robert Oppenheimer's contention that "only the greatest faith could convince us that what was left was human"?

THOMAS: I literally shudder at the prospect. There would be survivors—I can't tell you how many—but they would be in extreme physical misery. Moreover, they would be under an inconceivable sense of oppression that they belonged to a race that could practice such madness. That is why I keep saying you have to work as best you can to avert such a war, and for that I place considerable hope in the young.

PLAYBOY: What influence do you feel you have over the young in terms of moving them away from nihilism and toward more constructive action?

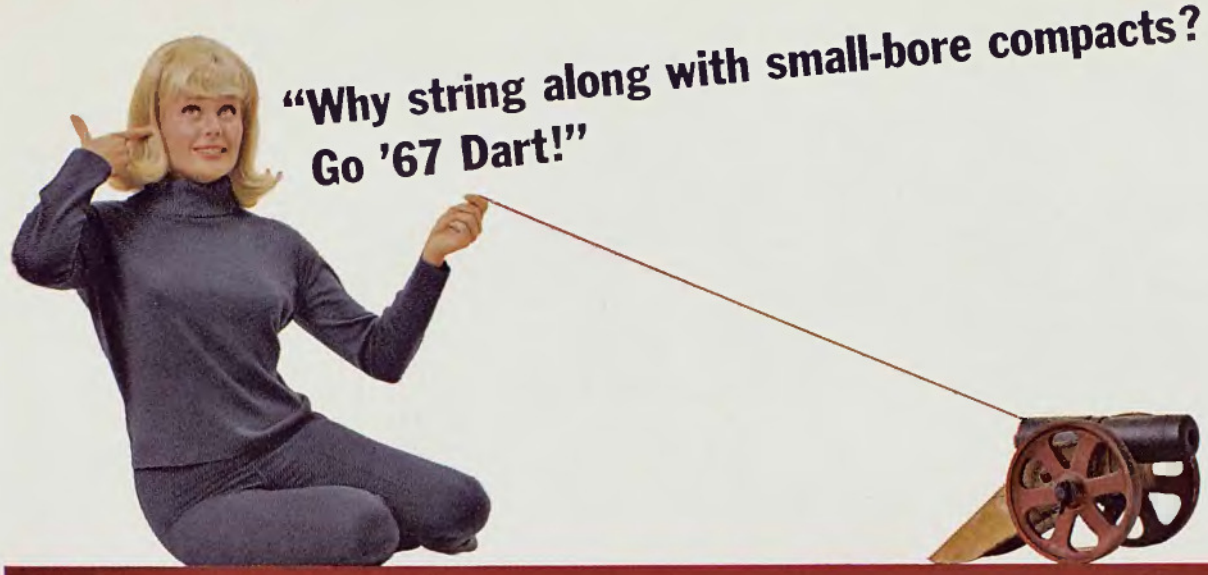
THOMAS: That's hard to determine. I say to audience after audience that I can always get more applause than votes. I do get a very immediate response from a student audience, but I don't get an equivalent response with regard to the kinds of *activities* I'd like them to pursue. In general, so far, I've found today's young much more militant in criticism than in proposing practical alternatives—let alone in carrying them out. A lot of their protest is just "blah, blah, blah." It's *good* "blah," but that's all it is. You just don't say, "To hell with the bourgeoisie!" and expect anything to change. But they're beginning to learn how to plan constructive programs.

PLAYBOY: What sort of programs do you think should take priority on their list?

THOMAS: A more specific civil rights program, for one. For example, not nearly enough analysis has been done concerning the steadily dwindling opportunities for everyone, white and Negro, on the nation's farms, and the resultant dumping of these sharecroppers and farm laborers on the big cities, where there is also no work for them. We need practical plans that would help make farming a more viable occupation, and that would also do more for the emigrants to the cities than put them on welfare. Another area in which we need much more specific analyses and programs is how to bring about real integration in schools and neighborhoods. More than government action is required to this end, because it involves changing people's attitudes. I don't have any ready answers as to how to do this, but this is the kind of activity I would like more of the young to explore.

PLAYBOY: Do you think such activities as stalling cars and spreading garbage on busy thoroughfares—both of which have been done by militant civil rights groups in New York City—help change public attitudes and promote the cause of integration?

THOMAS: That sort of thing, by not being directed specifically at those doing the discriminating, can have a harmful effect in terms of reaching and convincing the large numbers of people you want to improve conditions. I am not saying that I'm opposed to *all* demonstrations; I've taken part in many and have blessed many others. Human nature being what it is, demonstrations have been and will continue to be a necessary part of the struggle for civil rights. I haven't gone along with some of the more radical demonstrations, but that's in part a matter of temperament. In my old age, I think whether one resorts to moderate or radical demonstrations and programs is not altogether an either/or proposition. I don't know of any historic change that came about without a combination of very radical pressures and much less radical conduct. It comes down to this: You have to make up your



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own mind as to the kind of person you are. I think that I, being I, have done more in my way, however unsatisfied I am with how much I've accomplished, than I would have accomplished if I had been in a more extreme camp. However, I do have a lot of respect for the people who do take radical positions. I think we need both kinds.

PLAYBOY: You speak of the necessity of "very radical pressures" to bring about social reform. Would the current emphasis on black power fit into your definition of necessary "radical pressures"?

THOMAS: I regret this emphasis on Black Power in terms of capital B and capital P. I don't deny that Negroes need power; but the present focus, however it may be intended by some of those using the term, appears to be on *separatist* power. And that is wrong. Now, I'm not making wholesale condemnations, nor do I think that advocates of this kind of Black Power speak for many people as yet. But their rhetoric can have bad results. Certainly you can explain Black Power in reassuring terms; I've been in the Church and in the Socialist Party, and I know you can explain *anything* away. But there are psychological effects from the use of the term that *cannot* be explained away.

PLAYBOY: What are the possible bad results and psychological effects that disturb you?

THOMAS: For one thing, it could lead to more rioting—probably, though not inevitably. For another, it could diminish the efforts of many Negroes toward integration in schools and housing. You already hear talk about making Harlem a "beautiful black community" and about working for "beautiful black schools." And you hear of some Negro leaders who say—though I'm not so sure they *mean* it, entirely, but rather are speaking for effect at meetings—that they have abandoned any belief in integration. They say, "I have no white friends." This is what disturbs me about the possible effects of Black Power—how far it will go to reject all white comradeship. You see, when the civil rights movement began, I thought it rather unique as a historical development. All revolutions in the past have been a call for the replacement of one power by another. The civil rights movement started with a call for a *sharing* of power, for an equality of rights. But now some of the advocates of Black Power are talking of setting up another power, a separate power.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel this development may mean that Martin Luther King and his advocacy of shared power may become obsolete?

THOMAS: I'm still a great admirer of King, and I still have hope he can retain his position of leadership. Large numbers of people still respond to him. But he's got a tremendous task ahead. In some ways, he's trying to out-Gandhi Gandhi. He's trying to lead a minority as a nonviolent pressure group. Gandhi was working with a majority and he was also working against a foreign government that was already showing signs of becoming tired. And even Gandhi's work, with those advantages, did not prevent terrible outbreaks of slaughter when India was partitioned. However, I do not think King is obsolete. He still has his charisma. And he is moving toward politicalizing nonviolence. That's essential if he is to win substantial victories. If King can create enough black political power—without capital letters, without the connotation of separatism—so that he can show Negroes that power can be shared with whites, then I think the civil rights movement can continue in the direction in which it started.

PLAYBOY: But will it be possible for nonviolence to remain an integral part of the movement?

THOMAS: I hope it can continue at least as a tactic. I do not myself put an absolute emphasis on nonviolence, as some do. But I certainly favor it as a strategy in the civil rights movement, because the alternative is not going to bring basic, lasting change for the better.

PLAYBOY: When you say you do not put an absolute emphasis on nonviolence, does that mean you can conceive of situations in which violence would be permissible?

THOMAS: There might be such times. It would depend on the degree of violence. A specific example I can give you is that I was for the sending of troops into Mississippi during the worst of the civil rights troubles there. I cannot conceive of police power without the possibility of violence, so in asking for troops, I knew that their going might involve some violence. That's an illustration of why I cannot always feel that nonviolence is the outstanding test of whether a given action should be taken or not. I do feel that the principle often does work—as in much of the activity of Martin Luther King—but I cannot take it as an absolute.

PLAYBOY: A few minutes ago you began to suggest a few of the specific programs for social reform in which you wanted to encourage young people to participate. Are there any more you'd like to mention, other than in the civil rights area?

THOMAS: Yes, I also feel they should work toward more specific goals in making the War on Poverty a *real* war, preventing it from becoming enmeshed in machine politics, conducting hard studies on the weaknesses of programs now under way and ideas for new programs concerning job training and the providing of enough jobs *after* training. But above all, the young ought to consider more specific ways of changing our foreign policy, and that means becoming increasingly involved in political action such as the kind I've suggested in order to bring pressure to bear on the makers of our present foreign policy. I'm not diminishing the vast importance of civil rights and of the War on Poverty when I say that the outstanding problem we face is that of finding an alternative to war before it's too late. We no longer have much time. I used to feel, "Well, I've been pretty badly defeated in this particular Socialist campaign, but time is, on the whole, on our side." Well, time is no longer on our side. By our blundering, by our irrationality, by our inheritance—and I mean genetic as well as political inheritance—we are being swept along paths that are far more likely to lead to war than not to. And by war I mean a very *big* war. I probably won't live to see that war, but the chances are against peace. It's easier to say that than it is to persuade people what to *do* about it right now.

PLAYBOY: How high would you say the odds are against peace?

THOMAS: I don't like to put it in terms of odds. I would say that if I lived on another planet and if I were a very superior type of being with extraordinary facilities for knowing just what's happening on earth, I would certainly bet that we've come close to extinguishing the human race by war. On the other hand, I wouldn't give too great odds, because I would also know that the human race—with all its irrationalities and follies—has always blundered through. So far. You see, the difference is this: If I were looking from another star, I could bet the way I'd bet on a horse race. But I'm on *this* planet and all I've got to bet is my life. And by no means do I think the odds against peace are so hopeless that I consider it useless to keep on trying to the best of my ebbing ability to do—or to encourage the doing of—those things that may make war less likely.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's conceivable, as some predict, that world war may turn out to be the only alternative to the communization of mankind?

THOMAS: I will grant that historically—given the nature of man and his institutions—certain wars were probably better than the only alternative to them. But a world war now is *not* going to be better than the only alternative, whatever that may be. Look, I might say as an individual, "Better dead than Red," but you'd have to be pretty arrogant to advocate that the whole *world* should say, "Better dead than Red."

PLAYBOY: You said that we are being swept toward the real possibility of war by our inheritance, "genetic as well as

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political." What do you mean by our "genetic" inheritance?

THOMAS: What I mean is a recognition about man that has made me very sober in my later years: the recognition that the long, long evolutionary process has been pretty much a matter of "tooth and claw"—although that's an inadequate and unfair total description. But there's no doubt that we've always lived under conditions of life living on life, someone *else's* life. There's no doubt that so-called civilization has always seemed to demand an upper class that could build pyramids, let us say, only by exploitation of the lower class. Furthermore, there is no doubt that, beginning as little children, the destructive instinct in us is very strong. I look at kids laughing as they destroy houses they've built of blocks. I once thought that sort of thing funny, but now I wonder what that capacity for delight in destruction shows about us. You know, we both love and hate war. Until recent years, I didn't realize that; but realizing it now, I feel a nuclear catastrophe is more possible than I used to want to think it was. But again I must stress that all these factors—all these irrational drives in man—do not make war inevitable. War is still politics, and we come to war by making political mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think peaceful coexistence with the Communist world is possible?

THOMAS: Certainly. I've never taken the position that communism is the same as diabolism or that our main function in foreign policy should be to defeat communism. I think we can coexist with Communist countries, but there are certain features of communism I think we ought to continue to protest, and to hope will be ended by evolution—for example, at this late date in Russian communism, the sending of writers to Siberia for four years because they were critical of certain aspects of Russian Communist society. I protest this. But that doesn't mean that we have to go to war with them.

On the contrary, I think we can—and must—seek to broaden the *détente* that we were undoubtedly developing with Russia before the Vietnam war escalated. One of President Kennedy's men told me that some very hard-faced Russians came to him and said, "Don't bother too much about this neutrality business and all this disarmament. You just go along with us, be partners with us, and you'll be surprised what good partners we are." Well, even if that story were true, I wouldn't go that far. As I said to the man who told it to me, "What would happen to the other nations? They'd be merely observers, and that's not a feasible way to have world peace." But I would still work for more of a *détente*, and for such things as a central European zone free of nuclear weapons. In the long run, in any case, if there is not a nuclear confrontation, I'm inclined to the belief that economic developments in America and Russia will sweep both societies toward very similar types of economic control. The Russians will become more pluralistic in their economic structure than they are now, and we will become more concentrated, more planned.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this kind of economic evolution—with its softening of revolutionary belligerence—might also take place in China?

THOMAS: Yes, but it would take a longer period of time and would require that China no longer be isolated. I believe that the single greatest mistake America has made since the Second World War—and America has also done some decent things—has been our China policy, which is incomprehensibly foolish and dangerous. I don't know what would have happened if we had played the game properly, but I am strongly of the opinion that if we had, we would see a picture in China today not too unlike the current picture we have of Russia. I mean a somewhat evolutionary development of revolution, a sloughing off of the more extreme and immediate belligerence and hate, an increasing trust in other methods of survival than violence and sabotage.

PLAYBOY: With the damage already done in our relations with China, what would you do now to rectify it?

THOMAS: Well, if I were President—which my fellow citizens have taken the greatest pains to prevent—I would announce my willingness, indeed my anxiousness, to get China into the family of nations. I would propose seating China in the United Nations if she would accept the minimum that the UN Charter requires—and that's a pretty low minimum. I would also make an effort to leave the future fate of Formosa to a plebiscite to be held when peaceful relations were established between Red China and the rest of the community of nations. By that I mean I would propose that a plebiscite be held in Formosa under international supervision, so that the people of Formosa could decide if they wanted to remain independent, if they wanted to be reunited with mainland China, or if they wanted some sort of conditional reunification with the mainland.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think Red China, in view of its present intransigence, would accept any of these proposals rather than continue to foment trouble outside the United Nations and eventually try to take Formosa by force?

THOMAS: We've messed things up so much I wouldn't expect China to accept these overtures out of hand. But at least we would have made the proposal, and

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thereby we would stand out differently in the eyes of the world than we do now. And we would stand out differently in the eyes of the younger generation of Chinese leaders to come. You have to make a beginning, and this would be the beginning to make.

PLAYBOY: If you were President now, what would your approach be to the underdeveloped nations?

THOMAS: One thing, for sure, is that I'd stop giving them second-rate military hardware. In fact, although I suppose one could conjure up an occasion when certain kinds of military aid might be necessary, I would say right now that I wouldn't give military aid at all. Nor would I give much cash, except for specific categories of development aid that would make it easier for them to become self-sufficient—development of agriculture, for example. I would, however, work for better trade relations. It's very important that they have freer trade—trade that will give them advantageous conditions. I'd also want more Peace Corps varieties of aid. But all of these, I must emphasize, I would like to see handled as much as possible by the United Nations. The unilateral relationship between a rich uncle and a poor nephew is not necessarily the best kind of relationship. Therefore, I would prefer to see aid generally administered by the UN, with that aid funded on the principle of the developed nations' various abilities to pay. That, of course, would involve heavy contributions by us, but the actual handling of the aid would be collective. And there ought also to be aid that would encourage world-wide birth control.

Now, I list these goals more easily than I could accomplish them. And I also recognize that you can't focus on aid without attending to certain other things simultaneously. There's no one royal road to peace. There are certain necessary prerequisites. We've got to get universal disarmament. We're no safer with the guns we've got than kindergarten children would be. We've got to get a stronger UN. We've got to disabuse people of the idea that God or anybody else has made America a world policeman by virtue of our own righteousness, which may be a disguise for self-interest, right or wrong. We've got to stop interfering in other people's civil wars—in Santo Domingo and Vietnam and God knows where else. That doesn't mean I think there's a sacred right for everybody to have a civil war, but when outside control is essential, it has to be exercised through a much more developed United Nations, rather than by one self-appointed policeman like the United States.

PLAYBOY: Several authorities, including economist Robert Heilbroner, believe that in order to survive, the underdeveloped countries will have to function in socialist or some other variety of collectivist framework. They add, however, that these brands of socialism are likely to be authoritarian, harsh, violent and oppressive. Do you agree?

THOMAS: Whether I like it or not, I'm afraid there's a great deal of truth in that. But I don't think one has to encourage that sort of thing. You can accept a situation as more or less inevitable and still do your best to cooperate with the kind of country building that will include the idea of individual rights. Our present world—through the processes of production and the increasing organization of society—doesn't leave too much to the individual, although he may have relative abundance in the developed countries. Therefore, it's terribly important in times like ours—and it's terribly important in countries with a socialist framework—to emphasize the fact that the state should be the servant, not the master, and that the individual's well-being involves his rights and civil liberties as well as the satisfaction of his material needs. There is no reason why socialism and democracy need be mutually contradictory. There can be socialistic economic planning that is democratically controlled.

Therefore, to be realistic—while I would have to do business, even rather friendly business, with emerging nations under one kind or another of authoritarian control in which I didn't believe, I would also be aware that it was my job to do everything I could, by precept and example, to encourage the development of democracy in those nations. And that democracy by no means need be the same thing as our own. It could take different forms so long as individuals' rights were respected.

PLAYBOY: How totalitarian would a nation be before you would decide not to do business with it?

THOMAS: I can't give you an absolutist answer. I don't know. We are in the kind of world in which we don't have clear-cut choices about what governments to support or not to support. We would have to feel our way and allow ourselves considerable flexibility in our foreign policy. That does not mean, however, that when it's a matter of a new government trying to form itself, we should, as we have done too often in the past, give our support to forces of the right that we *know* to be authoritarian, as against a revolutionary independence movement, on the grounds that we fear the latter would mean a Communist takeover. Certainly we run a risk in supporting new revolutionary governments; they may turn totalitarian. But when we side with the forces of the old order from the beginning, we actually help communism by exacerbating legitimate discontent and by pushing rebels who are not presently Communists into underground alliances with extremist groups that will continue to try to gain power and may eventually succeed in a form that will indeed be authoritarian.

PLAYBOY: If Heilbroner's thesis increasingly proves to be correct, what kind of world do you think we'll have for the rest of the century if most of the underdeveloped nations, socialist though they may be economically, are also authoritarian, no matter what we may do to inculcate the principles of democracy?

THOMAS: I wish I knew. I fear it would be a world I wouldn't like very much. Admittedly, I take a very dim view. Consider Africa, for example. I don't think it's possible for the multitude of states now in Africa to exist healthily, and I'm afraid that instead of the African federation that I had hoped for as the great goal of these African states, there will be amalgamation by conquest by one or another acquisitive African nation, and this troubles me very much. It seems as if the threat of Nkrumah in this regard is now removed, but knowing human nature, it's very possible that someone like him may arise. I still believe men have a capacity to respond to lessons from the past and that perhaps this capacity can be developed in Africa, and developed more quickly than we think. Perhaps the jump they want to take in terms of material well-being may also bring about a jump in the other satisfactions of the individual; I mean his opportunity to *be* an individual. But I don't think the recent history of Africa is too encouraging in this respect.

PLAYBOY: In the developed countries, particularly in America, do you feel that the growth of our material well-being has increased or diminished those other satisfactions of the individual you mentioned? Some sociologists are convinced that there's been a change for the worse in the quality of American life during the past 50 years, that we've become a cold, self-seeking, materialistic society.

THOMAS: I think it's too easy to generalize about that kind of assertion. You can get facts that will support almost any generalization, including a generalization that would compliment the American people for their generosity, for the way they respond to certain national challenges. I'm tremendously impressed, for example, with the number of things public and private agencies are ready to do for the blind. Now that's a small illustration, but I think it's part of the good side, the humane, compassionate side of America. Even now, there is a sort of wishing among most Americans that we didn't have to do what we think we have to do in Vietnam. These quick comparisons between the quality of American life now and 50 years ago are easier to postulate than to prove.

PLAYBOY: According to such social critics

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as Paul Goodman, the majority of Americans, instead of striving to retain their individuality, are being dehumanized, becoming personnel rather than people. And these commentators predict that as cybernation increases and society becomes more and more linked to machines, this depersonalization will continue to grow. Is there any conflict between your kind of socialism and the call of Goodman to decentralize, to make more individual decision making possible before it's too late?

THOMAS: Yes and no. Yes, it's not going to be easy to have the kind of socialism that will allow for real individual decision making. But on the other hand, I would respectfully differ from some of these writers who are so alarmed. I don't by any means think that our present technology and our present ways of making a living are so disastrous to the individual. To start with, they're something you can't escape. And I don't know how helpful it is to make large, gloomy assumptions about where they're taking us. I've never believed that there was an Eden from which the individual was driven by General Motors. I'm more inclined to the doctrine that human life was *always,* as Thomas Hobbes put it, short, brutal and nasty. It was sort of a sorrow to me when I came to that belief.

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you feel that human life is still short, brutal and nasty?

THOMAS: Well, I don't think it's gotten worse. But certainly, as of right now, two thirds of the world's population live on the edge of starvation. For them, Hobbes' description still holds true. And even others who are not close to starving still act with brutality. Why? Part of the answer, I expect, is that just as there is a sizable amount of innate irrationality in man, so there is also innate brutality. I'm reminded again of recent events in Indonesia. There was no real formal fighting to speak of, but the reaction to the attempted Communist coup against the government led to the killing of upward of 300,000 alleged Communists in cold blood. What kind of humanity is that?

But again, I don't feel hopeless about man. We have wiped out many of the cruelties of the past. Consider all the crimes to which capital punishment applied in England at the turn of the century. We no longer kill people for stealing, and we've come a long way in parts of the world toward abolishing capital punishment on *any* ground. And now, with increasingly efficient technology, we can produce enough so that we have the resources to prevent starvation around the world. In that basic materialistic sense, man—if we apply those resources to the underdeveloped nations—need no longer live under the Hobbesian description of life. As for the innate brutality of man, that's something we will have to keep on trying to transcend. I can't give you any specific prescriptions in that regard. That's another area to which the young will have to apply themselves.

But to get back to your question about man being in danger of becoming dehumanized and less free, I don't think one ought to romanticize the past. I can remember when William McKinley was President, and I'm not sure the individual was so free then either. For one thing, every man was pretty much bound by his own biases, his racial and religious biases. He's less bound by those now. I'll admit there are dangers for the future, but on the other hand, I don't think you can go back. You can't go back to the more prosperous of the New England villages surrounded by farms and containing a hundred-odd artisan industries. There were such villages, and the people in them lived relatively happy lives, but their kind of life didn't by any means describe the so-called civilized world at that time. And suppose it had. It's impossible to return. We're too far advanced in the way we produce by concentration and by specialization. We've just got to go on. You *have* to have centralized controls if you want enough water to drink, if you want air fit to breathe, if you want to encourage the control of population that individuals must practice. I find some of those writers who lament present trends to be much more interesting as dreamers than as thinkers who can give us practical answers.

PLAYBOY: But under socialism, *are* there ways by which decentralization and more individual decision making could be made possible?

THOMAS: There are if you could wake people up to wanting them. But one of the discouragements of my life is how difficult it's been to do that. I'm a great believer in cooperation, and I've been interested in types of cooperation that haven't been very successful in America. I give credit, for instance, to many labor leaders; but when you come right down to it, it's surprising how few union members take the time to vote in union elections. You can utter ringing indictments about what the individual is being deprived of, and you can make inspirational statements about what the individual needs. But how many individuals can you get involved in *doing* something about it? Sometimes I think our progress has been minuscule, but at other times I think it's been surprisingly good in view of the limited number of people who *care*. The average person *does* want democracy as against tyranny. He doesn't want to be shoved around too much. But he doesn't want participatory democracy in the sense that *he* has to become involved in some of the difficult problems.

That's how the Communists used to get as far as they did years ago. At meetings, they'd wait until everybody else had been worn out or had left, and then they were able to control the vote. We have to recognize how relatively few people want to get involved.

PLAYBOY: Why don't they, in your opinion?

THOMAS: Laziness, for one thing. There seems to be an innate predisposition in many people to take the easy way out, to avoid spending time in hard work and long discussions, to be impatient with piecemeal progress.

PLAYBOY: How do you get more people involved?

THOMAS: Part of the fault lies with many of us who are on fire with an idea but who need training and self-discipline in communicating that fire to others. Too many radicals are better at communicating among themselves—although they fight awfully hard—than they are at communicating with the unconverted. There are people I love and respect who have almost a genius for boring or antagonizing audiences. Also, there must be ways to shake up magazines and newspapers and television and radio in the direction of getting people interested in issues unrelated to their own self-interest, and in becoming active in solving them. How one does that I cannot tell you, and once again, I say this is something the young must work on. The basic thing is that a really active democracy involves responsibility as well as privilege, but how we're going to convince many more people of that I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Even if more people did become involved, wouldn't their efforts—under your kind of planning of the economy and of society—lead to bigger and bigger government, less and less of a voice for the individual? In your view, how big should government be?

THOMAS: I still believe we have to have a very strong government—a government that does *more*, not less, than our government is doing now. And that goes double for the Federal Government, partly because of the way our states have been carved out without relevance to economic realities. On principle, however—and I know this will sound terribly inconsistent—I also believe that government ought to do as little as possible. But the question now is to define what *only* government can do, and what *only* the Federal Government can do. I'd much rather that changes came naturally and locally than having to be imposed by government. It would have been much better if the expansion of civil rights had been a natural development in localities, growing out of the warmth of people's hearts or their hatred of bias. But it didn't. We *had* to get action by the Federal Government. There simply wasn't that much warmth in people's

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hearts or that much hatred of bias.

Recently I had occasion to discuss these matters with Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society, who told me that our great enemy is the centralized government. He went on to say that he and his father and his brothers had built a two-mile road in North Carolina, and wasn't that much nicer than having to depend on the government to do it? But imagine that kind of road building as a substitute for Federal highways. I also asked Mr. Welch what he thought about the draft when he worried about centralized government. It seems to me there is no greater denial of civil liberties than when the state is so powerful that it can take a man, and regardless of his personal convictions, moral or otherwise, order him to go out and kill. Oh, said Mr. Welch, the Birch Society was all *for* the draft. Now, that's fantastic. That's another example of why I'm more and more inclined to the conviction that any philosopher has to take into account the sometimes breath-taking irrationality of man.

PLAYBOY: Are there any current functions of the Federal Government you think could be handled on a state or local level?

THOMAS: To give you an intelligent answer, I'd have to spend a lot of time researching. As of the moment, I can't give you any illustrations in view both of my concept of what needs to be done and of the alternatives to having the Federal Government do it. The Federal Government simply had to step into the over-all problem of education, for example, because of the inequitable distribution of wealth in this country. You can't expect some regions to furnish proper education all on their own. They don't have the resources.

PLAYBOY: How concerned are you about the attenuation of civil liberties under bigger and bigger government, as technology makes possible ever more sophisticated surveillance and eavesdropping devices, and as computers make complete dossiers feasible on virtually the entire population?

THOMAS: I don't see why you talk only of an all-seeing, all-hearing government without adding the all-seeing, all-hearing corporation. I get very sore at the young people I see in colleges and elsewhere—and older people, too—who talk as if the only thing we have with concentrated power is the United States Government. You've got a General Motors that earns a bigger income than any nation except the United States, Russia, England and France, as I remember the statistics. They have an awesome degree of control over their employees—and over the economy. So if you're going to talk about the relation of the individual to the collectivity, you've got to talk about a lot more than government, and you've got to recognize that you're not going to smash down undue controls by great corporations unless you have a pretty strong central government.

PLAYBOY: Whether the concentrated power resides in government or in big business, or in both, do you feel there's reason for increased concern about civil liberties in the decades ahead?

THOMAS: There has to be, and it will come—but belatedly, just as the concern for civil rights finally came. Now, I don't want you to think I believe we've cured all the evils that have cursed us so long in the field of civil rights, but we *have* developed a conscience that I wouldn't have expected to develop. And it still seems to be moving ahead. Now, as for civil liberties—freedom from what the state can do to you—we've made progress there, too. And although I feel that we will have to become even *more* concerned with civil liberties, I'm not ready to predict that technology and concentration of power will inevitably cripple civil liberties. Here again, it's a question of whether we can get enough people involved with the problem. Furthermore, when you talk about the possible dangers of growing technology and the kind of rationalization of government that comes with it, you also have to take into account the benefits that come with these developments.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect that the benefits of technology will outweigh the dangers?

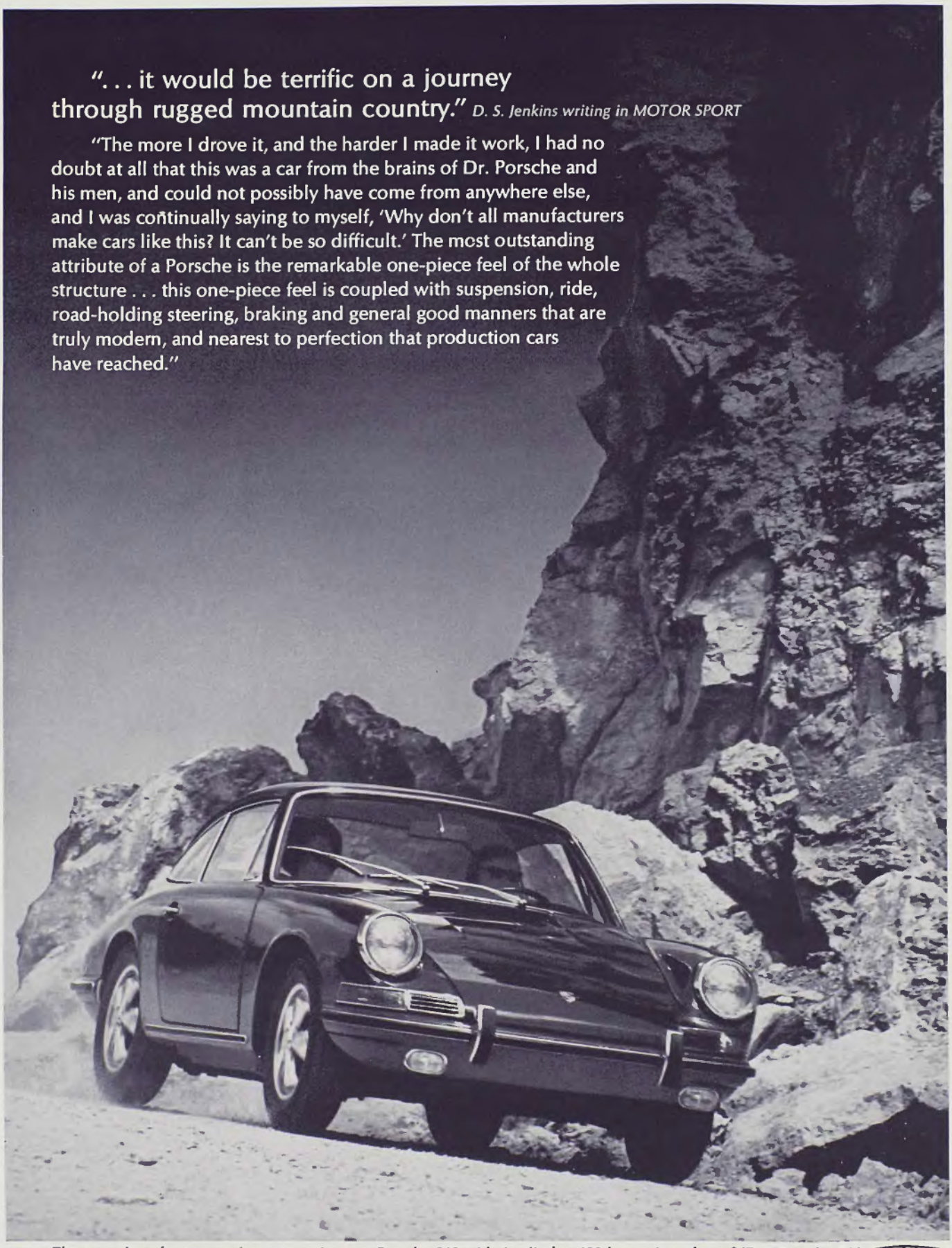
THOMAS: I think the benefits can *offset* the dangers. Take the potential of television to make possible a wider dissemination of intelligence and understanding. Yes, I know, it doesn't do nearly as much as it could, but if you remember, it was television that defeated McCarthy by focusing on the way he conducted those hearings in which he was investigating the Army. Granted, it's easier to talk about what television *can* do than it is to see what it's *done*, but I'm talking here about potential benefits. And certainly a major benefit from technology is increased abundance—of food, clothes, housing, all kinds of things. You see, I'm still materialist enough to compare where we are now economically—and where technology can take us—with the kind of poverty and the limitations *it* imposed that characterized the lives of a lot of Americans in the past. I look, for instance, at what two groups—the Jews and the Japanese-Americans—have accomplished in America. I don't think they were happier when they first came here as immigrants, living under the conditions of immigrants, than they are now in the welfare state, even though our welfare state still leaves a lot to be desired. I think that in this case, time will be somewhat on our side. As we solve more of our economic problems, and if we are able to control the concentration of political power, I think we may be able to solve these problems of insufficient individual decision making, dangers to civil liberties and the like.

PLAYBOY: As you say, the welfare state is still imperfect, and considerable poverty continues to exist in this country. A growing number of economists believe that the key to solving that problem is a guaranteed annual income for everyone. Do you agree?

THOMAS: First of all, I do not accept the notion that, because of cybernation, there will soon be so many unemployed that there will be nothing to do but provide a guaranteed income from the rich poppa, the United States Government, for everyone, whether he works or not. I think the thing to do as of now is to create jobs wherever you honorably can. A real attack on the slums would create an immense number of jobs. So would a much greater emphasis on human-service jobs and on jobs that would come with a greater expansion and deepening of education. However, there will also be people who will nonetheless need help because they cannot work or because they cannot earn enough doing what they do. And here is where what has been called the negative income tax makes sense. By that I mean supplanting our troublesome welfare system with government grants to raise individual incomes up to a minimum standard. Of course, I'd probably think any minimum set would be too low, but that would be a beginning toward a time when everyone might automatically have a guaranteed annual wage—whether they could prove they needed it or not. But I remain in some ways a creature of the Protestant ethic and therefore do not think that the great majority of mankind would be blessed by getting rid of the necessity of taking part in the necessary work of the world on some terms in order to live. So my emphasis at present is on creating worthwhile jobs.

PLAYBOY: Many people feel that, whether we have a guaranteed annual income for the poor or not, President Johnson is so progressive in his domestic program that there is no longer any real need for an organized opposition on the left. Do you agree?

THOMAS: On the contrary, I don't think that the opposition on the left is strong *enough*. You must note that what Johnson has done has been consistent with a society that protects the fundamental economic structure. Nobody has done anything about the private ownership of natural resources. Nobody has done anything about Texas oil reserves and the taxation on them that favors the oil owners to the prejudice of the rest of society. And by natural resources I don't mean only oil. I mean everything below the ground: all



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the sources of fuel, of energy. We must have those under democratic government ownership, because there is only a limited supply of them. We can't have private ownership using them up indiscriminately. And furthermore, nobody has done much about the rather monstrous doctrine of inherited wealth. Yes, it's taxed, but much of it can be passed on.

PLAYBOY: What's so monstrous about the doctrine of inherited wealth? Don't people have the right to transfer their gains, if they haven't been ill-gotten, to their heirs? As it is, the taxes now on inherited wealth appear to many to be confiscatory.

THOMAS: But what is it that is passed on nowadays? Usually it's shares of stocks and maybe bonds. They represent a continuing and indefinite claim on another man's labor. The dead man isn't working any longer. You could say that Andrew Carnegie, for one example, made possible the expansion of an important industry, steel, and so his gains were not ill-gotten. But since his death, his heirs have not participated in the building and expansion of the industry. Let me put it another way. Suppose years ago a man broke the record for the hundred-yard dash. After his death, his son comes to the track authorities and says, "Well, I've inherited my father's record." He'd hardly be entitled to it, would he? What I'm saying is that wealth is a *social* product, and after a man dies, his wealth should be redistributed in the society, taking due account of the needs of dependent widows and children.

So, as I say, these fundamental issues have not been tackled under the Johnson consensus. And I'm not so sure that consensus will be able to last indefinitely. You'll notice the consensus that we're so rich we can provide enough bread and circuses to keep everybody quiet—without changing the fundamental economic structure—isn't going quite so well now. Organized labor and Johnson aren't quite the chums they used to be.

PLAYBOY: In addition to the criticisms you've voiced, how do you assess President Johnson's vision of the Great Society?

THOMAS: His vision isn't exactly 20-20. He makes me feel, in the way he speaks about it, like I'm back in the Church for sure. Such noble ethics, not too eloquently expressed, and so curiously out of line with the limited program that he advances. I think he's sincere, just as I think the clergymen I used to listen to were sincere. But they weren't extraordinarily helpful, and he hasn't been so far, either. However, give Johnson this credit: Although his over-all concept of the Great Society is rather vague and not adequately implemented by anything he has proposed, he *has* been specific about a few things. He has been more specific on civil rights than any of his predecessors. And whatever criticisms I've had to make of it, he has tried some specific approaches in his War on Poverty. So, except for Johnson's foreign policy, I'm inclined to say that there's more joy in heaven over one sinner who's repented than over 99 of the just who needed no repentance.

PLAYBOY: What would be *your* definition of a Great Society?

THOMAS: I wouldn't define it. I'd try to describe it. I'd describe a society in which it was possible for men to be themselves after having had the educational opportunity to bring out the best in themselves. It would be a society in which men could live up to their *own* standards of the good life—and of behavior—and yet live together in principles of brotherhood and cooperation. And on an international basis, there would be an end to the anarchy of military nationalism. There must be a better religion than the religion of nationalism. The clash of nations has been a much more significant—and destructive—factor in modern history than the clash of classes. And it is not communism but nationalism, I am inclined to think, that is really the prevailing religion in Russia and China. From this comes the absolute necessity, I must stress again, of a much more developed United Nations. There is also the absolute necessity of conservation of natural resources for the common good; and the absolute necessity—if you want a *really* great society—of the operative concept that production should be for the use of all and that the sharing of that production must be on a far more equitable basis than exists now; and, of course, the absolute necessity of ending the doctrine and practice of race superiority. In the field of education, I would do many of the things Johnson is doing, but I hope better. And I believe that fundamentally, many other problems would have to be attacked with a zeal he has not shown: the problem of facilitating birth control and teaching people how to use it; and the problem of ownership of natural resources. That's where I'd begin my extension of public ownership, by the way. How to work these things out? I keep going on, but I look to the young to find ways of implementing these answers and to find answers for the questions that remain.

PLAYBOY: When you speak of ownership of natural resources, you are, of course, advocating one element of both socialism and communism. Do you still feel that when you speak of socialism today, there are sizable numbers of people who equate it with communism?

THOMAS: Yes, but I'm not too bothered about it. The doctrine still prevails among many that the way you get authoritarian social control is to permit *any* social control, even over the great

corporations. From that grew such ludicrous fallacies as the one the Birch Society is dedicated to: that the growth of a welfare state is a growth *toward* communism. Actually, a democratically controlled welfare state is probably the only *alternative* to communism.

PLAYBOY: Why?

THOMAS: In the long run, with more and more people and with problems that are more and more complicated, a welfare state is the best way—if it is under democratic control—by which poverty can be ended and people can have the chance to realize their capacities. You *could* have a kind of welfare state in which only a few people at the top would be making the decisions; but that wouldn't be American-style democracy. That would be like a quasi-benevolent dictatorship. Also, I do not conceive of a democratically controlled welfare state only in the sense of it doing something *for* people. I mean the kind of welfare state in which people would decide for themselves what ought to be done, in which people would continue to participate in the democratic process, but to a much greater degree than they do now in this country—which is, after all, in part a welfare state. Laissez-faire capitalism can't work in the context of the complexity of today's problems. What I want to see are more fundamental changes in ownership of such things as natural resources and more people actively involved in policy making for the welfare state. The other route is toward some kind of authoritarianism. That's what I mean when I say my kind of socialism is a movement away from communism, in that it allows for both economic planning *and* democracy.

PLAYBOY: But in view of the diversified and changing nature of communism today, is it still possible to make clear distinctions between socialism and communism?

THOMAS: It's less easy than it used to be. In America right now, for example, the real hot-fire Communists aren't in the Communist Party. They're in the Chinese-style Progressive Labor Party. And they talk contemptuously about traditional communism, the way the old-style Communists used to talk about socialism. So, to start with, it's harder now to define what communism is.

PLAYBOY: In terms of Norman Thomas socialism, however, how would you distinguish between socialism and communism, traditional and Chinese-oriented?

THOMAS: Basically, in terms of civil liberties, individual rights. Democratic socialists are very much concerned with that. Communists are not. I abominate the whole idea of totalitarianism, the whole idea that it's the business of the state to try to impose standards, even in art. I may be a square myself, but it isn't the

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business of the state to object to abstract painting—or to any other kind of expression, however far out or unpopular. That's a very dangerous business. Just because you need a strong state to see that the hungry don't stay hungry, that the air isn't terribly polluted, it's all the more important to remember that the state has no business doing the kinds of things the Communists have done to their own peoples and have tried to do to others.

PLAYBOY: Despite your differences with Communist doctrine, you've written that you accept Marx' stress on "the evils of the profit motive." What's so evil about the profit motive?

THOMAS: It twists people's values. You know, like: "My son, whatever you do, make money—honestly, if possible." The profit motive also tends to magnify the less valuable forms of work, because they happen to be the most profitable for many people. An example is the tendency of bright young men to rush into certain careers—advertising, Wall Street and the like—because they feel that's where the most money is. By my criteria, there are more socially valuable ways of making a living: teaching, warring on the slums, warring on poverty, among them. And the profit motive has led to a shameful waste of our natural resources. The history of the clearing of the forests in America has been pretty outrageous.

On the other hand, I don't think it possible or even desirable to eliminate all considerations of financial gain, of material comfort. I think the profit motive does energize society to a considerable extent; but I would like to see more people view it in a proper perspective, so that it isn't the end-all of their endeavors. And when the profit motive becomes contrary to the social good—as in the razing of our forests—I would like to see it under proper controls. We have been able to regulate it to some extent by graduated taxes and by the pressure of organized labor for larger shares of its fruits. But no nation has yet found a perfect formula—within the democratic process—for retaining enough of the profit motive to keep the economy energized without also having the values of many of the people in the economy distorted by it.

PLAYBOY: Along with Marx, many Socialists used to believe that the working class would be the primary agent of social change. In view of the relative conservatism of organized labor today, and the concern of most of the rank and file with their own security, is there still any justification for this kind of faith in the working class?

THOMAS: I'd like to say there is, and I keep hoping there is, but my hope grows fainter. The working class in America is middle-class in practically every respect. As soon as labor gets well organized, it gets fairly comfortable. The one respect in which the working class is still militant concerns the right to strike. And therefore, you have a very interesting clash of two principles right now. One is the right of every man to stop working if the conditions under which he's working are objectionable to him. The maintenance of that right requires organization, a union. The other is the right of society, constituted as our society now is, to keep in continuous service a certain rather limited number of operations lest the society be strangled. And I look for lots of trouble to come in the clash of those conflicting rights.

PLAYBOY: Do you think labor should have the unlimited right to strike, even if that means crippling an industry, a city or, if James Hoffa moves to pull all the teamsters out on a nationwide basis, a country?

THOMAS: I think labor's right to strike ought to be limited, but the limitations should be as few as possible. The criterion should not be whether the work is being done for the state or the city as against private industry. The criterion should be the immediacy of harm done by a particular strike—a strike that would shut down electric power, for example; a strike by firemen. There are certain services, not too many, in which a strike would cause such harm that it ought not to be permitted. I wouldn't include the recent air strike, but I suppose your example of a nationwide teamster strike might fall into that category.

I'm not smart enough to figure out how you're going to resolve this problem. Passing a law won't accomplish it by itself. The goal is to make workers in these few key industries accept the fact that part of the job condition is the loss of the expectation of striking as a bargaining weapon. In return, however, they must be given guarantees that their wages and fringe benefits will fall not below the levels in comparable industries in which the right to strike is not thus limited. These must be very firm guarantees. In any case, this conflict about labor's right to strike is not the kind of class conflict that Marx envisioned. As I said, it's only on this issue that labor remains really militant. And this dilution of labor's down-the-line militancy has been one of the greatest disappointments in my life.

PLAYBOY: If Marx was wrong, and the working class is not going to be in the vanguard of action for social change, who is?

THOMAS: That's the problem. Marx was wrong in this respect and in the others I mentioned, and as a result, what once seemed to be a foreordained process that would fundamentally change society turns out not to be inevitable at all. What makes me pessimistic now, in answer to your question, is that we have not found a substitute for the working class as the agent of change.

PLAYBOY: In discussing this problem in his book *The Accidental Century*, Michael Harrington, one of the younger leaders of the Socialist Party, adds that we also can't expect the poor to act as that agent, because historically they've never been able to sufficiently organize themselves. Nor, he points out, are there enough Negroes to expect the civil rights movement to turn into a movement for basic social and economic change. Do you agree?

THOMAS: There are not only not enough Negroes but there is also, as I see it, no particular evidence that they want to go in that direction. But this I may be wrong about. As for the poor, the trouble is that a large part of the radical struggle has been to abolish poverty. And the more poverty is abolished, you remove that source of potential activists for the kind of changes that will affect who directs our lives, who has power. You've put your finger on something that troubles me greatly. I'm driven back to the old religious doctrine about righteous remnants and the elect. I find myself thinking that if ten righteous men were able to save Sodom and Gomorrah, we can certainly find more than ten today. I exaggerate, but you catch the point of view.

PLAYBOY: But is much social change still needed?

THOMAS: I don't feel as much change is needed as I did in 1932, nor must it happen as fast as I used to think necessary—except in foreign policy. In 1932, I honestly believed not only that capitalism was immoral—and I still think that to be pretty much the case—but I also believed it couldn't avert depressions of the terrible magnitude of that time.

PLAYBOY: Why do you still believe capitalism to be immoral?

THOMAS: Our society prospers on a basis that hasn't too much to do with real equality or justice; we can simply produce so much that we're able to keep the mouth of protest fairly silent with bread and considerable portions of cake. Capitalism also makes it possible for people to yield so easily to the temptation of going after personal gain regardless of the consequences. For instance, it wasn't any essential viciousness in the drug industry that led to the kind of conditions that the late Senator Kefauver exposed—high administered prices and insufficient controls on the efficacy and potential danger of new drugs. Rather, it was that exuberant, excessive emphasis on profits that is endemic to capitalism. Or look at the profits that have been made in slum real estate. We're now paying the price for the pernicious exploitation of land by congestion.

PLAYBOY: But in this country, even though

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it has become partly a welfare state, capitalism remains deeply imbedded in the economic structure. Aren't you, as a Socialist, stuck with that fact of life?

THOMAS: Yes, capitalism will be a basic element in the economic structure here for a long time to come. But don't forget that capitalism has been substantially altered in recent years. It has had to submit to a degree of taxation and other controls, both from government and labor, that I would never have thought possible in my gloomier moments 20 years ago. Therefore, I think that this modified form of capitalism, if it accepts larger doses of the welfare state, can probably avoid the terrible kind of depression we had in the Thirties and can also avoid social revolution in our country, at least for quite a while to come.

PLAYBOY: As an elder statesman of the American left, how do you assess the cumulative impact on this country of your own work for change during the past 60 years?

THOMAS: I wish I knew. I'm reluctant to speculate out loud. I came to the conclusion that the only thing I could do was to plod ahead, just to do what seemed to me to be best and to wish I were omniscient about what the best thing might be. And wish I were powerful at accomplishing it. In any case, I do think I've done enough to warrant my continuing to work. There's been accomplishment, for instance, in the field of civil liberties. I don't mean that this has been a herculean one-man performance on my part, but I've been associated with groups and with points of view that have really accomplished something for civil liberties in America. Admittedly, it's been an uneven development, but I think civil liberties now have reached a fairly high point, as compared with the past. I've been involved with civil rights, too, and in the courts they have reached a stage of recognition that I wouldn't have prophesied 10, 20, 30 years ago. That's the sort of progress that keeps me encouraged.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned civil liberties first. Why have you devoted so much of your time and energy to this cause over the years?

THOMAS: Because civil liberties are at the core of democracy. The actual forms of democracy may change; a parliament, for instance, is not essential to democracy. But the right of the individual to criticize the state and not be penalized for it *is* essential to any real democratic society. And it is *this* concept we have to try to spread throughout the world by our example.

PLAYBOY: What about the Socialist Party? How much has *it* accomplished under your leadership?

THOMAS: That's another one of those questions that Ph.D. candidates will be writing about for a long time. You can't go into a laboratory and try it all over again, you know. You have to guess what cause produced what effect. Having said that, I think, yes, the Socialist Party has very definitely been an influence. How major an influence I can't tell you, and I doubt that anybody else can, either. But it had a very direct and growing influence in this country under Eugene Debs in the earlier part of the century and again during the initial years of the Depression. I think it ceased to have an equivalent influence when Franklin Roosevelt incorporated so many of its immediate demands in his program. Now, you can argue that he would have done those things even if there had been no Socialists. But I don't think it's unreasonable to think we had quite an influence, for example, on the men who provided him with ideas, men whose work led to the present welfare state, such as it is, and to the unlikelihood that we will ever again have anywhere near as severe a depression as we had in the Thirties.

PLAYBOY: What have been your major disappointments as the leading advocate of socialism in this country for so many years?

THOMAS: Failure, of course. Defeat. I wasn't running for President for my health. Oh, I never expected to be elected, but I was trying as best I could to build a strong Democratic Socialist Party, which would have been a very useful thing to have around. Now, I don't say the Socialist Party is dead. It isn't, but it's not living in the state of health and growth I'd like to see it in. That, of course, is my main failure. Another major failure—and it's the failure of all of us—has been the inability to establish a peaceful world after two World Wars. I count that a personal as well as a societal failure. Two World Wars, mind you, in which at least the better side won—which isn't always saying too much—and look where we are now. But these failures haven't left me in despair, by any means. I work now with considerable difficulty because I have a lot of handicaps. But I keep working, because I like it. I'm not bestowing any accolades on myself. Work is my pleasure. I don't want to retire to Florida. To be sure, I might not be doing as much as I try to do now if I weren't so afraid for the peace of the world.

PLAYBOY: Are there any major stands you've taken in the past that you now regret?

THOMAS: Well, I wouldn't have started my life in the Church, as a minister, feeling the way I do now. But since I believed very sincerely at the time, I'm not sorry I began that way, and I did learn from it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel now about religion?

THOMAS: It's hard for me to say, even to myself. I'm not primarily a philosopher, but I find it difficult not to think there is some place for reason and design in the extraordinary development of the universe. My trouble with faith in Christianity is that, as I understand Christianity—at least that kind with which I was quite happy when I was young—it's based on a belief in an all-powerful and all-loving God. That doesn't quite add up for me anymore. It just hasn't been borne out by what I've seen of the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you still believe in God?

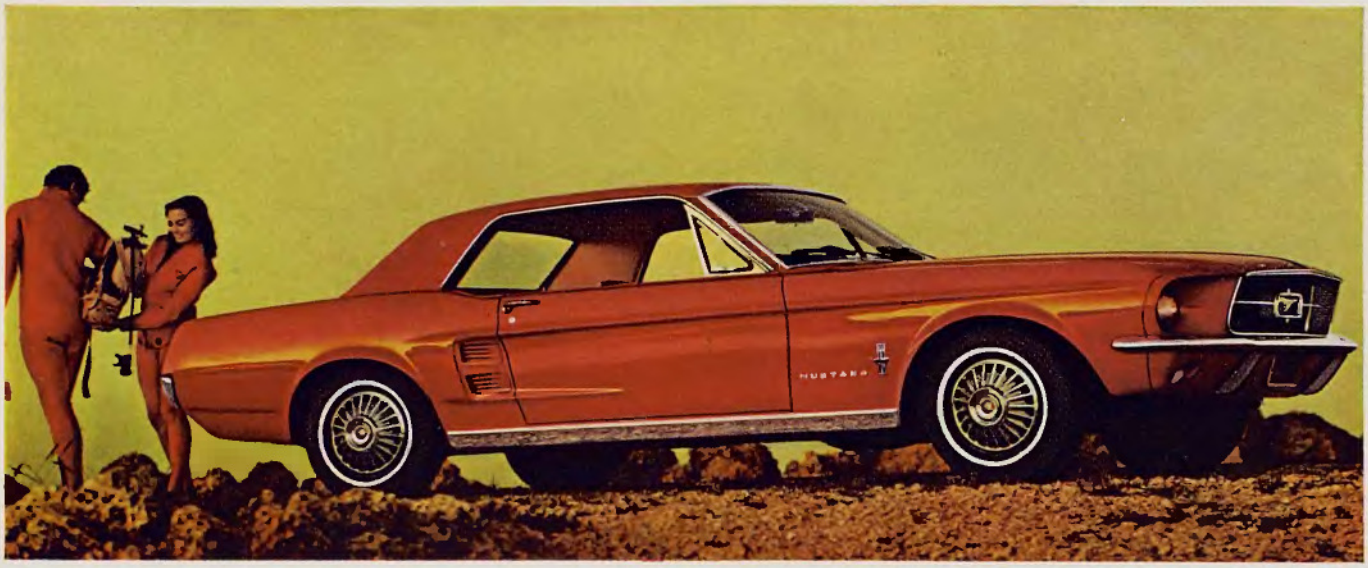
THOMAS: There was a time when I used to say I was sort of a wistful agnostic, but I'd go a little further than that now. I can't get rid of the idea that there is a pattern in the universe, but I no longer believe this pattern, this force, is either all-powerful or all-loving. Nor am I sure I would call it God.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the concept, increasingly influential among some Christian theologians, of "situation ethics"—the idea that there are no absolute guidelines for conduct, that any authentic decision must come spontaneously from one's inner sense of what a particular situation demands?

THOMAS: I think, to begin with, that situation ethics is part of the need among certain churchmen to demythologize Christianity, to make it more relevant to the world as it is now. As a philosophy, it seems to me it can serve either as a means of rationalization and self-evasion—if you're not honest with yourself in each instance—or it can be a liberating force. In terms of sex, I would say that by my criteria, a deep affection should be present whether you call what you do situation ethics or whatever. As for the over-all concept, I have no right to be too critical of it, because my own positions are not absolutist. We live in a wonderful, strange, beautiful, horrible kind of world. We can make it more beautiful and less horrible by the way we conduct ourselves in relation to each other. After all, our greatest sufferings are caused by ourselves. We must develop that side of ourselves which realizes this and which can move toward greater human fraternity. Now, as regards specific decisions in the world as it is, it's very difficult to always apply the highest standard of ethics. The best you can do is seek the light and admire those who are bolder than you in trying out—in good faith—such concepts as situation ethics. But that doesn't mean you have to go along with them all the time.

PLAYBOY: In addition to starting in the Church, are there any other beliefs or positions you've taken that you now regret?

THOMAS: The one major stand in the



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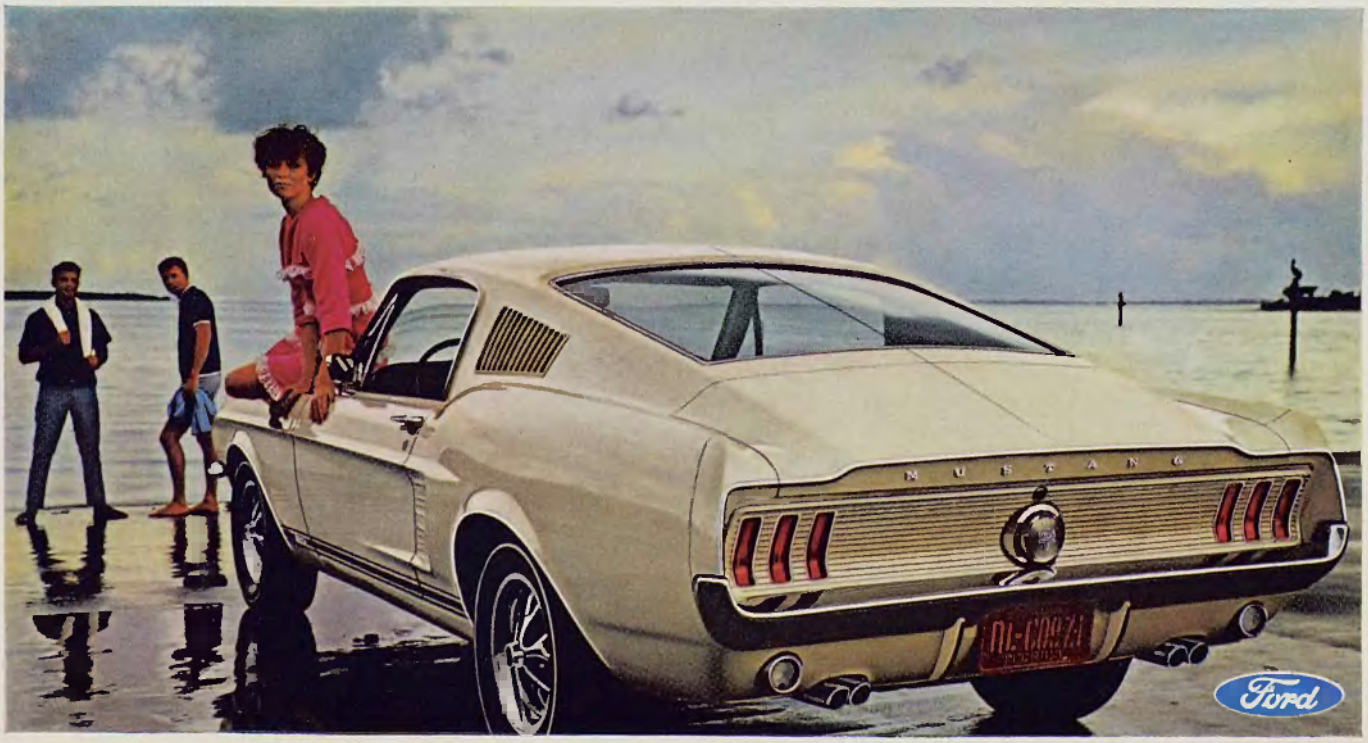

past that bothers me a good deal is how sorry I ought to be that I opposed our getting into the Second World War. I was no isolationist, but I was terribly down on war. I had very little confidence in the Allies. I'd been through the experience of the Spanish Civil War and I was pretty cynical about the possibility of anything good coming out of the slaughter that was to come. And I was pretty sure civil liberties would be crushed—partly on the precedent of what had happened during the First World War and partly on my general knowledge of human nature. Well, civil liberties *weren't* crushed, and Hitler was stopped. When I look back now at how hard I worked to keep us out, I'm still not sure if I was right or wrong. But I'm *sorry* I'm not sure if I was right or wrong.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other stands you've taken that you now disavow?

THOMAS: No. But I'd say maybe I was mistaken about this or that, or maybe I could have done this or that better. For example, I was very active in the early days of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a nondenominational pacifist group. Later, and believe me, with considerable sorrow, I had *to* admit I was no longer as near an absolute pacifist as I had been. And therefore, I was no longer as active in the F. O. R. I'm sorry it happened, but I'm not disavowing either my earlier position or the one I came to take.

PLAYBOY: At this point in time, what political advice would you give to the dissident young, both within the Socialist Party and outside of it? Do you continue to advocate what in essence has been your lifelong approach: gradually influencing the majority? Or do you feel there is no longer enough time for gradualism?

THOMAS: Well, time works both ways. True, we don't have much time in terms of avoiding a nuclear confrontation, but the question is whether a radical approach might not lose us what time we have left. Let me explain it this way. I would be much more emphatic about pressing for a much more radical program if I thought that being radical would win us the time for peace that we must have. But to have some influence on those who are in a position to avert war, you've *got* to get into the mainstream of American life. Otherwise we're lost. Therefore, your tactics have to take that necessity into account.

Now, in order to get into the mainstream, I don't think you have to believe what everybody in the mainstream believes. But you do have to propose programs that will *reach* large numbers of people. For instance—and this almost literally keeps me awake nights—how do you best stop the war in Vietnam? I believe that you have a much better chance of accomplishing the end result—withdrawal—by advocating proper negotiations than by saying simply, "Let's get out." In that way you can get the ears of large numbers of people.

PLAYBOY: There are those in the New Left who would consider that to be a "liberal's" approach and might therefore judge you as being insufficiently militant—a failing you've been accused of before from time to time. Twenty years ago, critic Dwight Macdonald wrote: "My objection to Norman Thomas can be put briefly: He is a liberal, not a Socialist. A Socialist, as I use the term anyway, is one who has taken the first simple step *at least* of breaking with present-day bourgeois society. . . . Thomas' role has always been that of left opposition *within the present society*." How would you define the difference between yourself and a Roosevelt-Stevenson-Kennedy kind of liberal?

THOMAS: To begin with, I'd say I did just as well at breaking away from bourgeois society as Dwight Macdonald ever did. Even at the time he wrote those words, I didn't see him doing anything very extraordinary in the direction he advocates. I never said I was going to break with the society in the sense of my becoming either a religious or a political St. Francis. I wanted to show that it is possible to develop *within* society the forces that would bring about the changes I wanted. And I have no apologies and no regrets concerning that course of action. In other words, I think you have to pretty well accept certain things in life and then try to change what needs to be changed. That's the kind of emphasis I've always made. As for me personally, I have never denied—on the contrary, I've always affirmed—that I was extraordinarily fortunate in the lottery of life. I drew good tickets. To start with, reasonably good health. And even though I rejected a good many of their beliefs, I wasn't even mad at my parents. Not that I know of. Of course, the psychiatrists could probably show me that I was. I was very happy in my marriage. I've lived in New York and therefore rarely faced the dangers that many civil rights workers and others have faced elsewhere. I've known that and acknowledged it. But at this point I'm not much interested in Macdonald's judgment of the kind of radical I've been. I've done what I considered I could best accomplish, given the kind of person I am.

PLAYBOY: In recent years, have you been at all uneasy about having become a "respectable" Socialist? Has all the gentle attention you've been getting lately in the mass media made you wonder if you haven't stopped getting through in terms of ideology, that you may have become an example of how, as one commentator has put it, "America absorbs dissent without really listening to it"?

THOMAS: Yes, that worries me. I'm not dangerous now; and the Socialist Party isn't dangerous now, I'm sorry to say. I remember a verse in the Bible that says: Woe unto you when all men speak well of you. But on the whole, I'm happy to say, all men *haven't* spoken well of me, even lately. I now live with a daughter in Huntington, Long Island, and a Republican councilman in that township recently introduced a resolution of condemnation against me because I had attended and spoken at one of those peace marches on Washington. I cherish that condemnation. However, uneasy as I am at being spoken too well of by too many men, I don't feel I'm obliged to go out and smash somebody's window to prove that I'm not respectable.

PLAYBOY: Several times during this interview, you've spoken of yourself as having failed, and yet you don't act as if you *really* feel your past and present work has been futile. Is "failure" the word you actually mean?

THOMAS: Let me put it this way: I've never been alienated, to use the currently fashionable term applied by some writers to many of the young. True, I haven't done all I wanted to do in life, but I *have* tried, and I've had satisfaction in the trying. I've always felt, and still do, that the best alternative to alienation, or whatever you want to call it, is to get busy and keep busy, on the thesis that since we've been able to do so much to control natural forces, we ought to be able to do even better with social institutions. I think the joy of life is the acceptance of challenge, and in that respect, I've known joy. Nor have I lost faith in socialism. It needs new applications, but socialism—with its emphasis on planning and with its deep desire to make that planning democratic—still points the way to the future.

PLAYBOY: During our conversation, you've dwelled on man's capacity for irrationality. Do you no longer think, as you once did, that man is perfectible?

THOMAS: If you take the literal meaning of the word—capable of becoming, or being made, perfect—I do *not* believe that man is perfectible, to be honest with you. The best I can say is that we are not damned by our gods or by our genes to stay the way we are or the way we have been. We can keep on trying, and perhaps the closest we can come to perfectibility is the continual desire to do better rather than worse. After all, didn't Tolstoy say that God is the name of our desire?

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it was a fateful confrontation: the man of reason in love with peace; the man of hate in love with death, perhaps even his own

fiction by Herbert Gold

ALVAH GERSHON, M.D., specialist in dermatology, had been legally divorced for exactly one day when, from an unknown informant, he received news which implied the possibility of murdering a man he had never met. He had never laid eyes upon the man he might be obliged to kill. So far as he knew, the man had never seen him, nor had reason to.

And there were some other peculiar elements with which Dr. Gershon opened his career as a cautious assassin. Would he have been called to follow this path where it led him, were it not for the coincidence about his divorce, which left him unanchored in spirit? And connected with this rhetorical question, he might not have been so obedient—*obedient!*—had he felt that he had chosen a useful medical specialty, such as surgery or endocrinology or internal medicine, instead of raising a prosperous practice based on pimples and vanity, itches and self-hatred, troubles mainly of the idle. He felt useless. He felt superfluous—a blemish on the skin of the times.

Dr. Gershon's former wife, Ruth, lived with their son in the small, neat, slate-gray house in a moderately elegant Pacific Heights neighborhood of San Francisco where they had installed themselves four months after the boy, Ronnie, had been conceived. Their divorce was composed of a series of amicable arrangements between responsible parents; they had simply cooled on each other, in the fashion of old school chums. Ruth now practiced child psychology part time; Gershon visited the boy at his convenience; and the child support for Ronnie and the payments on the mortgage of the slate-gray house did not break his back. The expense, what with taxes and all, was a strain on a young practice, but not a backbreaker. Ruth had broken nothing else, either; she had left him intact.

"I want you to have liberal visitation," she said.

"Thank you, Ruth," he said.

"We must consider not only the child," she said. "We must also consider you."

"Thank you, Ruth," he said. "I have always been able to count on you."

"We have always been able to count on each other, Alvah," she said.

Everything, up to this moment in his life, seemed to have been liberally counted on and trustworthy. And now

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE ISOM

this moment in his life.

Often these past months, in his newly decorated redwood floor-through on a deslumming slope of Potrero Hill, weary after a day of dispensing antihistamines and cortisone ointment—he also dealt in calamine lotion, like a school nurse—Alvah Gershon sat through the evening in his bachelor flat with its splendid view of the San Francisco Bay, smoked his pipe, made an effort to enjoy the empurpled glow of water, as he was supposed to, and wondered just why Ruth and he had separated. Boredom. But he was no less bored now, and the boredom made him tired, and the fatigue made it hard for him to play young doctor on the town, rounding up the girls at Enrico's, like so many of his acquaintances. Well, at age 38 he could still go back to school and train for something serious. Distraction. And that would make a mess of his finances; he was not ahead of his expenses, he was just keeping up. Boredom. And he would poke the fire, poke his pipe, and wonder where a man who has listened to his mother, listened to his wife, listened to his seniors and the chiefs of clinic, listened to everyone, could now go in life. There was silence, but when he listened, there was no new voice telling. He had been separated for a year; he was now divorced in the eyes of the State of California. He dwelled in his reduced circumstances on a good slope of Potrero Hill—a neat, alert, depressed young man with sallow skin and large dark eyes and strong tufts of dark hair, looking a little like a Hungarian officer of cavalry. He had no place to put his speed and alertness.

Then, one Wednesday afternoon, on the day when he had no office hours, the anonymous special-delivery letter came. It was surely the oddest communication that Alvah Gershon had ever received. It did not exactly promise murder, but it meant that he must think about it. He had to think seriously about a question which he had never before considered. Although very long and detailed, the letter can be summed up fairly simply:

The letter informed Dr. Gershon that a certain Dr. Muller-Frantz, temporary instructor in physics at the University of California at Berkeley, had been active in the German missile program during the War. His record as an active and public anti-Semite during the early years of the Nazi regime had made it impractical for him to be hired by Von Braun for American missile work, as so many other German scientists had been. Some journalist or jealous colleague would have turned up the reports. He had managed to find this quiet berth in an American university, where, however, he was not happy. For one thing, his pay and rewards in prestige were less than he deserved. For another, he was surrounded by Jewish mathematicians, physicists and students, who breed as if the bush had only been pruned by Hitler. His isolation, however, had stimulated him to work, and he had come upon some important developments in the utilization of missile technology. He had made contact recently with the Nasser government and, within a few weeks, would be taking to Cairo his talents as a disseminator of poison gas, disease germs and nerve destroyers—silent and secret weapons which could cause an effective horror without even the inconvenience of war . . .

Reading this letter, Dr. Gershon felt alternate waves of rage and disgust sweep through his body. Why him? he asked. Why choose Alvah Gershon to hear all this? He was not even a Zionist. And how did it happen that Nazis were allowed to teach in this country? (He knew that they worked on research programs—any leg ahead in the space race.) And was it a hoax? And what the devil was he supposed to do about it? And then, as a doctor, he imagined the skin eruptions, eye hemorrhages, suppurations and ulcers, explosions of organs, fits and paralysis which one might find in an epidemic of the diseases commonly understood under the heading "Plague."

There were various courses of action for Alvah Gershon. As a first step, he could investigate to see if this were not the peculiar joke of one of his patients. San Francisco, like every city, is full of bored nuts whose psychoses give off all sorts of smoke. In the cool gray city, madness sometimes turned from the bottle or the Golden Gate Bridge. It erupted the skin, it lacerated the spirit, it made trouble. And then, if the sender of the letter was not a crank, Dr. Gershon could go to the State Department office, or the FBI, or the Israeli consul, or the B'nai B'rith . . . In fact, he had no idea where to go. This problem had not been discussed in Medical Ethics 2.

Tucking the letter into his jacket pocket, he went off to pick up his son after school. Wednesdays he took him to the park. Driving with his son to Golden Gate Park to row on the lake or visit the children's zoo, to show him the deciduous leaves and explain why others are evergreen, he worried about the time when he might have a girlfriend instead of just an occasional nurse; and then would he want his son to meet the girl, and would his wife become more difficult? He believed that she too was finding the freedom of an amicable divorce no more exciting than their amicable marriage. American worries in 1966.

But this day he had other worries. Oddly enough, as if tuned in by some mysterious offshore station, his son Ronnie, aged ten, who had begun to know everything about wars, asked him a question which made a connection with the letter in his pocket:

"Daddy, were you in World War One or Two?"

Gershon laughed and explained. But he remembered, also, how history is telescoped for the young. In 1939, the earlier War had seemed part of some medieval jousting, and its veterans old men. He had been a child then, reading child's versions of trench fighting and Verdun. And now, in 1966, the span of time since the end of his—Gershon's—War was as great. He spent the afternoon at the Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park, telling Ronnie about the War. He had been a 17-year-old paratrooper near the end of it. He had jumped nearly 50 times, first from towers and then from planes. Airplanes with propellers. He had carried a Browning automatic rifle. The War had been fought because a tyrant had wanted to conquer the world and kill, kill, kill. When he began to describe the reasons for the War, Ronnie interrupted. "Did you ever shoot anybody? What did it feel like, floating down? Like a deciduous leaf? How much chocolate did you carry in your belt?"

"Oh, you've heard before, have you?"

"Well, I'm not dumb, Daddy."

The boy did not understand what he was saying about the reasons for the War, but his cheeks grew flushed and his eyes bright as he realized that his father, the doctor, the skin specialist, his mother's former husband, had done something exciting, many years ago. Gershon kept trying to explain the War and the boy kept trying to make him tell an adventure story.

In a way, Gershon felt, the boy was right. He was right about his own needs. They drank tea together, and ate cookies with funny sour seeds in them, and were served by a round, brown, smiling little Japanese girl, in folklore costume, who put her fingertips together when she listened to Doctor Gershon ask for more cookies. The boy, wearing his ritual maroon corduroys for visitation with his father, a sleepy dreamy kid with a pink little mouth, was an old child, knowing everything, perched, legs swinging, on the summit of childhood. Soon—his father realized, examining the darkening upper lip—soon he would be a young adolescent, suffering confusion, insomnia, ambition, desire, the tortures of becoming a man, expecting all the blessings of power. During this last time of easy childish freedom, he could worship his father. Later, he would judge.

Telling his story, and feeling the warmth of father and son pass between them, Gershon recognized what had been lacking in his affable life with his child, his patients, his friends. Yes, even with his wife. He felt the lack by the presence. He needed to court the practical anxiety of making up his own mind. He needed chances and chanciness, the

"I always like to shower afterward anyway, don't you, Miss Wingate?"

natural lot of a man. He was a dark, elegant and bent young man, like a Hungarian officer, with more awareness than is needed for effective action. But now he understood what he was missing—risk and commitment—knew it now for sure by remembering the year when he had had it. That power was worth the accepting, and its dangers. Telling the War thrilled him, too.

He took the boy home a little late. "You look very well," said Ruth. "Would you like a cup of coffee? You know, Alvah, I was worried about you. But today you look better than you have in months—color in your cheeks."

Color in my head, thought Alvah Gershon.

He headed back through the evening traffic toward Potrero Hill, the sun roof of his black Peugeot thrown open. The sky showed streaks of color, like the tint of a brave woman's hair. What a romantic notion! He smiled at his abandonment of caution in his daydream. A kid in a rod behind him honked. He raised his fist through the sun roof.

He would find out about Dr. Muller-Frantz. He felt certain that it was not a hoax. He would do what he could. And then, if necessary, if there were nothing else personal and sensible to be done in order to stop his going to Cairo, Alvah Gershon, M.D., practice limited to dermatology, would settle personally with Dr. Muller-Frantz, skin to skin.

• • •

Dr. Gershon was a peculiarly secret person, though like many men, submitted to the strong, silent hero of the Western movie in his childhood, he often felt that he talked too much. With a few friends he had mused about philosophy (the meaning of life), his doubts about his profession, his strangely attenuated dealings with his wife, his careful passion for his son; to one friend he had even confessed his odd frozen isolation in the state to which he had aspired: free, exploring his freedom, prospering reasonably, a professional man, paying his taxes. He confided in no one, however, for several days after receiving the letter about Muller-Frantz. Instead, he made a little list of authorities to consult first: the police, the B'nai B'rith. It wasn't much of a list. Well, perhaps the letter was a hoax. Later he could try the Israeli consul. But surely it must be a hoax.

But then, two days later, he awoke at dawn with an angry clenching and the decision: *Do something now.* If it was not a hoax, now was the time to do something. Ailanthus, the tree of heaven outside his bedroom, lay its thick, oily leaves against the glass. As the sun came up, he took his coffee at the window facing the Bay—once more that magic sense of early morning which had been his good luck in childhood, the fresh of flowers and the gleam of slanting sunlight on blue San Francisco. Then he drove to the police station. When he said he had information about a murder, they grudgingly allotted him a room and a sergeant. Sergeant Fred Shannon, smile at the ready, like a man being shown a love letter, was a handsome cop with a thatch of curly white hair and a slight limp. He used his limp with the pleasure of a man who had earned it in the line of duty, not bowling. He had been told about many murders in his lifetime, but this one confused him. "Who? A *doctor* Muller-Frantz? Who'd he kill? What do you mean 'a whole population'? Talk English to me, Mister Gershing."

"Doctor."

"Doctor Gershing."

"Doctor Gershon."

"Well, talk so's I can understand." He made a shrewd cop smile. He had a healthy pink scalp, boiling with waves of curly white hair. "And tell me what you say you're a doctor of, too, will you?"

From the next room came regular and rhythmical sounds which at first made Dr. Gershon think of lovemaking, but then, sorting them out in the hullabaloo of the police station, he recognized that someone was being beaten by someone to whom administering beatings was a habit. "Ah didn't do nothin', Ah didn't do nothin'," said a voice through the walls.

The handsome white-haired sergeant noticed Dr. Gershon falter before these sounds. "Criminal investigation department," he said. He excused himself and went next door; a moment later the rhythmical sounds of lovemaking ceased. When he came back, he said, "The courts make it hard on we law-enforcement officers. Sometimes we got the circumstantial evidence, but they just crap on us. So we like to get the lawbreaker to own up for his own good. That way, they confess, they get consideration from the D. A. Also the dockets are awful crowded—I tell you, Doc, it ain't easy to protect law and order."

Dr. Gershon was still frowning and distracted.

The policeman, by profession a judge of human nature, brought him back to their subject. He had taken his night course in getting along with civilians, but the world is still round and cranks are still a pain in the place where a veteran desk sergeant feels chafing and irritation. He said, "I can't see what crime you're trying to say this here German refugee doctor committed. Seems like you're hounding him. The police, y' know, we respect the rights of citizens, even if they ain't citizens. That's our sworn duty as officers of the law. Now this here citizen—all right, he might be a German Nazi citizen, but he's a law-abiding American today—we can't interfere with his due processes. He's only a D. P. from Red tyranny, after all—you understand what I mean, Doc?"

The sergeant was brisk, but civil. Dr. Gershon got up to go. Politely the sergeant accompanied him to the door.

" 'Course," said the cop apologetically, "if there's illegal entry, you could go to Immigration. Or you catch him littering the California highways, ha-ha. But I'm serious." He crinkled up his eyes to show that the way of the world was not too much for him, even though he now had to take a desk job, what with that limp and all. But he could still have a little fun with the citizens. He added: "Or on his income tax, you could really get him there, the Treasury Department. They really pay for informants there, Doc, if you could use the cash—you know?"

Dr. Gershon backed out. Down the hall they had started to beat the prisoner again. Apparently the sounds were traveling along pipes into this room by a quirk of acoustics—a tinny complaining voice—because as soon as he opened the door, the sounds of official investigation faded away. "Ah didn't do nothin'——" In the hall, the bustle of a downtown police station. Wives and mothers, lawyers with briefcases, unreality. What was he doing here? But then, what was he doing when he sanded blemishes in his office?

He had a coffee next door to a bail-bond joint. He sat in the indecisive damp chill of a San Francisco morning, outdoors at the Doggie Diner, huffing on his cup at a stool and thinking, Yes, it's probably a hoax. Who would write to me and why?

At home he received a letter typed on the same machine as the first. It simply gave the dates of Dr. Muller-Frantz' trip. He was leaving in a week, by Lufthansa Airlines, for Copenhagen, Frankfurt and Cairo, with a change of planes in Copenhagen and a stopover of a few days in Frankfurt before the terminal stretch of his one-way trip to Egypt. Times of arrival and departure were noted as efficiently as if the message came from a travel agent. First-class flight. Traveling alone.

Alvah Gershon began to think more systematically and cunningly. He called Lufthansa, said he was Doctor Muller-Frantz, and confirmed the reservations. It was exactly as written. He had six days in which to act.

That afternoon he went to the local office of the B'nai B'rith. It was a much smaller place than the police station, and there was only a volunteer worker—a blue-haired lady doing her nails—instead of a desk sergeant, and no Negro prisoner being pounded, and a sweet, plump, garrulous man of 50, looking as if he were the model of all summer camp directors, to welcome him to B'nai

(continued on page 210)

CONSTRUCTION BY BOB SULLIVAN

A MOST MIRACULOUS ORGAN

fiction By RAY RUSSELL the invention was indeed astounding in its revelations—but there are certain secrets better left to the dead

THE FIRST TO ARRIVE was Haskell, the Eng. Lit. man, a specialist in the Elizabethan period. He had made full professor just the month before, and already he was cultivating the longish hair, the briar, the tweediness and the abstracted gaze he felt his role required. The briar kept going out. Obscenely sucking and smacking at it under a match flame, he said, "Hullo, Fairbank. Am I early?"

His host replied, "Right on time. The others are late. They'll be along presently, I imagine." Taking Haskell's coat, he added, "What are you drinking?"

"Irish, please, with just a little water. No ice." Suck, slurp, smack, puff.

Professor-Emeritus Marcus Fairbank, 70 and retired, was a widower and Haskell's senior by a good 30 years. From that *(continued on page 197)*

sports By Vance Bourjaily

THE NINTH UPLAND GAME BIRD

out of his city surroundings, the pigeon offers the american hunter a fast-moving, all-seasons target

IN 1914, just 52 years ago, in Cincinnati, the last passenger pigeon died. It was a female, and her life in the zoo kept extant for 14 years after the final sighting of free birds the most numerous game-bird species ever known. Long before that—I don't suppose anybody knows or cares just when—settlers from Europe had begun to import rock doves, distantly related birds of about the same size, which we now call domestic pigeons. They were brought in for various uses: for farm flocks, for fanciers of the ornamental strains, for shooting and racing and even message carrying. And perhaps these pigeons were sometimes brought over in much the same spirit as were English sparrows and European starlings—the human urge to introduce an old, familiar species in a new land, an adult form of homesickness. Though we still have farm flocks and fanciers around, as well as men who keep pigeons

to race and to use in training dogs and falcons, most domestic pigeons are no longer domestic. They are in the stage between domestic and wild called feral, and many have gone beyond that into true wildness—that is, a state in which their existence no longer depends in any way on man, his structures or the products of his cultivation; these live in cliffs and feed on open ground. The majority of pigeons, of course, live the feral life, nesting in barns or on building ledges, feeding on waste or sharing handouts with regular farm creatures when the farmer's back is turned. They are wary, sharp-eyed, bold and furtive by turns—necessary qualities for adapting to the raider's life. As a consequence, having wiped out our native wild pigeon, we find ourselves with what is essentially a new wild pigeon of very different characteristics. It is one of those ironies of nature which, because it took a century to develop, nobody much noticed.

Now, usually we count ourselves as having eight chief upland game birds: the pheasant, the various quail, the grouse, partridge, wild turkey, doves, woodcock and snipe (these are gunners' categories, of course, a separation into target styles, rather than a naturalist's grouping in families). The feral pigeon is, it seems to me, really our ninth. As are the pheasant and partridge, he is an exotic; as is true of carp, another exotic introduced with great enthusiasm at one time—and, of course, true of English sparrows and of starlings, too—this transplanted pigeon is not an unmitigated success. But, wisely or not, we seem to have him irrevocably established, and most men I know, whether they think him game bird or pest, will shoot one when they have the chance.

So, for that matter, will I, though it took me a while to get used to the idea. First, I suppose, this was because, in the city passages of my boyhood, pigeons were the birds we fed, watched, admired and, when a mishap came, wept for. Even now I wonder at the insistence of city managers that a town without birds would be preferable to accepting the deposits of dung on roofs and sills that are the price of having life in the air above the streets, squadrons of wings in flight, iridescent feathered bodies picking through parks and gutters. That boyhood feeling was part of my initial reluctance to shoot pigeons. Another part must have been my share of the guilt that all Americans feel about this family of birds; and yet another, my feeling that pigeons in the countryside weren't quite wild—that they must have belonged to someone who valued them.

The country part of my boyhood was spent in the woods rather than on a farm, and consequently, I had seldom seen the feral rock dove as other than a city creature until I moved to Iowa. One morning there, I was walking back along a country road from duckhunting, with a friend I'll call Henry Akers. We weren't talking; we were rather disgruntled, first from having seen no ducks, then from having walked unexpectedly into a bevy of quail. The quail season had opened the day before—in fact, having failed to find quail locally, we were planning a more distant hunt. It's quite possible that, just as we came out of the woods, Henry said something like:

"If we drive south about an hour from here, we'll be down where birds are," when 20 quail burst up out of the grass around his feet and went buzzing off. Henry is quicker than I, and had time to send one unavailing duckload after them; I never even got my gun to my shoulder. The bevy scattered into woods across the road.

We were without a dog that morning and failed at trying to walk up singles. Then, as we resumed our stroll down the road, a quail flew right across in easy range, and Henry and I missed the crossing shot in turn—bang, bang, bang—properly loaded this time. So we were feeling uncharitable when the pigeon flew over. We saw him coming from a long way off, leaving a barn and winging steadily toward us, rather high, straight over the road.

"Damnit, here comes a shot I'm going to make," Henry said, rather grimly, stopped and set his feet. He's the kind of man who occasionally issues a challenge to himself in that tone, and so I kept my own gun down; besides, I had that panicky thought about the bird's belonging to someone, and was about to ask if this weren't possible when Henry's gun went smoothly up, swung in a fast arc, fired, followed through, and the high pigeon came tumbling down.

Is it true that different birds fall differently? It seems to me that a duck, well hit, folds its wings and dives. A pheasant, even though it's dead on impact, fights air reflexively all the way down. A quail drops. But a pigeon tumbles, wing over wing, as Henry's did.

"Great shot," I said. Then I asked my question. And Henry, picking up his bird, explained:

"The farmers don't want them. Oh, I guess there are a few pouters and homers and fancy breeds around, and you could get someone pretty sore if you shot his prize blue fantail. But mostly they're living in those barns like sparrows. They feed from one barnyard to another, and if there's any kind of poultry disease on one place, the pigeons spread it to the next. Most of these farmers will ask you in to shoot them, if they know you like to."

"Any good to eat?"

"Take him home and try him," Henry said.

The feeling about pigeons as food around here is, again, the same general feeling that prevails toward carp—that, being scavengers, they shouldn't be eaten. This ignores a traditional European use of the rock dove, which fills a couple of pages in *Escoffier*. Of course, the bird, while edible enough in maturity in stews and casseroles, has been a delicacy—a broiling and roasting bird—when young, full-sized and flightless. This desirability of the squab form, actually, was a heavy factor in the tragedy of the passenger pigeon—netters took the young by wagonloads in the spring for sale to city markets, breaking up the huge nesting flocks and aborting the year's hatch. This is still a practice, I learned when I was in Uruguay, in the pampas of South America, where there are other New World wild pigeons still thriving.

It was a couple of months after I took Henry Akers' bird home to cook (it turned out tough but not unflavorful) that I actually saw something of the disregard in which country people hold pigeons and, at the same time, something of what it is like to hunt them in a less-than-casual way. I know a mechanic, a sort of mad genius with all metallic things. He collects and repairs guns, his thirst for restoring machinery to operation apparently unsatisfied by long hours under the cars at the shop where he works. Call him Martin. He probably handles more guns and shoots them less than anyone I know.

But now and then Martin will get some piece of iron back into shooting condition and want to try it, and when those weekend days come, he has no patience for the chances and vagaries of searching fields for game. He knows dozens of farmers whose tractors and other farm machinery he has fixed, and most of them are men with barns and pigeons.

On this particular Saturday afternoon, Martin had just finished adjusting the trigger pull of a Parker I owned.

"Now, keep it out of the water and it won't rust up in there and double on you," he said. Somewhere in behind the firing pins, where my cleaning brush didn't reach, it had become rusty enough so that when one pin was released, the one beside it was sometimes jarred sufficiently to make both barrels of the gun go off at once. The gun had nearly knocked me down a couple of times—had done it quite literally, as a matter of fact, just at the end of duck season. I was standing in some slippery mud, fired at a pintail and caused a double blast, and did a heels-up pratfall in shallow water, very surprised. Whether it was a hunting joke or a painful matter—the water was intensely cold—depended, I remember, on whether the pintail was hit or missed; he was lying out there good and dead, and I laughed instead of cursing. But now all the seasons were closed for the year, I'd gone along with a gun that had me a little spooked, shooting worse and worse because of it, and Martin

(continued on page 187)

DAPHNE BIGELOW AND THE SPINE-CHILLING SAGA OF THE SNAIL-ENCRUSTED TIN-FOIL NOOSE

wherein the love-struck hoosier kid discovers that there's no room at the top

humor **By JEAN SHEPHERD** WHY DOES A MAN become a revolutionary? Just when is that precise instant of stark realization when he perceives with unmistakable clarity that he is but a humble tenpin in the cosmic bowling game of life? And that others are balls in that game? Look closely into the early private life of any great revolutionary and you will find a girl. Somewhere along the line, a pair of elfin eyes put Karl Marx down so decisively that he went home and wrote the first words of his *Manifesto*. I well remember my own turning point. Like most pivotal moments in our lives, it came unexpectedly and in the guise of rare good fortune. Her name was Daphne Bigelow. Even now, ten light-years removed from the event, I cannot suppress a fugitive shiver of tremulous passion and dark yearning. Her skin was of the clearest, rarest form of pure, translucent alabaster. She had no "eyes" in the mundane sense, but rather, she saw the world, or the world saw her, through twin jade-green jungle pools, mirrors of a soul that was so mysterious, so enigmatic as to baffle ninth graders for yards around. I hesitate to use such a pitifully inadequate word as "hair" to describe that nimbus of magic, that shifting cloud of iridescence that framed a face of such surpassing beauty that even Buddha would have thought long and hard before staring straight into it. Why I go on with this self-flagellation I do not know. Nevertheless, I cannot but continue.

There was something else about her, something I am not quite sure I can adequately convey through the sadly lacking means of imperfect human *(continued on page 132)*

Amilby

HOW I WOULD START AGAIN TODAY

INDUSTRY'S ELYSIAN FIELDS—CURRENT AND FUTURE—AWAIT THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A CAREER OR LAUNCH A BUSINESS OF HIS OWN

ARTICLE **BY J. PAUL GETTY**

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I was interviewed by a correspondent for a European business publication. After asking a great many questions about my business career, he paused, shook his head sadly and declared, "It is a pity your countrymen of today do not enjoy the same opportunities to achieve success as were present when you started in business."

I'm afraid I reacted rather violently, for, as I told the journalist, there is more opportunity for the beginner in business today than ever before in our history. I cited individuals and companies, facts and figures that prove conclusively that the day of the remarkable business success story is still very much with us. I held forth at length, and I think I made my point; the correspondent departed visibly impressed and, I believe, convinced.

There are far too many people who labor under the same misapprehension: that our present day offers diminished opportunity for the businessman, particularly for the beginner.

Back in 1958, in a magazine article entitled "You Can Make a Million," which was directed at an audience of men in the 21-to-40 age group, I wrote: "I envy your chances. I wish I could take them for you. It would be fun to do it all over again."

My opinions have certainly not changed since. Quite the contrary—the dizzying speed of technological progress during the intervening years has served to make me even more enthusiastic about the prospects facing anyone who starts a business career today, whether as an investor or as an employed executive.

A fabulous business landscape spreads literally into infinity before the eyes of the imaginative beginner. It is a landscape rich in opportunity—richer by far than even those that unfolded during the golden eras of the Industrial Revolution, the American expansion and the post-War boom.

Charles Bates ("Tex") Thornton, the fireball chairman of Litton Industries—whose personal success story, incidentally, is a classic of our present time—dramatically stated the promise of the future when he said, "During the next ten years there should be more scientific and technological advancement than in all history, more than double that of the past twenty years. There's really no place to stop. We will never reach our destination."

TEMPO—Technical Military Planning Operation—one of the nation's most respected scientific organizations, makes the following glowing prediction: "America and the world will change over the next dozen years at a quickening pace—faster than that of the past two decades." And, prophesies TEMPO, U. S. industrial production will practically double, the average family income will be near $10,000 annually and the gross national product will be close to a *trillion* dollars.

I do not think it necessary to dwell here on the fact that, in the last two decades, innumerable Americans and American companies have earned well-deserved fortunes in a variety of fields ranging from packaging to chemicals to electronics and beyond. I would presume that this fact is sufficiently familiar to PLAYBOY readers.

The important thing, as Tex Thornton, TEMPO and other knowledgeable sources predict—and as farsighted businessmen agree—is that the surface has barely been scratched. The biggest leaps forward—U. S. free-enterprise style, I hasten to make clear, and *not* the Red Chinese variety—and the most tempting plums lie ahead.

Since the over-all business trend is *up*, with burgeoning populations, enlightened economic policies and other factors pointing to continuing expansion and growth, there is a fine future for the tyro in most areas. However, the ambitious beginner is especially likely to achieve success along two different but interconnected avenues. Both are equally broad, challenging and open—and equally liable to be paved with gold.

Which of them the beginner chooses to take is a decision he must make himself. Much depends on such elements as personal interest and aptitude. However, each offers enormous promise, and I propose to examine both in detail.

The first avenue to success for the beginner is offered by those older—what might be called traditional—industries that are undergoing, or that will soon undergo, revolutionary changes that will completely transform their character. An example that comes immediately to mind is the transportation industry. The revolution in *(continued on page 116)*

THE HALLUCINOGENIC HOTEL ROOM

in his final film, montgomery clift portrays a secret agent subjected to a psychedelic experience, complete with op art and sexual symbolism, in one of the most unusual scenes of his illustrious career

ONE OF THE FACTS of Cold War life is the repeated use, as spies, of American and Soviet civilians traveling or doing research in foreign countries. Often the spies are recruited by coercion—sometimes subtle, sometimes savage.

The Defector, an upcoming internationally flavored film starring the late Montgomery Clift, with Germany's Hardy Kruger and France's Macha Meril, presents the confrontation of two such reluctant Cold-Warriors. In the movie, an American physicist (Clift) is forced to be a courier in East Germany for the CIA and is caught by his east-European counterpart. In the end, the "secrets" they have risked their lives to steal or protect are handed across a conference table in Geneva, adding the ultimate absurd note to the Kafkaesque quality of this cloak-and-dagger film. The movie's dramatic appeal and the importance of its theme undoubtedly helped to lure Clift from a four-year self-imposed exile from the screen.

For all of Clift's critical and popular success (*A Place in the Sun, From Here to Eternity, The Misfits, The Young Lions, Judgment at Nuremburg*), his life was tragic. In 1956, on the way home from a party at his friend Elizabeth Taylor's, he was involved in a nearly fatal automobile accident. During the filming of *Freud* in 1962, he almost lost an eye. In July of this year he died suddenly of a heart attack, leaving behind *The Defector* as the final screen testimonial to his talents.

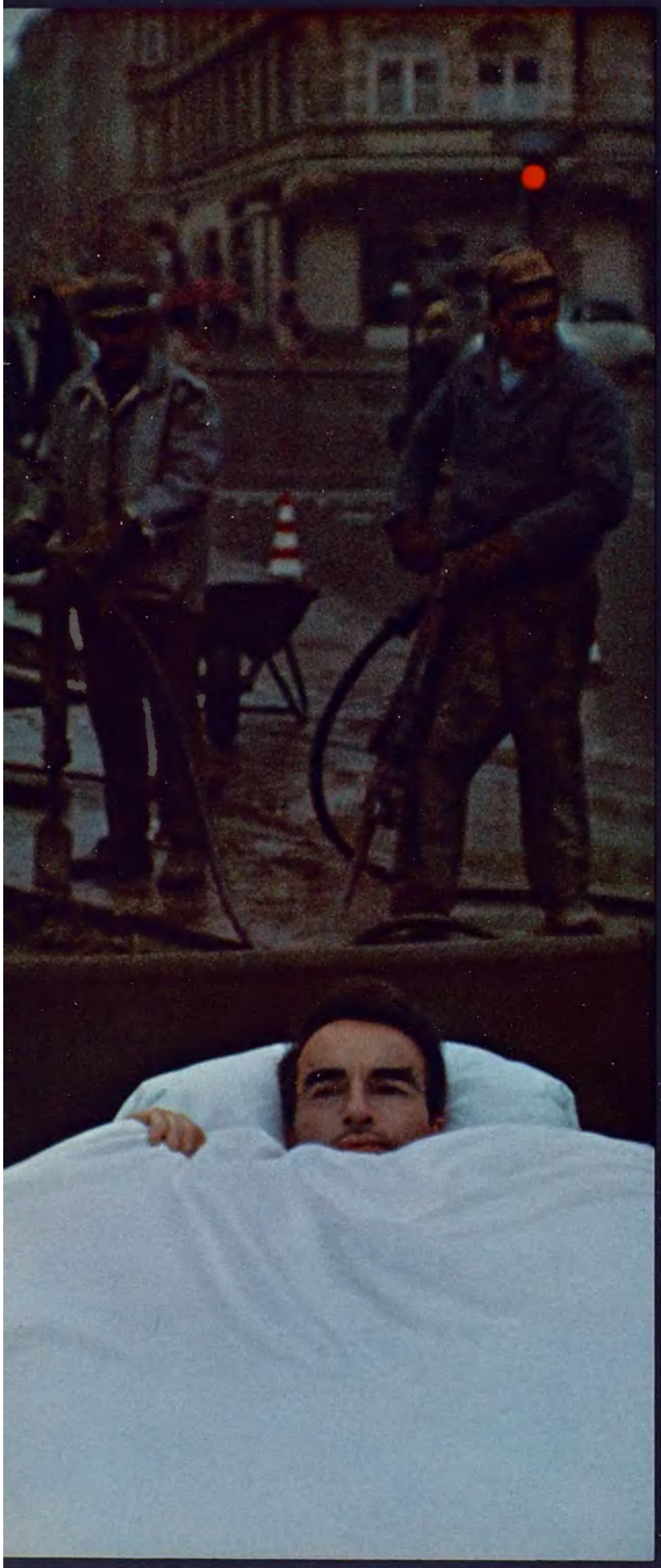
Clift, in constantly seeking roles in which he could explore the psyche of

psychological misfits, produced a series of probing, sensitive portrayals. In *The Defector*, he again had such a role, especially in the nightmarish brainwashing sequences on these pages. *The Defector* is more Freudian than *Freud*, in which Monty played the father of psychiatry, and more sexually explicit than anything in Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly Last Summer*, wherein Clift psychoanalyzed Liz Taylor and discovered that she had been emotionally unstrung by witnessing her boyfriend being devoured alive by a wild band of beach boys. In *The Defector*, the eerie, emotion-shattering experience that Clift undergoes, though dreamlike, is actually being staged by the East Germans to bring on a mental breakdown. But Clift, frightened and desperate, does not break; his ordeal strengthens him and he walks out shaken but sane.

As the American physicist, Bower, holidaying in West Germany, Clift is recruited by a CIA agent who threatens to cut off the flow of research money if Bower refuses to cooperate. In East Germany, Clift has his hotel room turned into a mental torture chamber after being closely questioned by one Heinzman (Kruger), an East German agent posing as the Leipzig public-relations officer. Heinzman—like Bower, a scientist working for his government under duress—is sympathetic, and his handling of Bower is less than thorough. Bower slips his grasp.

Bower's contact in East Germany, Dr. Saltzer, is killed by the Russian Secret Police, who recover the stolen secrets Bower seeks. Saltzer's assistant, Freida (Macha Meril), convinces Bower his only hope is in flight to the

In *The Defector*, Montgomery Clift, locked in his hotel room/torture chamber, is taunted by the lovely Russian temptress, Uta Levko (shown, bottom, facing page, being painted for the scene). Part avant-garde happening, part pop and op art, with Freudian symbolism and a touch of hallucinogenic experience, the mind bending is both erotic and horrible.



EXTRA

S WM 390

Clift's dream-waking hotel-room horror fantasies project him into a trolley-filled street where no one takes notice of his presence. Suddenly imagining himself behind the wheel of a car, he seeks help but is derisively spurned by the now-dreaded partly nude image-girl Uta.

West. But as Bower and Freida make for the border, Heinzman is confronted by the chief of Russian Secret Police (David Opatoshu), who reveals that the "secrets" were offered as part of a scheme to trap Bower in the East and force him to defect. Heinzman is deliberately wounded by machine-gun bullets to effect a fake defection and allow him to spy on Bower in his U. S. laboratory.

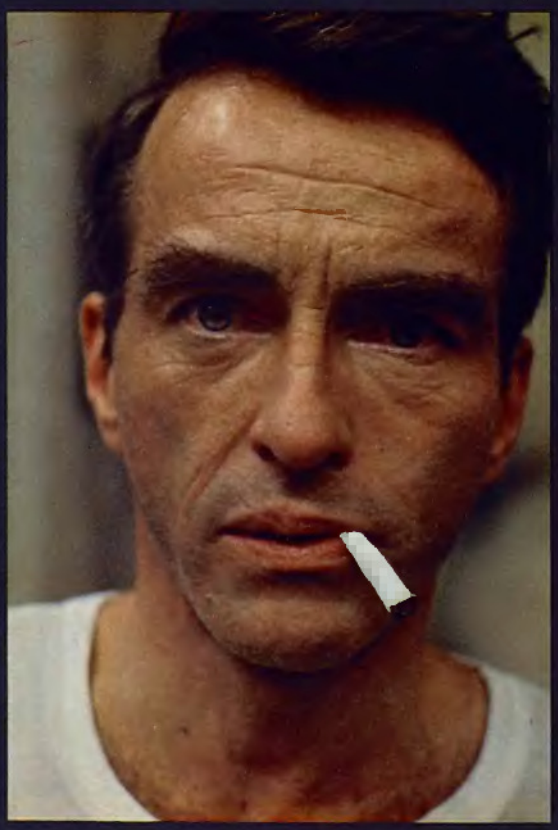
Producer-director Raoul Levy has assembled a Babelesque cast and crew to turn out his epic. The film-script was written by Levy, a Belgian, and an American, Robert Guenette, from a book on the real-life adventures of a British intelligence operative (*The Spy*, by Paul Thomas). In addition to America's Clift, Germany's Kruger and France's Meril, the cast includes London-born, Hollywood-bred Roddy McDowall, Christine Delaroche of France, Hannes Messemer of Germany, and famed French director Jean-Luc Godard in his first front-of-camera appearance. The technical crews were assembled from the best talent in France, Germany and the United States.

The action is set in East Germany's Leipzig and Dresden, and in order to re-create in prosperous Munich the stark atmosphere behind the Curtain, French art director Pierre Guffroy extensively studied material on East Germany gathered from 25,000-odd exiles who now live in Frankfurt, and was able to hire a photographer who spirited out detailed up-to-date pictures of East Germany.

The world of the international undercover agent is just as polyglot as Levy's hiring practices imply, and this very lack of a provincial outlook on the part of the moviemakers—unconcerned as they were with any particular nation's self-image—has amplified *The Defector*'s sense of veracity. Clift and Kruger are every principled citizen forced—by circumstances, by loyalties, by fears—to commit an unprincipled act. And the utter irrelevance of their efforts is a damning and unsettling indictment of Cold War mendacity.

Fighting for control over his own mind, Clift, now teetering at the breaking point, is tormented by the image-girl: She denies him help, instead questions his manhood, finally, in a scene suffused with highly obvious sexual symbolism, shoots a stream of gasoline into his face.

Kept in his room, Clift is subjected to an involved and sophisticated mental torture that includes seductive appeals by Miss Levko, severe distortion of elementary physical and psychological realities, Theater of the Absurd trips through nightmare scenes, envelopment in a sordid underworld bordello (where, left top, German actresses Francisco Gedzek and Ingrid Weber frolic as Lesbians while hotel clerk Johannes Buzalski looks on), and loss of control over his own mind and body. The ephemeral line between reality and fantasy is crucial to the film.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY SHAW AND TERRY O'NEIL

HOW I WOULD START

(continued from page 109)

transportation has been under way for thousands of years, but since the turn of the century, its pace has been accelerated at a fantastic rate. Supertankers, jet aircraft, "ground-effect machines"—like the "hovercraft" and "aircars"—hydrofoil vessels and superspeed monorails are already with us. So are giant pipelines that carry petroleum products, wood pulp, coal slurry, sulphur, sugar cane and many other fluids and semisolids.

Great submarine cargo vessels and huge plastic "sausages" that can be filled with cargo and towed under water, transcontinental pipeline networks to transport coal and perhaps other solid commodities, cross-country conveyors to carry goods and cross-town moving sidewalk conveyors to carry people—all these and more are within sight. Such practical-minded and generally reliable prognosticators as RCA's David Sarnoff are matter-of-factly predicting the advent of pilotless, completely automated and rocket-propelled passenger transports. And then, of course, there is space travel . . .

But, even as his imagination boggles at the picture of the transportation industry of the near future, the imaginative young businessman can readily grasp the potentials and possibilities offered by this revolution in moving things and people. It doesn't matter how he wants to get in on the ground floor—by offering his talents as an executive or by supplying his capital as an investor.

All these radical changes will require men with fresh, flexible minds. Naturally, engineers will be in great demand. But so will accountants, purchasing executives and sales executives—and plain all-around managers—whose minds and reflexes are such as to permit them to move easily into a traditional industry that will soon become unrecognizable.

The materials industries provide another example of an area of business and industrial activity that is in the process of metamorphosis. Dr. Lee DuBridge has coined the expression "molecular engineering" to describe the technology of changing the characteristics of materials. Tremendous strides have already been made in this direction. Unnumbered new synthetics, alloys and combinations of materials have appeared on the market for use in everything from children's clothing to space rockets.

Such progress will continue at an ever-increasing pace during the coming years. New materials will be developed in laboratories and produced for the world's increasingly materials-hungry markets. Nonetheless, I anticipate that the majority of traditional materials will hold their own—or even do better than ever before. Science and technology will devise ways to improve traditional materials, combine them with other materials for better results and find new uses and applications for them. In short, the materials field is definitely one that will see radical changes—and it is also a fertile field for the fledgling businessman who hopes to achieve an early success.

"It is hard to think of an industrial or consumer product that will not be made stronger, lighter, cheaper, more attractive or more durable by taking advantage of new materials," James R. Bright wrote in a recent *Harvard Business Review* article.

That statement alone should tell the whole story in a nutshell to the perceptive tyro. It reflects the basic truth that the materials field is wide open for the man of vision and ability. I feel that it will be even more so in the future, as the world embarks on vast construction projects of all kinds and continues to expand its industries to meet the spiraling demand for products of every sort.

The technologist and engineer will find much opportunity in the materials field. The same holds for the sales and sales-promotion executive. And it also holds for the man who sits in the home office and, as James Bright puts it, understands "the economics and technicalities of the customers' manufacturing processes and applications of their own products vis-à-vis competitive materials." But materials industries are no different from any other in the sense that, as they change and grow, they will need capable executives of every type—and they will also need distributors, jobbers and dealers. All in all, the enterprising beginning businessman will find ample scope in the materials area.

There are many other traditional industries that are undergoing top-to-bottom transformations. In general, what applies to the two examples I have cited—transportation and materials—applies to these as well. The period of transition, in which the old is phased out and the new is phased in, is an ideal time for the beginner. Acquainted with the old, but not hidebound by it, he is also fresh and adaptable enough to grasp the new and to make the most of the changing developments around him.

• • •

Now I would like to discuss the second avenue to success that, I believe, offers particular promise to the beginner. It is represented by the completely new industries that have recently emerged—and will continue to emerge in large numbers in the future—as a result of major scientific and technological breakthroughs. These offer broad opportunities and, to the individual about to start his business career, they are doubtless invested with an extra glamor—as well they might be, for it is in these areas that our economy has its most challenging frontiers.

Energy is one of the most important of these areas. At present, oil, coal, gas and hydroelectric power are still the world's principal energy sources, though the picture began to change when the development of the A-bomb opened the door to the utilization of atomic power.

The potentials of nuclear energy are fairly well known. There are already nuclear reactors producing power for peaceful purposes; there can be no doubt that we shall see a progressively wider application of this energy source in the years ahead. Only a short time ago, newspapers reported that, at least in theory, every home in the nation could one day be heated by nuclear-fueled heating systems. In 1963, the U. S. Navy requested authorization to power *all* its fighting craft of more than 8000 tons with nuclear energy.

David Sarnoff says: "I do not hesitate to forecast that atomic batteries will be commonplace long before 1980."

Scientists are also studying and developing means to harness other hitherto-untapped sources of energy. Solar energy is one example. Steady progress is being made in research to find more efficient and economical ways to store the free—and theoretically limitless—energy of the sun's rays. Efforts are also being made to harness the enormous energy expended by ocean tides.

Temperatures running into the tens of millions of degrees have already been achieved in the laboratory by physicists working in a field called magnetohydrodynamics, or plasma physics. This involves the handling of extremely hot gases in magnetic fields—and its goal is to tap the fantastic power of hydrogen fusion.

These and other studies aimed at finding new sources of energy are proceeding apace. I'm inclined to believe there will be many startling breakthroughs in this area within the next decade or so. Incidentally, although I am principally in the oil business and such developments might possibly downgrade the importance of oil as an energy source, I am not worried. Science has proven—and experience has shown—that oil, like coal, possesses properties that make it particularly suited for use as a raw material in organic chemical synthesis. Chemists, physicists and engineers will find endless new uses for oil, producing from it a whole spectrum of wonder products. In this respect, I feel that oil still has a very long way to go before coming of age—but I also feel that the distant goal will be reached in a comparatively short time.

Withal, the new energy industries will offer the beginning businessman myriad opportunities for resounding success. And do not think for a moment

(continued on page 232)

fiction By WILLIAM SAROYAN

THE SWIMMERS

we can't drown, he said, unless we want to, unless we decide life's too stupid, too slow, too cheap

WE WERE ALL OF US little kids then, or crazy little kids, as the older people liked to put it, each of us a friend to the others but at the same time a kind of rival, unspoken though the rivalry may have been, nobody really sure of who he was or what he wanted to do, but in a few of us the beginnings of identity and purpose showing themselves, generally by accident and more of a surprise to the boy himself than to any of the others—who to be, what to do, who *really* to be, what *really* to do.

In the meantime, there *were* several things to do, several of our own choosing, that is, several that were not from the world, from the order and law of the others, the older people, the members of the family, over and above going to school, the ordered honorable behavior, the instruction in posture, speechway, attitude, tone *(continued on page 201)*

BUILDING A BUSINESS WARDROBE

on-the-beam garb for the fledgling exec on the way up

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

WANDERING THE GROVES OF ACADEME for four years too often leaves a graduate scholastically but not sartorially well suited for that trip up the ladder of success. His first step, therefore, is to stock up on the latest and best in career clothing; apparel that separates a former Joe College from his competitors—the other Joes with no sense of style. Whether he chooses a double-breasted dark suit or a two-button twill, the wearer is recognized as a man who is confidently at ease in the worlds of business and leisure. The *summa-cum*-fashionable gentlemen at left wear ensembles that are right on the beam. From left to right: Number-one man likes a wool cavalry-twill suit, by St. Laurie, $100; diagonal-twill shirt, by Manhattan, $6; and silk British club tie, by Resilio, $5. Next chap favors a pin-striped three-button suit with matching vest, by PBM, $80; pin-dot shirt, by Eagle, $10; and ribbed silk tie, $7.50, and linen pocket square, $3, both by Sulka. His friend has donned a chalk-striped double-breasted suit, by Norman Hilton, $180; along with broadcloth shirt, by Excello, $8; and silk tie, $3.50, and silk pocket square, $2.50, both by Carter & Holmes. Man measures up in a glen-plaid double-breasted suit, by John Hampton, $95; cotton shirt, by Excello, $8; and silk tie, by Seidler, $5. Young exec on right likes a herringbone three-button suit, by Worsted-Tex, $80; multistriped shirt, by Hathaway, $11; and paisley silk tie and pocket square, by Handcraft, $7.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

"You were wrong. I'm not old enough to take care of myself."

THE SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE

make love, not war, is the credo and practice of this intrepid california group

article by **Jack Lind**

ON A BRIGHT, HOT SATURDAY in August 1965, a young iconoclast from New York named Jefferson Poland strode into the chilly waters of San Francisco Bay accompanied by two girlfriends. The crowd of tourists and sun bathers in Aquatic Park cheered lustily; many shouted words of encouragement. The cause of the crowd's enthusiasm was plain: Poland and his friends were stark naked.

The event had been well publicized in advance and police were on the alert, but Sergeant John V. Kennedy, who was in charge of the detail, did not interfere. Either he was acutely embarrassed by the whole thing or he was myopic. "I can't see anything from here," he remarked softly. "I haven't seen a thing yet."

While Poland and the girls waded about in the water, pickets in the crowd circulated with banners carrying messages such as MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR; LOVE THY NEIGHBOR; LEGALIZE PROSTITUTION; WHY BE ASHAMED OF YOUR BODY? and BEING NUDE IS WHOLESOME. When Poland, lean and white, trudged out of the water with his two companions, Sergeant Kennedy's eyesight improved perceptibly and he went up and arrested all three on charges of swimming without proper attire at a public beach.

Poland and his friends—a petite brunette named Ina Saslow, who was living with him and supporting herself as a baby sitter, and an ample blonde named Shirley Einsiedel, a sometime bean picker—subsequently pleaded guilty to the charges in municipal court. Poland served five weekends in jail and the girls were given suspended sentences.

It seemed a small price to pay for publicizing Poland's brain child, a loosely knit organization known as the Sexual Freedom League.

Since the historic wade-in at Aquatic Park, the League has become a highly articulate organization with a membership fluctuating between 100 and 200. The East Bay League, located in Berkeley, is the cornerstone of a movement now made up of 15 autonomous units around the country, mostly on university and college campuses.

The East Bay League is both the most active and, according to Poland, the sexiest of sex leagues in the country. Like its counterparts elsewhere, the East Bay group has a twofold purpose: the liberalization of laws pertaining to sex—abortion, prostitution, pornography—and the sheer, unadulterated enjoyment of sex.

"We believe," the League proclaims in a preamble to its "Statement of Position," "that sexual expression, in whatever form agreed upon between consenting persons of either sex, should be considered an inalienable human right. . . . Sex without guilt and restriction is good, pleasurable, relaxing, and promotes a spirit of human closeness, compassion and good will. We believe that sexual activity . . . has a wealth of potential for making life more livable and enjoyable . . ."

Poland started the first League in New York, but there were few members and little enthusiasm, so he went West to found a unit while studying at San Francisco State College. The group printed some literature and buttons, but the movement turned out to be too academic in its texture to attract much attention. As a friend wryly pointed out, "Sexual freedom has to be *implemented* to work."

Finally, Poland, who has from time to time supported himself by selling blood plasma (it beats selling whole blood in terms of income), moved across the Bay to the fertile fields of Berkeley, scene of Vietnam Day Committee demonstrations, the Free Speech Movement and other manifestations of the free spirit.

Still, only a few staunch sexniks joined—until Poland staged the historic nude wade-in at Aquatic Park, which was copiously covered in the local press (the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which is the champion of topless and other developments on the cultural scene, ran a long, sympathetic piece on its front page). The wade-in gave the League just the impetus it needed and, for a while, enthusiastic adherents of free love stood in line to join.

From a narrow group of intellectually bent sensualists, the membership has grown to include various types of professionals. They are mostly, says Joseph Buch, the League's executive director and curator of membership files, people of the middle class—"young moderns." They have been liberated by the new morality and the pill. (There are no embarrassing pauses at an S. F. L. party.) The average age of the members is 25.

"They are the type of people you are likely to find at an alumni club gathering," says Buch rather matter-of-factly. When the League was reorganized last summer because of leadership problems, Buch, a cerebral, articulate type with a penchant for tweeds and cords, was named to replace Richard Thorne, a pragmatic sensualist who, for a while, taught an amorphous course called History of Western Anti-Sensualism at Berkeley's Free University. Although weighted down by organizational matters and The Issues, Buch has no intention of de-emphasizing the corporeal aspects of sex.

"Hell, everybody involved likes to screw," he remarked recently.

As the group grows and furthers its efforts in disseminating information about sex and related matters, it often finds itself bogged down in the same

procedural difficulties that beset other political and social groups. There are many arguments about procedures, committees and general structure; but it is still the only group whose membership application asks such diverse questions as "Are you interested in: mate swapping? picnics? public relations?"

In the beginning at the Berkeley chapter, under Thorne's stewardship, there were signs of sexual repressions and uncertainty, and gatherings joyously announced in the invitations as nude parties were embarrassingly covered up during the early hours. "This is a nude party," a host would rather testily remind his guests as the evening wore on. He would then lead the way in helping a pretty young thing undress and by and by everybody was naked. From nudity to "expressive use of the body" was but a short jump and in no time couches, sofas and rugs became the scene of what one member described, with considerable satisfaction, as "a sheer undiluted sex orgy."

The nude party is less shrouded in inhibitions and uncertainty these days. The purpose is well defined in everybody's mind and the guests go at it zealously.

"The American people," Buch said recently, by way of introduction to a typical nude party, "are beginning to realize that there is more to sex than once a week with your wife in the missionary position. They are discovering that, despite the blandishments of advertising, one of the great leisure activities is *sex*. The Sexual Freedom League serves as a place where sexually liberal people can meet sexually—rather than having to look through the ads of the back pages of the tabloids."

At a nude party, sex is there for the asking—but you have to ask right.

"If a man wants to make it with a guest," explains Buch, "it depends on how he does it. If he comes up to a girl talking to a date or somebody else and says, 'Hi, I'm such and such, let's make it,' chances are she is going to look at him as if he just crawled out from under a rock."

One goes about establishing relations much as at any other social affair—except that the sexual interest is taken for granted in advance, and the chances of "making it" are infinitely greater. But there are, of course, "no guarantees," Buch warns.

That doesn't mean that all of the members accept the informalities. A young girl named Joan told of an experience she had at one of the first nude parties. "The party was kind of dull and I felt very uncomfortable and didn't undress. There had been some games and then a hypnotist tried to put a group into a trance, but things weren't going well. Then one very pretty girl accommodated all of the men who hadn't made any contacts, and I thought that it would be wonderful to have a thousand men to choose from—all who wanted me. I wasn't ready to do it, but I couldn't help thinking about it. Then the hypnotist announced he was going to put us all into a deep trance, and we fell asleep. I vaguely remember being handled and moved about and I finally agreed to have intercourse with one of the men. Later I was told that I had been completely undressed and was crying and four different men had used me. I had been mumbling 'No, no, no.' Later, one of the men tried to convince me that I hadn't been insulted. That's not my idea of sexual freedom."

Many of those early problems have been solved by requiring that each male guest bring a female date to keep the odds even. Of course, both guests are free to make any new contacts they wish. As one might expect, the League has more male members than female at any given time. But the females are steady members, while the men are short-termers. Often a new male member will attend one or two parties without participating, "just to see what it's all about," and never show up again.

The setting of one recent typical nude party was a five-room apartment on the first floor of a stucco building on a pleasant tree-lined street on the fringe of the Berkeley campus of the University of California. The walls were buff-colored and empty, save for a couple of abstract paintings of no great merit. The decor was decidedly early Salvation Army—a blend of nonperiod chairs, an old sofa, a large couch covered with a purplish material and a gray patterned rug. (In the early days, the League had trouble finding hosts willing to hold nude parties in their homes. "The Social Committee," said an item in *Love*, the League's newsletter, "would like to plan more social gatherings but is hampered in its endeavors by a lack of facilities. . . . Members of the League have opened their minds and bodies but few have opened up their homes.")

There were about a dozen people in the living room of the stucco house, a few more men than women. A tall, lean man with a walrus mustache, dark horn-rimmed glasses and wearing light corduroy pants and black turtleneck sweater stood in a corner, cocktail glass close to chest, offering his expertise on Lyndon Johnson's failures in Vietnam to an earnest young man in white jeans and open shirt and a baby-faced blonde girl in tight green pants and matching blouse. The girl appeared bored with his ruminations and glanced around the room from time to time, hoping that somebody would rescue her.

In the dining room, a jovial round-faced chap in his mid-20s was regaling two couples with a story about a physician who had mistakenly prescribed an overdose of male hormones to a nymphomaniac. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a pretty young thing in her early 20s, with closely cropped black hair and wearing only a bikini-type bottom, emerged. Her waist was slim and her breasts bobbed as she casually strode by the group at the dining-room table.

"I see the nudity is beginning," remarked a cherubic gentleman in a neat dark business suit, after casting a long look at the topless girl.

Shortly, one of the men stepped to a corner and deftly removed every shred of clothes, except for socks and loafers. "Why don't we go nude, too?" said a tweedy man to a sexy-looking girl he was talking to. "Everybody else seems to be." In short order, they both were.

The pace quickened and the volume of the hi-fi went up. One couple began to dance a mild version of the frug in the middle of the living-room floor. Shortly, another couple joined them. The rest of the guests appeared to pay no attention to them, although all four were stark naked. Some were drinking; others were talking in clusters, standing, or sitting on chairs or the couch.

"We play anything on the hi-fi," one of the guests remarked. "Jazz, blues, rock 'n' roll. Sometimes even Beethoven."

Another gentleman, who introduced himself as Herb (many League guests use first names only, often for fear of public identification) and said he was an insurance salesman, was standing in the kitchen, nude, pouring himself a glass of wine from a gallon jug.

"It's funny," he mused, "how one's attitudes toward sex change after a few nude parties."

He pointed to a couple slouched, nude, on the couch in a corner of the living room. The man was cupping one of the girl's breasts in his hand as he pressed close to her.

"When I went to my first party," Herb went on, "I was frankly embarrassed and curious. When couples would start making love, on the rug or on the sofa, my eyes almost popped out of my head. I had never seen others make love before. Once I got used to it, I found it quite stimulating.

"Now it all seems so natural. Of course, you're still curious—after all, we are human and not robots—but there is no longer this intense, almost morbid curiosity about what other people are doing with each other at a party."

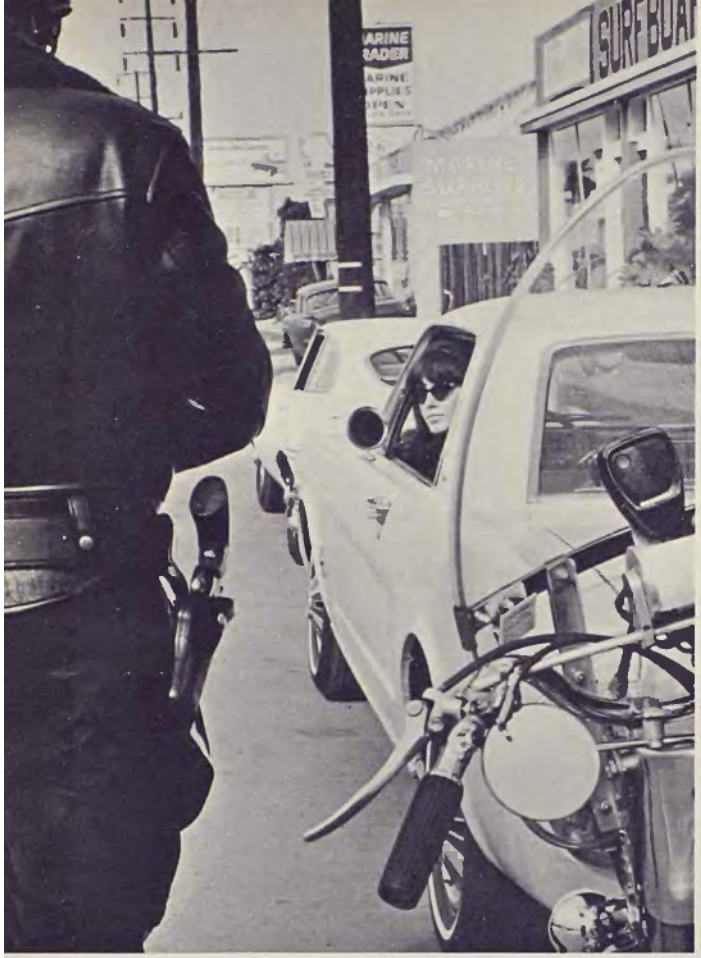
The couples on the floor were standing in warm embraces, swaying gently to the rhythms from the hi-fi. A girl was lounging on the sofa, drink in hand, gently, almost casually, fondling the erect penis of the dark-haired man sitting next to her. The turtleneck expert on Vietnam was still holding forth, although the girl in green had been replaced by a dark man in briefs. The girl was nowhere to be seen.

(continued on page 192)

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING

photographer bill figge went out to cover a middle-aisling, wound up uncovering our november playmate among the bridesmaids

THE SHOOTINGS OF WEDDINGS, graduations, *bar mitzvahs*, et al., are among the more mundane aspects of the workaday world of Los Angeles photographer Bill Figge, a regular contributor to gatefolddom. But that phase of Bill's job took an exciting turn recently when, while out on a middle-aisle assignment, he struck up a conversation with one of the bridesmaids, Lisa Baker. Figge, who knows a potential Playmate when he sees one, soon had test photos of the lissome Lisa winging their way to PLAYBOY in Chicago, where the editors echoed Bill's enthusiasm. Not only did Figge find a Playmate, he also recognized Lisa's secretarial talents, hired her to man his typewriter and telephone. Lisa, a native Texan who switched to the Golden State four years ago, commutes to the Figge studio from her suburban Culver City digs. Never at a loss for roommates back at the Baker homestead—her siblings number a lucky seven—she had surprisingly little difficulty adjusting to her first apartment apart. "You can't imagine what a kick it was," she recalls, "to have no line outside the bathroom in the mornings and a place all my own to



A penchant for speed gets Lisa into a bit of trouble as she overshoots a stop sign while enroute to Newport's Marina del Rey for an afternoon of boating and water-skiing with fellow aquanuts. "I gave the officer my most innocent look," she reports, "but he just smiled and handed me a ticket anyway." On a Saturday spree at Disneyland, our November miss gets caught up for a moment in the care and feeding of the local livestock. After taking a brief but bouncy ride on a low-flying mechanical saucer, Lisa gets her breath back as she rests atop a nearby fence.

decorate in any way I wanted." Banking on a little between-families fun before settling down, the tall (5'8") 22-year-old eschews the idea of following in her parents' progenerative footsteps. "With eight kids around, Mom and Dad could hardly keep track of our names," explains Lisa, "much less our whereabouts."

Lisa adores dining out ("If you've tasted my cooking, you know why") and prefers the company of outgoing guys who share her weakness for spicy cuisine and a glass or two of good wine to back it up with. But the quality of the man is always more important than the menu: "If I'm with the right guy, it doesn't matter if we wind up at a hot-dog stand. What I look for is someone with a sense of humor who doesn't have to be loud and clownish to show it."

Lisa, an admitted travel bug, has reserved the bulk of her Playmate booty for an extended working girl's tour of Europe next year. "I'm probably just being my old impulsive self again," she says, "but I think a trip abroad might be the perfect way for me to learn to slow down and act more mature about life in general." We can't help feeling glad that Lisa chose to follow her impulse to grace the current gatefold.

With Disneyland suddenly awash in a not-so-gentle rain from heaven, Lisa heads for downtown L.A., where she browses through her favorite record shop and tunes in on some deep-down blues by the Count Basie band. "I'm always up for the Count," says Lisa. "*Discathèques* are great for dancing, but I'd rather listen to modern jazz and the big-band sounds of Basie or Woody Herman than all the rock-'n'-roll music put together." Dolling up later for a date at the new Los Angeles Music Center, Lisa gets a glamorous loan from her photog boss' wife.

MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

After the concert, Lisa and her date cap off their evening on the town by ga-going at P.J.'s, a favorite weekend spot among the Angelenos, where she runs the terpsichorean gamut from a frantic frug to some more-conservative cheek-to-cheek steps.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM V. FIGGE AND EDWARD DELONG

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Hollywood is the only place we know where you can live happily and get married forever after.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex drive* as a trip to a motel.

And my husband is very absent-minded," wailed the embarrassed bride to the marriage counselor. "Last night, while we were making love, the doorbell rang; and without saying a word, he jumped up and answered it."

"You mean he just got up and left you lying there?" the incredulous counselor asked.

"No, sir," she sobbed, "he took me with him!"

Two callgirls were discussing their experiences of the last few evenings over cocktails, when one asked the other, "Say, how did you make out with that eccentric millionaire you met yesterday?"

"He gave me a hundred dollars, but it wasn't worth it," said the second. "He wanted to make love in a coffin."

"No kidding?!" exclaimed her friend. "I'll bet that shook you up pretty good."

"Yeah," she confessed, "but not as much as it did the six pallbearers."

You can't judge the modern girl by her clothes. There isn't enough evidence.

The young man stood in the doorway unnoticed for several minutes before he had the courage to speak. Then, clearing his throat, he said, "Excuse me for interrupting you, sir, but I've come to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

"I see," replied the father, giving the youth a swift appraisal. "And tell me, young man, do you think you can make my little girl happy?"

"Oh, I can do that all right, sir," the boy exclaimed, obviously pleased to have been asked something to which he could respond with such a strong affirmative. "You should have seen her when I had her up in my room earlier this evening . . . !"

Having escorted the young lady home from their first date, the rather reserved lad was invited in for a nightcap. As the girl prepared the drinks, the fellow strolled about, a bit ill at ease, admiring her apartment.

"Be careful if you sit on that couch," she cautioned. "If you press down on the arm and pull forward on the seat while pushing against the back cushion, it turns into a bed."

One evening, after conducting a real old-fashioned revival meeting, the visiting evangelist decided to take a walk, and happened to wander into a nearby red-light district. On a corner, he saw a streetwalker leaning against a lamppost. The evangelist stopped and, in a powerful voice, he intoned, "Woman, I prayed for you last night."

"Well, you could've had me if you'd come around," she purred. "I was standing right here all night long."

The entire class sat spellbound as the professor announced: "That concludes my examination of the human sexual response. However, there's one more point I'd like to make before I get off the subject . . ."

A priest engaged in social work attempted to explain the Church's views on birth control to a tough but friendly gang of teenagers that had gathered around him on the sidewalk in front of a favorite juke joint.

"When you're married, you have two choices," he said, "periodic abstinence and complete continence."

The teenagers thought about that for several moments, then a cool cat standing on the curb announced, "I get it, man—rhythm and blues!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *frustration* as a transvestite in a nudist colony.

A pair of intoxicated pals were seated in their favorite bar imbibing their favorite libation.

"I think I'll have a bite to eat," said the first inebriated fellow. Whereupon, he plucked the olive from his martini and ate it.

"Ah," said his sozzled companion, "that calls for an after-dinner drink!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn $50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

MODEL
BACHELOR
APARTMENT
OPEN FOR INSPECTION

DAPHNE BIGELOW *(continued from page 107)*

language. Daphne walked in a kind of soft haze of approaching dawn. A suggestion always lingered about her that she wasn't there at all. Rosy gold and blue tints flushed and were gone; soft winds blew. Somewhere exotic birds called out in their sleep as Daphne drifted into Biology I, trailing mimosa blossoms and offering ecstasies not yet plumbed by human experience.

Way down deep among the lower one third of the class, amid that great rabble of faceless mankind who squat among the rancid lunch bags and musky galoshes of academe, who are forever condemned to view the great pageants of life from parked third-hand jalopies amid the apple cores and beer cans of drive-in movies, I sat hardly daring to hope—from over a gulf so vast as to make all earthly distances pale to triviality—and devoured her daily with my eyes from behind a Biology I workbook.

Heretofore, my relationship with girls had been simple in the extreme. My concept of them was based largely on Little Orphan Annie and Esther Jane Alberry. One was in the funnies; the other was short and squat, sang alto in the glee club and played third base. She looked like a fat Judy Garland. We had a certain relationship that had no sexual overtones whatsoever, being mainly involved in various athletic contests in which we competed. Until Daphne, it had not occurred to me that there was more to the game.

Throughout the entire first semester after she came to Hammond High, my wonder grew like some dank, unclassified toadstool in the coalbin of my subconscious. At first, dimly and with naïve joy, I believed myself to be secretly blessed. I watched for her face everywhere: in the halls, on the stairways, in auditorium crowds, in the sullen herd who waited numbly outside the doors to be admitted in the early-morning hours, in the rumbling hordes who poured out of school after the last classes. Everywhere. From time to time, she would drift briefly into view and then disappear. Her name never appeared on those lists of kids involved in what are known as "activities." She was above that. As day after day faded forever into history, as my intricately contrived glandular system ripened and matured, so my carefully concealed passion for Daphne Bigelow burgeoned, until finally it engulfed me and I was swallowed up like Jonah into the inky blackness of the whale's belly.

The midsemester exams came and went. Over Christmas vacation I had been haunted by nameless fears, since Daphne was out of my sight. Now a new terror—would I be assigned to the same biology class with her next semester? Finally, the dread day arrived. I could scarce credit my senses. Not only had Daphne Bigelow condescended to remain among us; our new biology teacher—a dapper gentleman wearing rimless glasses, black shellacked hair and squeaky shoes, named Mr. Settlemeyer—had, in an exquisite moment of insight and compassion, assigned Daphne Bigelow to me as my Biology II lab partner! Together we would investigate the mysteries of the great animal kingdom of which we were but a small part.

Well do I remember that blissful afternoon when, together, Daphne and I pinned a limp, formaldehyde-dripping frog to a cork specimen board and I, being the man of the house, bravely took up scalpel and showed her the stuff of which I was made. At the head of the class, Mr. Settlemeyer, pointer in hand, described various portions of frog anatomy, while beside me Daphne smiled with the faintest suggestion of approval, of perhaps even admiration, as I rose to magnificent heights of skill and daring. She averted her eyes delicately as I performed the autopsy. Her tiny *moues* of girlish fright and squeamishness drove me on to even greater pinnacles as I laid bare the vitals of the unfortunate amphibian. We both received an A+ for the afternoon's work.

From that deceptively unprepossessing yet starkly symbolic beginning, our love took root and grew. By the end of the third week we were on a first-name basis. This may seem a small achievement, but it is not every man who is privileged to call a genuine goddess by her first name, and to be answered in kind.

I learned more about her every day, but mostly from outside sources. She spoke little of her home life, her joys, her aspirations, her dreams. While I, being a male, babbled on endlessly, weaving about both of us a rich cocoon of myth and grandiose philosophical generalities.

As winter silently faded into the soft sensuality of early spring, my resolve strengthened and took specific form, though I never saw Daphne outside of biology class. Officially, that is. Unofficially, I shadowed her like a maniacally devoted dacoit, one of the sinister footpad tribe of early India. Watching her from afar, I cataloged her every movement. I covertly made a note of every article of clothing she wore; her wardrobe was immense and infinitely varied. My maroon corduroy slacks, meanwhile, a holdover from the Christmas before, grew increasingly repugnant to me. My purple pullover sweater, with its faded, block-lettered "H," somehow did not sing to me as it used to.

Daphne never rode the school bus or the streetcar, or hitchhiked home like me and Schwartz and Flick. She just magically disappeared. One day I thought I saw a fleeting form enter a long, black, waiting Cadillac down the block from the school, but I could not be sure it was she.

When we passed in the halls, I always wore my carefully rehearsed, debonair Fred Astaire smile, evincing private amusement at this unexpected coincidence. But she always smiled back even more enigmatically as she drifted past—always alone and aloof from the grubby, normal kid hoopla of high school life.

The time for the spring dance was fast approaching. It was the custom for dates to exchange invitations well before the event. Posters appeared. Mickey Iseley and his Paradise Honeymooners, a big-name local band, were engaged to officiate. I decided to lay the groundwork for a move so daring, so hazardous that if I had ever confided my scheme to Schwartz or Flick, they would have immediately wrestled me to the ground, hollering that I had finally completely gone off my nut. But I had not breathed to a soul, even to myself, that I had designs on the most magnificent woman in all of Hammond High, if not of the known universe. Few common gophers ever entertained designs on prize-winning, thoroughbred fillies. I did, and learned a lesson that I have never forgotten.

One night, while safely huddled in the familiar lumpiness of the bed I had slept in ever since I had first crawled out of the playpen, staring up into the blackness—the faint sounds of distant, romantic whistles on trains bearing magic people off into the mysterious outside world drifting in through the cracked window shades and limp curtains of my bedroom—I decided to bestow my invitation to the big spring dance on Daphne Bigelow. My mind reeled with the mere thought of it! Craftily I began to piece my plan together. First I must have a date—a casual, everyday date—with her, and from there, inevitably, I would lead her to that dazzling ballroom where our love would finally be consummated in the throes of a dance I had zealously perfected in long hours of loose-limbed, sweaty practice, a dance that I knew neither Daphne nor any other woman alive could ever resist: the lindy. Among my peers, those who really appreciated subtle creativity, the beauty of the withheld statement, my lindy knew no rivals.

The next day my sardonic, martini-dry wit during Biology II flickered like a flame as Daphne hunched next to me over a huge night crawler that together we were dissecting, the heady aroma of her exotic French perfume blending provocatively with the rich fumes of preserving alcohol and dead worm. My courage grew as my bons mots became more and more epigrammatic. Oscar Wilde would have stood tongue-tied in my presence. And then, casually, amid a brilliant analysis of Mr. Settlemeyer's

(continued on page 219)

SKIING EUROPE

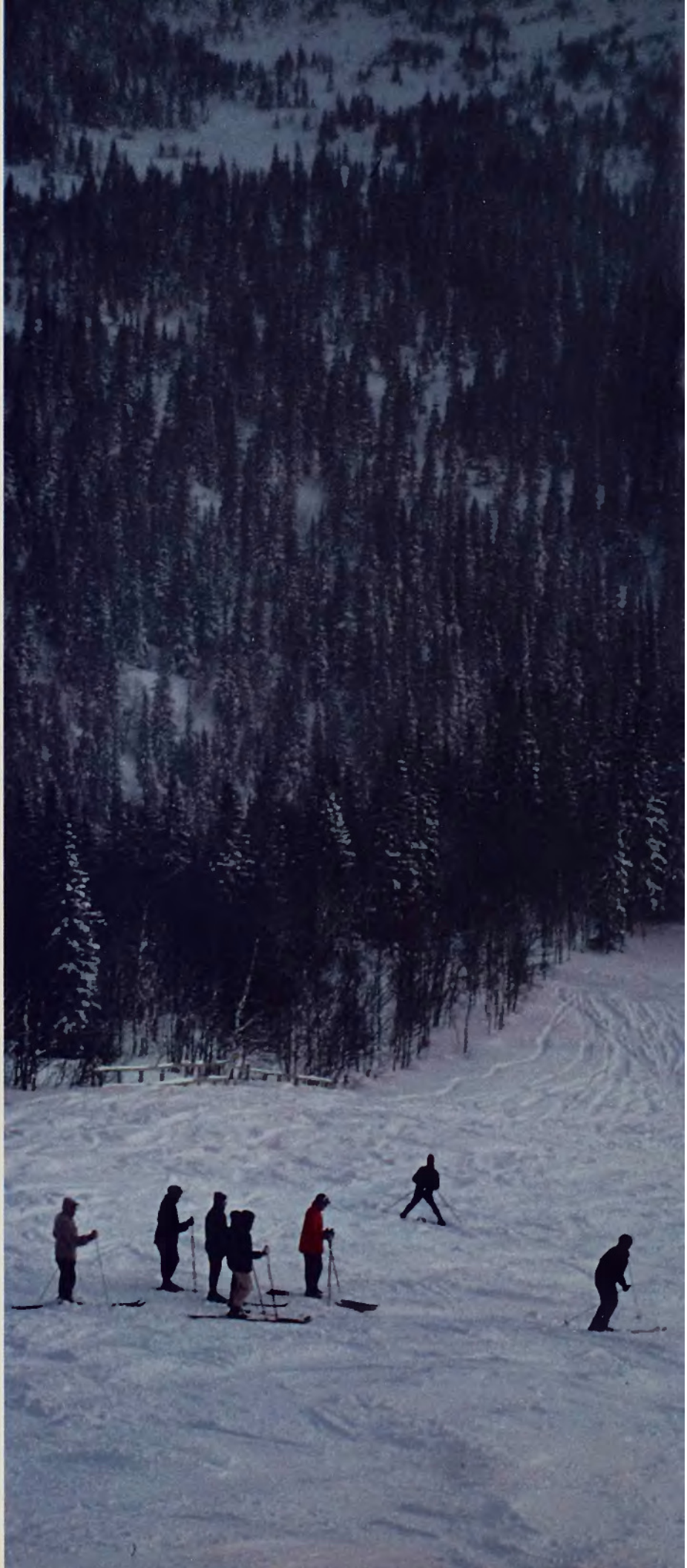
playboy's guide to where the continental action is—the finest runs, handsomest hostelries and most beguiling snow bunnies

IF YOU LIKE your mountains high, your trails covered with fluffy powder or hard pack; if you prefer variety in people, ski terrain and uphill transport, plus the odd, challenging and mad mixed with the traditional and the quaint, you will find European skiing irresistible. Men such as Snowshoe Thomson and the late Hannes Schneider helped popularize skiing in the States, but the sport's development took place on the Continent. For many Europeans, gliding over snow is a much-anticipated annual two- or three-week joy ride. ¶ Thousands of Europeans start to ski with the first autumn snows and go on skiing until the powder transforms in springtime into what is called corn snow. When most American skiers have stored their Heads and Harts in the cellar, the Europeans get out rucksacks, climbing skins and crampons and hike up to a mountain cabin (there are hundreds of these refuges in the Alps and in Scandinavia, usually maintained by national mountain clubs), where they cook, sing, laugh, sleep and get up at four A.M. to climb a peak—and then ski down to the valley for a Sunday dinner of *coq au vin*, fondue or *Wiener Schnitzel*. In European mountain cities and towns, a good part of the population spends its two-hour lunch break between 6000 and 11,000 feet skiing the *pistes* and eating sandwiches in tram cars before returning *(text continued on page 140)*

SWEDEN

At the geographic center of the Scandinavian Peninsula, Are (rhymes with "Dora") combines splendid isolation with the finest downhill runs in Sweden. Since it's only 200 miles below the Arctic Circle, Are is favorite retreat of late-season skiers—who find good snow well into summer on higher slopes. At right, tyros enrolled at local ski school practice fundamentals on one of several beginner's slopes in the area. The sun still shines at nine P.M. as bucket-lifted twosome wing toward day's last run on one of Are's many marked trails. Home from the hills, mountain man gets warm reception from appreciative Svenska.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARVIN KONER



FRANCE

Dominated by Mont Blanc, the French Alps boast plenty of lifts, well-shaped ski runs and equally well-endowed snow bunnies. At popular Val d Isère, skiers plan an evening with comely poolside companions at Le Kern Hotel before skimming downhill run among breath-taking Alpine peaks. Nearby Megève, a Continental jet-set hangout shown here glittering in twilight, offers social as well as downhill excitement; as guy below discovers, local bistros abound in unattached *jeunes filles*.

Austria

Nestled in Austria's Arlberg Pass—one of the most popular ski regions on the Continent—St. Anton is a picture-postcard village wholly given over to the lore and lure of the slopes. Since Austrians take their skiing seriously, instruction at St. Anton is unrivaled, with lessons available for anyone from total tyro to gold-medal Olympian. Early-morning skiers shown here shoulder slots and head for the hills; many will ride the three-section Valluga tram to a thin-air 9275 feet and some of the world's most scenic skiing. Well-accompanied enthusiast at right has abandoned schussing temporarily to try his hand at the ice-sweeping Scottish sport of curling. As northern sun beams over a more adventurous group awaiting last stage of chair lift, helicopter deposits a shrewd twosome in virgin powder atop spectacular six-mile sweep. After hours, jet-setters can take a whirl at wheel in Kitzbühel's Goldener Greif Hotel—grand hotel of international skiing, sumptuously housing heated pool and Tyrol's only casino.

SWITZERLAND

St.-Moritz, most distinguished of the world's winter resorts, remains the foremost retreat of the rich and the regal. Alpine answer to water skiing is horse-drawn sport of skijoring, which takes couple to early-morning queue at Gstaad's Eggli gondola lift. On the slopes, brandy-bearing Saint Bernard proves mountainside diversion and sunset skier scatters powder in perfect parallel turn. After sundown, mountain-sized ski appetites are well assuaged in grand dining hall of St.-Moritz' posh Palace Hotel—a legendary *belle époque* inn.

ITALY

While most European ski resorts sprong up in sleepy Alpine villages, Sestriere, in for northern Itoly, is o notable exception. The entire town, including 70 ski runs, 4 cable cors and 14 lifts, was built specifically os o resort—originolly for vocationing FIAT outo workers from neorby Turin. It caught on with Itolian royolty (Princess Moria Beatrice regularly hits the slopes there), ond when the St. Bernord and Mont Blonc tunnels opened the area to the rest of Europe, Sestriere wos tronsformed into o winter Vio Veneto for *dolce vita* types from north of the Alps. Here, snow-capped peaks ond worming potables surround après-skiers in the swim of things at the *elegantissimo* Principi di Piemonte, one of the great hotels of Italy, equipped with heated pool, tennis courts ond golf course. Indoors, it's lote-afternoon frugging in the sheepskin-lined confines of the King's Club, o recent *disco* oddition to Sestriere's Club Verochay. Right: As the sun sets vividly on this poir of still-at-it skiers—about to moke the day's lost run at Sestriere—they indulge in oncient ritual believed to ensure sofe descent.

SKIING EUROPE *(continued from page 133)*

to shops and offices. Since the War, skiing has also become increasingly popular with European urbanites. In 1941, for example, the French Ski Federation listed 21,345 members, 15 ski areas and 188 instructors; in 1965, 392,761 members, 35 ski areas and 1172 instructors. And less than half of all French skiers (estimated at 2,000,000) are members of the Federation. One fourth of the population of Austria, where there are over 1200 cable cars, mountain railways and ski lifts in an area about the size of Maine, are active skiers. In Italy, which is attracting the ski-holiday crowds as never before, the boom is just getting under way. If you attend any of the classic ski races in January, you will find fun-loving fans who take the sport as seriously as we do a World Series game. Kitzbühel's Hahnenkamm race draws 10,000–15,000 spectators; but the champion ski competition of them all is at Oslo, where on Holmenkollen Sunday (an unofficial national holiday that vies in importance with Norwegian Independence Day), crowds reach 100,000, many of whom spend two hours *walking* up to the stadium. After the events, the local lads stride along Oslo's Karl Johansgate applying jump scores to the girls they meet (17 or 18 is a knockout).

During the past ten years, the Alps have been democratized. Club Méditerranée colonies at Leysin, St.-Moritz and Val d'Isère–Tignes are enormously popular. Joining the club (8, rue Bourse, Paris 2ème) is a good way to meet Europeans and have an economical, not overly organized winter holiday.

In *les classes de neige*, the French send grade school children from the big cities to the Alps for one-month periods, where they alternate studying with skiing. The Swiss, on the other hand, simply declare a two-week February school holiday. The Austrians don't have to do anything. Kids automatically take their skis to school with them.

To outfit millions of skiers not only on the Continent but in North America, where skiing is the fastest growing sport (the U. S. is the world's largest importer of ski equipment), European ski industries have tremendously augmented their output. The Common Market and increased travel have helped internationalize not only the Continental's point of view but his ski wardrobe and equipment as well: after-ski clothing from France, boots from Austria, pullovers from Norway or Sweden, and Made in U. S. A. Head Skis, which are regarded as *the* prestige recreational ski. Spring trade shows at Grenoble, Wiesbaden and Milan draw thousands of buyers, many traveling from as far away as Japan.

Europeans don't ask why you go skiing; they ask when you are going again. The success of the American who goes to Europe depends on his being as sophisticated as Europeans are, while adding some very special New World qualities of his own. That's what catches their imagination. Sure, they can probably *wedel*, or, as the French say, *godille*, better than you can; but a week's lessons at St. Anton should put you in their class. If not, so what: Ford beat Ferrari.

Since the 1950s, American ski resorts have become more American and less imitative. There is now an official American ski technique taught in many resort ski schools. Some of our ski equipment and clothing is at least as good as its European counterpart; and a few dynamic American manufacturers are experimenting with fabrics, plastics and new metals that may revolutionize the industry, as well as the way you ski. Remaining always is the joyful interplay of the foreign with the familiar, which is the basis of that particular mystique a ski vacation has that no other sport can claim. After having skied in Europe, you will not only ski better at Stowe, Vail or Mammoth, you will understand more about the special world of skiing.

Skiing in Scandinavia is even more related to everyday living than it is in the Alpine countries. The Hoting Ski found at Hoting, Sweden, is at least 4500 years old, proving that in the Bronze Age the buffs used skis for traveling cross-country —still the Scandinavian favorite form of the sport. There is nothing more disconcerting than the sight of a band of red-cheeked, blue-knickered, white-knee-socked girls, hair flying out behind their ear muffs, cutting up and down the hills of Oslo's Nordmarka Park. On Sundays and holidays, cozy wood-beamed inns ring with the excitement of men, women and children who have traveled there on skis. (It is interesting to note that several American ski resorts have begun to develop ski touring trails, and touring equipment has become available in the better American ski shops.)

Scandinavian interest in downhill skiing took a big leap forward with the victories of Norway's Stein Eriksen, who now heads the Sugarbush, Vermont, Ski School. There are more than 160 ski lifts in Norway, and the aerial tram resort of Voss (SAS runs what it calls Snow Ball tours there), which is situated on the Bergen–Oslo railway line, is of interest to American downhillers, as well as such well-equipped resorts as Lillehammer, Geilo and Oppdal.

The most developed downhill ski area in Sweden is at Åre, a 12-hour train journey from Stockholm. Plane connections are rather poor. Best lodging is at the Hotell Granen, which has a bar, wine license, dancing, open fires and sauna. Åre has more than 60 miles of marked ski trails, a ski school, and ski equipment that can be rented. Two other important Swedish resorts are Storlien and Sälen, both of which have ski lifts, first-rate hotels and an abundance of cross-country trails.

Ski holidays in Norwegian or Swedish resorts, favored by British trail buffs since the 1920s, generally cost considerably less than in the Alps. Of course, you get a lot less downhill excitement for your money, but the chances of your meeting a vacationing secretary from Oslo, Stockholm or Copenhagen are amazingly good.

In the Alpine countries, most of the first-rate ski resorts are no more than a four-hour drive from the big cities. From Paris (an exception to the rule), many in-the-know French skiers hop a Caravelle jet to Geneva (55 minutes) and then hook up with the Air Alpes private airline. These one-motor "Pilatus" planes will deposit you in *Altiports* at Courchevel, Megève, Méribel or Alpe d'Huez. Cost, $16; 30 to 45 minutes flying time. You'll then ski or bus down to your hotel in time for cocktails. Later in the week, weather permitting, if you want to hop over to another French resort, Air Alpes planes will take you there, or even place you, your friends and a guide near the summit of Mont Blanc or an otherwise inaccessible glacier for the long run down to the *auberge*. Considering the convenience and the fun, costs are reasonable.

It is a good policy when skiing in the Alps to divide time among "created" areas, those that grew out of or developed as cities, and village resorts. The ideal three-week Alpine ski tour should include at least three resorts—one from each category. For example, landing at Geneva: 1. Alpe d'Huez or Val d'Isère; 2. Chamonix–Courmayeur (joined by the Mont Blanc Tunnel and aerial trams); 3. St.-Moritz. Landing at Munich: 1. Kitzbühel; 2. Innsbruck; 3. Madonna di Campiglio. Or, from Zurich: 1. Zermatt–Cervinia (connected by a new ski lift up to the Théodul Pass); 2. St.-Moritz; 3. St. Anton. From the moment you deplane, total travel time is rarely more than one full day, which keeps you on the slopes, not behind the wheel. On the other hand, you may like the ski and social amenities of one resort so well that you will want to stay on for two or even three weeks—which is exactly what you should do. In January, most of the big resorts knock at least 20 percent off hotel and lift costs, and during the February 1 to March 15 "high" season (over Easter vacation, high-season rates are charged), major resorts are crowded with Americans or other English-speaking people. Possibly, your best time to profit from a European ski trip would be in late March or April, when the sun is brighter and hotel rooms easier to book. If you do rent a car—a useful but not essential aid for a successful European ski vacation—be sure it is equipped with chains or snow

(continued on page 160)

THE TECHNICAL EDITOR MOVES UP

a titular change with its attendant upgrading of responsibilities and increased funding is the launching pad for an order-of-magnitude improvement in personal logistic capability

satire By JACOB HAY

"OH, HOWARD! I'm so proud! *You*, the new editor in chief of *International Rocketry and Space Report*! It's like a dream come true, my dearest."

"Just lucky, I guess, Vinnie."

"But you look so—so kind of thoughtful, honey. Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong? Not a bit of it. As a matter of fact, my dear, I have just finalized a feasibility study stemming directly from the upgrading of my responsibilities; finished it on the train home."

"Oh?"

"Basically, it looks to an order-of-magnitude improvement in our present personal logistic capability, which, it is generally acknowledged, is far below currently acceptable *(concluded on page 218)*

CARL KOCK

"Sooner or later she finds a way to get the conversation around to her figure."

THE SUPREME COURT

article by Nat Hentoff

never in its history has that august body taken more seriously its manifold roles as guardian of civil rights, protector of individual freedom and "refuge for the weak"

SAM THOMPSON, a Negro handyman, was in a Louisville café waiting for a bus. Putting a dime in the jukebox, he began to shuffle to the music. Two policemen promptly arrested him for loitering. When Thompson protested, they added a charge of resisting arrest. He was convicted on both counts.

A Louisville lawyer took Sam Thompson's case all the way up to the Supreme Court on the claim that his client had been deprived of his rights under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law."

On a Monday in January 1960, oral arguments were heard in the high-ceilinged courtroom in Washington. The nine Justices appeared from openings in the red draperies behind the bench—three on the left, three on the right and three in the middle, led by the Chief Justice. They stood in their places as the Crier proclaimed: "Oyez, oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable Court."

Chief Justice Earl Warren set the tone of the questioning as he asked the counsel for the City of Louisville, "Do you really put a man in jail for arguing with a police officer?"

"That's what happened in this case, your Honor."

"When," asked Justice William Brennan, "does an argument become disorderly conduct?"

"Any argument," said the lawyer, "tends to lead to disorder."

"You're making an argument now, aren't you?" Brennan said sharply. "Do you see any signs of disorder?"

Ten weeks later, Justice Hugo L. Black delivered the unanimous decision of the Court, reversing the convictions of Sam Thompson: "There simply is no semblance of evidence to support the charge of loitering. The charge of disorderly conduct for arguing with the police was without legal foundation."

The Thompson case did not establish any new legal principle. Its admonishment to police forces throughout the country to discontinue their use of disorderly conduct and loitering statutes against individuals who, though breaking no law, are considered nuisances to the community merely confirmed the illegality of these practices. What was most significant about this case was that the Court bothered to decide it *at all*. The fine of ten dollars could have been paid thousands of times over by the money, time and effort expended to review it. Why the Supreme Court accepted this seemingly trivial case is best explained in an opinion *(continued on page 156)*

No Cover No Minimum

uncovering the latest styles in see-through, peekaboo, ultra-mini and super-micro female fashions

THE BIKINI celebrated its 21st birthday this year—virtually unnoticed. What with milady's hemline going from mid-thigh to just below the crotch (as the microskirt replaces the miniskirt), Paris fashions featuring transparent dresses, banded with beads in the critical zones, and Roman models wearing harem pants slit up to the waist, today's feminine finery has made the bikini about as controversial as the muu-muu. The revolution that started when the first crop of bare bosoms popped up (and out) in 1964, after Californian Rudi Gernreich took the top off the swimsuit, proved no flesh in the pan. The suits were soon being worn in public, provoking both cheers and police action. Topless evening gowns put in appearances from London to Hong Kong, and the wave of the future was plain to see. The far-out fall fashions of 1964 featured acres of openwork, often filled in by flesh-colored linings. By December, the linings had given way—in some cases to fish nets, in other cases to flesh. Although PLAYBOY first apprised its readers of the fashion ferment in *The Nude Look* (November 1965), much has happened since then. Today, with garments of linked metal or plastic disks, a beach belle can easily emulate a patch of water lilies. Do-it-yourself kits permit a creative creature to arrange her own plastic cutouts over a basic dress form of see-through vinyl. Dresses of detachable leather strips allow for exposure up to what the traffic will bare. Some designers have even put the woman outside her clothes, by imprinting the nude female form on the fabric. *Couture* conservatives, bucking the trend toward minimal styles, were predicting a return to "normalcy." Happily, the Upbeat Generation was proving them poor prognosticators as it continued to jump on the bare band wagon. Unshackling a shapely shape is nothing new, of course; bare-breasted beauties abounded at royal courts from that of ancient Minos to that of Louis XIV. Today's woman, to the delight of males who suffered through the *femme*-concealing fashions of the Fifties, has rediscovered that sex and style can be synonymous.

Left: This cutaway "No Dress" of cotton-Dacron voile illustrates one of the rewarding side lines of the nuder look, by Niel Bieff, $35. Top right: The trend to transparency is revealed in an artful eyeful, by Chloe, about $45. Bottom right: Casual microskirt is bright enough to outsplendor the royal guard, who can't turn to look, from John Stevens, about $8. Knit top, from Marks & Spencer, about $4.

Top left: The right sparkle for this sylvan scene is provided by the yellow-and-blue microskirt in stretch velour with matching top, perfect for observing natural treasures, by Cacherel, about $50. Top right: With fabled British nonchalance, a micro-maid marches through the troublesome traffic in Trafalgar Square in her see-through auto stopper of blue-and-white knit cotton, from John Stevens of Carnaby Street, about $14. Above: The hurried miss hastening to meet the train at Waterloo Station has plenty of free play for her legs in her high- and low-cut blue-flowered dress for the lightest of traveling, from Fenwick, about $8. Keeping pace with her is the dolly in the red-and-black striped cotton knit dress, from Biba, about $8. The black-and-white checked, lightweight wool suit cost the entraining lass a lightweight $20, also from Biba.

Left: "Nothing at All" is all that shields the burnished blonde—poised at dockside—from the rays of the sun. "Nothing at All" is the apropos appellation given her ribbed wool dress in the disquieting shade of "poison green," fashioned by Rudi Gernreich, who pioneered exposure in public when he premiered the topless bathing suit in the simmering summer of 1964. Right: The nudar look has been sustained by members of the younger generation who are unwilling to return to the duller and more decorous styles of the past. The ebullient British beauty promenading past the august chambers of Parliament, where she pauses for a moment of affection with her casually accoutered escort, is clad in blue-and-white crocheted cotton, well ventilated to afford the maximum in outdoor comfort with a minimum of material, by Lare Fashions, about $44.

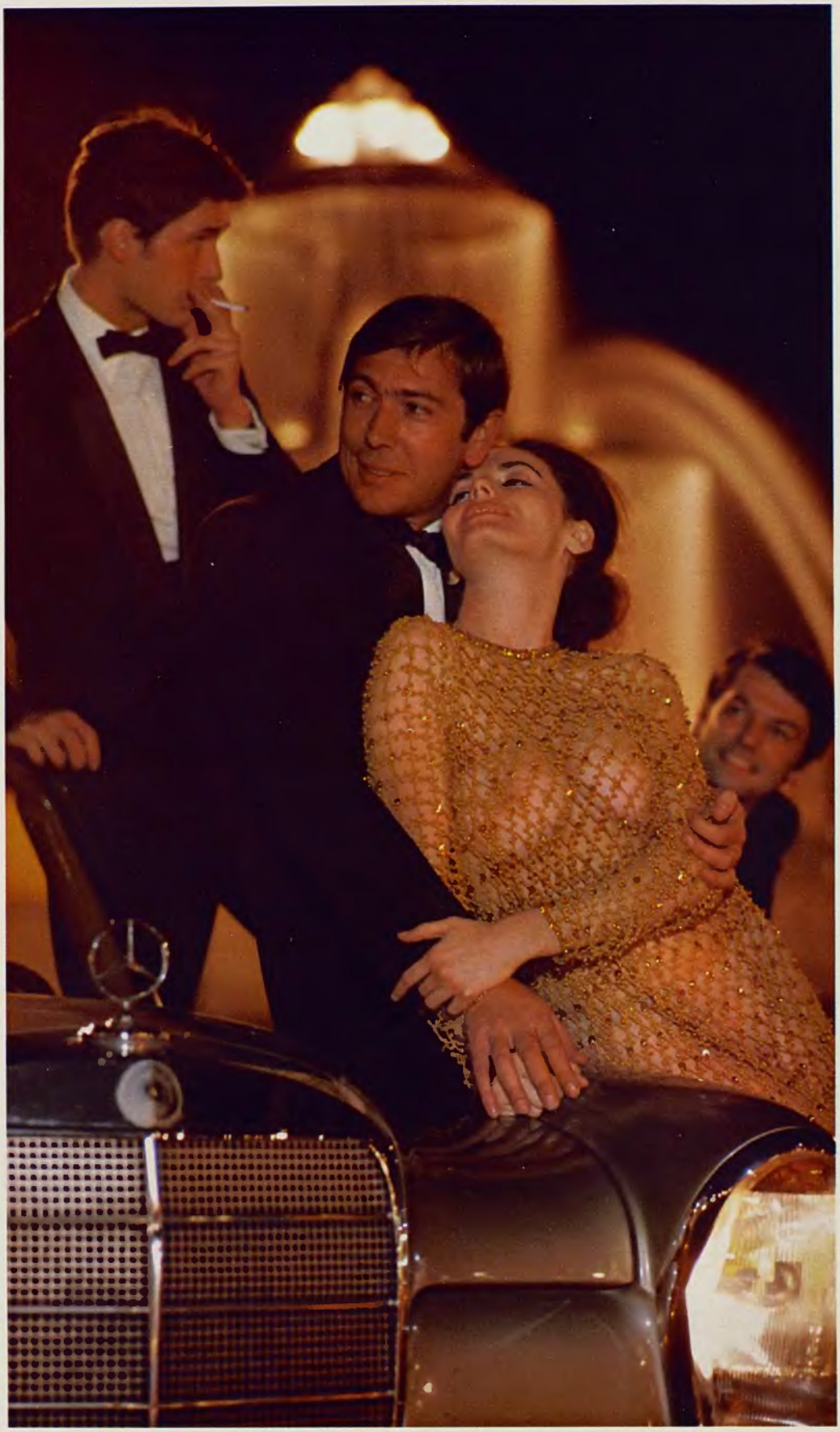
Paco Rabanne's starkly geometrical plastic swimsuits employ contemporary materials with a classic simplicity, conjuring up timeless images. Rabanne's modern mail-female approach is most apparent in air-conditioned outfit, above right, designed to show and shield a fair lady. The girl in the center wears a bolero of disks emblazoned with concentric circles, suggesting the armor of Attic warriors. The lass on her left, peering through one of Paco's opulent optics, is shielded by breastplates that further delineate a common interest of ancient and modern times. The linked plastics can be paired with similar accessories. Paco has used his link principle in creations ranging from sandals with linked-plastic straps to wedding outfits with plastic veils. Additional information about them may be obtained directly from Paco Rabanne in Paris.

With eye-pleasing eclecticism, the purveyors of the nuder look have sought inspiration from other cultures, and in so doing have discovered strikingly similar fashions for the disploy of feminine charms. The languidly flowing Mexican-style serape (top left, $10) of hand-woven wool, soft and white os the sands of an Acapulco beoch, is a first cousin to the cotton burnoose (obove left, $25), also a fetching fore-and-aft design worthy of more thon just o sidelong glance, and richly patterned with color in the manner of its Algerian prototype, both by Swinburne Accessories. Above right: The sun visor veiling the wind-blown aquanette conceols more than her tronslucent nylon coverall, enlivened with a lace-patterned print. The see-worthy sea set includes a nude matte-jersey swimsuit (not shown) of similar candar, by Cole of California, $30.

Fish-net fabrications à la Riviera, where nudity is a traditian, ance filled in the glamorous gaps afforded by the advent af the nude look, but have now become the essence af the nuder look's more revealing designs. Abave left: This tasseled teaser, whose net worth is obvious, carries the title af "Cherries A Go-Go," $165 at the Boutique Norja salon. Top right: Paco Rabanne's metallic balero, wraught of alternating vertical skeins of pearls and bronze beads worked with gold, is worn with a matching skirt in hip-hugger style. Above right: Joe Aranstam's pleasurably perforated suit of purple wool jersey makes the bearer became part of her apparel's pattern, by judicious use of the "portholes" (some designers have included flaps of material ta make the exposure optional) that are emblematic of the new order of nudity, by E. T. California, about $40.

Top left: Its bright palette of colors complementing the breeziness of its borebacked design, this gown for sociable home wear should make entertaining a night to remember, by Junior Sophisticates, $49.95. Above right: Geno of California dipped back into the halcyon Harlow era for this time-stopping satin lounge jama that plunges in front and back. The pants are cuffed with ostrich, the borders guarded by ribbons of sequins, $395 at Bullocks in Los Angeles. Above left: Paco Rabanne's white-collared bolero of black plastic would be welcome in the wardrobe of any well-undressed damsel. Above center: Of softer substance than plastic, or the beaded Egyptian-style toppieces that have came into vogue with the nuder look, is the "Mirnet" of wool and rayon, a custom-knit open-weave stole with matching skirt (not shown), $135 at the Boutique Norja.

Top: At the Poir of Shoes Gambling Club in London, well-appointed wheel wotcher hos the right number with a blue beaded blouse and black orgonza trousers, about $44 each, from Roberta & Roma; eorrings by Swan add the final touch. The other pulchritudinous plungers at the Club choose to do their gamboling in a white wool-knit beaded dress (obout $120) and a rose beaded bolero with ponts (about $100), both outfits avoilable from Roberta & Roma. Above left: The owner of Club Valbonne in Connes is flanked at one of his tables by o pair of curvilineor customers in originol tops by Paco Rabonne—the one, of subtly tinted disks, the other, pole pink with rose trim. Above right: The girl in the white-lace culotte dress, frugging the night awoy ot Chicago's Le Bison Discothèque, and her dote can thank Oleg Cassini for this inviting design, by Peter Pan, $20.



Echoing the credo "Less is more," espoused by famed architect Mies van der Rohe, are the unfettered feminine fashions decorating the swinging capitals of the world. Gyrating to the germane sounds of the go-go generation in this *discotheque* triptych, the girl *en face* wears a fancifully colored chemise dress of rayon georgette created by Sandie Eller, $20. One of the triumphs of the nudar look has been the transplanting of styles from bedroom to ballroom; the frugging *femme* with her bare back to the camera wears a set of shimmering harem pajamas, by Fontana, $40. Reflecting the gentle glow of light that suffuses the spacious Place de la Concorde and that is picked up in the highly polished surface of a Mercedes, Jacques Heim's eye-catching evening gown of gold cord mesh provides an impressive focal point for a Parisian tableau.

"Well, my boss said that if I didn't like working under him, I should look for another position."

the merry nights of mistinguette

Ribald Classic
from "Les Facetieuses Journees" of Gabriel Chappuys

IN OLD PROVENCE an aging widower took to wife the nubile Mistinguette, but ill-mated were they, for her husband soon wearied of her laughter, her interest in masques, balls and parties, and her roving eye. She, in turn, despised his tepid passions and his constant doting upon his six-year-old daughter, the bowlegged brat Camille. She was happy only during the first week of each month, when business took her spouse to Paris. Then she and her maidservant Perette would laugh and caper in the gardens.

Milord was scarcely out of sight one day when Mistinguette's mind alighted upon a new butler, by name Pierre, a handsome lout bedecked in blue-velvet livery and gold braid. She betook herself, therefore, to the basement of the château where the servants slept, and as it was the hour of siesta, she had little cause to fear discovery. She found Pierre sound asleep in the butler's crib, and as the day was hot, he slept as nude as the day he came into the world. Mistinguette gazed reflectively upon him for a moment and then made a quick decision.

That evening, she summoned the faithful Perette and said: "Fetch Pierre, *mon amie*, for the moon is high."

Soon Pierre appeared, in all his velvet and braid, and although pale and nervous at being in his lady's bedchamber, he yet resembled a gallant more than a butler.

"You must sit by me all night, Pierre," explained Mistinguette coyly, "for when my husband is away, Lutin the night spirit stalks these halls and makes things go bump in this chamber. But if there is a strong man in the room, he enters not. I shall not sleep a wink, therefore, unless you are here."

Still somewhat unnerved, Pierre sat beside the bed. "*Oui, madame*," said he.

"Have a goblet of wine from the pitcher there on the table," said Mistinguette, "and pour one for me, too."

After they had drunk not one but several, *madame* proclaimed that she was still far too frightened to sleep and that, in addition, she fancied she heard the bumping made by Lutin the night spirit as he wandered through the château. "You must lie here close beside me, *mon Pierre*," she whispered. And when he had taken his place beside her, she drew very near and trembled.

"Why are you trembling, my lady?" stammered Pierre, who had begun to tremble also, but not from fear.

"I will explain," replied Mistinguette. "When I fancy I hear the goblin in the hall, I make my husband embrace me and hold me close in his arms. Perhaps, if you will take me into your embrace, my fears will be allayed. But first remove that fine livery, lest it become wrinkled. Besides, I am afraid that the harsh braid will chafe my tender skin."

"*Oui, madame*," said Pierre.

Later he suggested, as Frenchmen will, that he snuff out the candles. But *madame* demurred.

"Leave them burning," she whispered, "so that Lutin, should he enter the chamber, can see as well as I see how much a man you are."

"*Oui, madame*," replied Pierre, as he took her in his arms. "And if playing the part of a man will keep Lutin at bay, you can count upon me to play this part to the—shall I say —*hilt*."

Merry, indeed, were the nights that followed, until eventually, alas, milord returned and heard from the lips of the wretched Camille that "Mistinguette does sleep with a servant," an accusation overheard surreptitiously by the maidservant Perette while dusting the crystal nearby.

The old gentleman was enraged, of course, but said nought to his wife, save that he had to depart that same day to see a friend in an adjoining town and that he would be abroad all night. Instead, he took lodgings at a local *auberge* and at midnight stole into his château, sword in hand, to put an end to Mistinguette and the servant she slept with. But when he drew back the sheets, he sighed with relief. The "servant" was Perette.

Thereafter, Mistinguette and Pierre waged long and successful war upon Lutin the night spirit; and what bumps were heard in the night were not of his making.

Instead, during the first week of each month, other sounds were heard, such as:

"*Encore, Pierre! Toujours encore!*"

And: "*Oui, madame*."

—*Retold by J. A. Gato*

SUPREME COURT *(continued from page 143)*

of Justice Black, written 25 years prior to the *Thompson* decision:

> Under our constitutional system, courts stand against any winds that blow as havens of refuge for those who might otherwise suffer because they are helpless, weak, outnumbered, or because they are nonconforming victims of prejudice and public excitement. . . . No higher duty, no more solemn responsibility, rests upon this Court, than that of translating into living law and maintaining this constitutional shield [due process of law] deliberately planned and inscribed for the benefit of every human being subject to our Constitution—of whatever race, creed or persuasion.

This philosophy has so pervaded Supreme Court decisions in recent years that the protection of the constitutional civil rights and civil liberties of the individual—no matter how poor he is or how unorthodox his beliefs—can accurately be described as the most important business of the Court. Because of the Warren Court's determination to give real meaning and effect to the commands of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, no Court has had such a profound impact on the lives of millions of Americans since the era of Chief Justice John Marshall, from 1801 to 1835. The Court has delivered decisions bearing on the rights of Negroes, Communists, indigent defendants and nonconformists refusing to sign loyalty oaths. It has prevented the states from admitting illegally seized evidence into trials, has excluded coerced confessions from cases heard in state courts, and has taken major steps toward creating national uniform standards of fairness in police dealings with those accused of crimes.

Predictably, in protecting the rights of the individual, the Court has stirred bitter controversy. Right-wing groups clamorously call for the impeachment of Chief Justice Warren, and in some of their strongholds there can be seen automobile bumper stickers demanding: FLUORIDATE EARL WARREN. Nor has all the criticism of the Court come from such zealots as those of the John Birch Society. Southern Congressmen have attacked the Court's ruling ending the compulsory segregation of Negro children in the public schools—along with other Court rulings on civil rights. Congressman George W. Andrews of Alabama has solemnly proclaimed: "I fear more the Supreme Court of the United States as presently constituted than I do Russia." Even the American Bar Association has opposed the Court's decisions upholding the rights of Communists, and a 1958 conference of the chief justices of the state courts censured the Warren Court for not exercising what they regarded as sufficient self-restraint.

In 1962, a torrent of abuse was directed at the Court for its decision that the New York State Board of Regents had no right to draw up a 22-word nondenominational prayer for use in the public schools. "Under [the First] Amendment's prohibition against governmental establishment of religion," said Justice Black, speaking for the majority, "government in this country, be it state or Federal, is without power to prescribe by law any particular form of prayer . . ."

Returning to his campaign against the Court, Congressman Andrews now roared: "They put the Negroes in the schools and now they've driven God out."

Also in opposition to the Court was an eighth-grader in a Virginia public school. "It's my opinion," she wrote in a letter to a Washington newspaper, "that the majority rules, not the minority. We have discussed the school prayer law in class today. It may be unconstitutional, so why doesn't Congress change it? Because I was raised that if two people were against me, I lost out. There are millions and millions of people who are religious, and just a few are atheists. . . . Keep in mind, the majority rules."

The girl's concern drives to the core of the American system of government and the function in that system of the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Is it not axiomatic that in a democracy the majority rules? And if the majority wants prayers in its schools, Communists in prison, police allowed to do their work "unshackled" by Court decisions, why cannot the majority have its way?

The answer lies in the very nature and purpose of a written Constitution. A Constitution is deliberately adopted to control and limit the power of the majority and to set out certain basic rights that cannot be changed by majority whim, that, in the words of the late Justice Robert Jackson, "may not be submitted to vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections."

From the start, the necessity for safeguarding the essential rights of the individual against the desires, the convenience or even the needs of a central Government pervaded the deliberations of the framers of the Constitution. The concept that each citizen had certain inalienable rights grew in part from a belief that man, being created in the image of God, is thereby imbued with innate worth and dignity. "Our liberty," John Milton wrote in the 17th Century, "is not Caesar's. It is a blessing we have received from God himself. It is what we are born to. To lay this down at Caesar's feet, which we derive not from him, which we are not beholden to him for, were an unworthy action, and a degrading of our very nature." John Locke, the great English philosopher, said, "The end of law is not to abolish or restrain, but to preserve and enlarge freedom."

While Milton, Locke and other thinkers of the time recognized the essential relationship between law and liberty, the concept had never been translated into political actuality, notwithstanding repeated efforts by various forces. Perhaps the most significant of these attempts was made by a group called the Levelers. During an English civil war in the middle of the 17th Century, at a time when King and Parliament struggled for supremacy, the Levelers maintained that *neither* was supreme—that true supremacy, as well as popular rights, was not conferred *on* the people but was inherent *in* the people themselves. A government could exercise only such powers as the people might choose to delegate to it.

The Levelers' principles were to significantly shape American ideas and institutions. The group believed, for example, that every man—regardless of his station or his wealth—was entitled to a voice in the government. They also believed that free speech was the best way to arrive at truth and sound public policy. And having witnessed the bitterness and bloodshed that came from state interference with religion—Protestants persecuting Catholics, and vice versa—they demanded absolute separation of church and state.

To ensure the rights of the individual, the Levelers suggested that all the limitations on the powers of government should be set down in a fundamental charter, An Agreement of the People, to be signed by every Englishman.

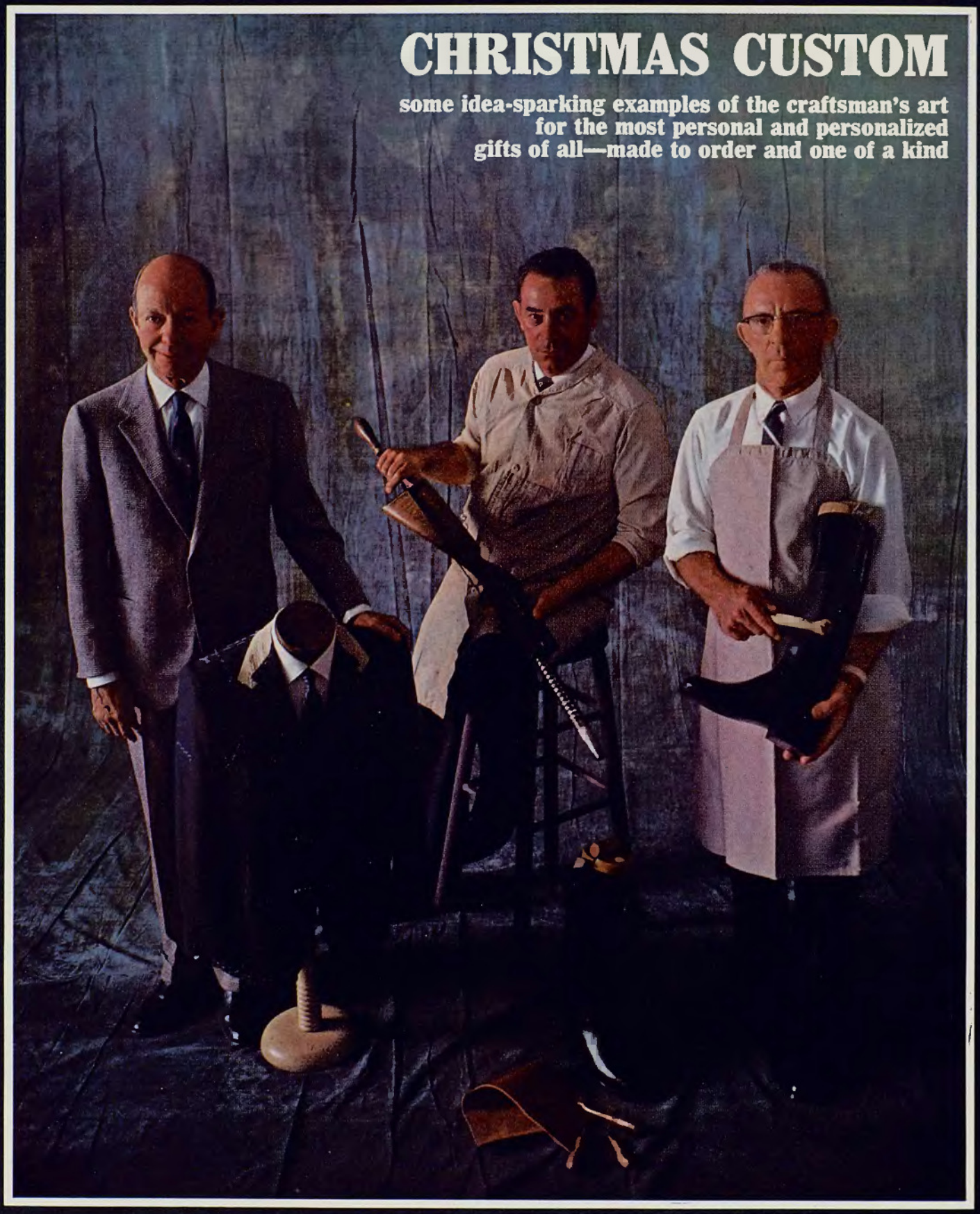
The Levelers' idea of a written constitution, however, was not adopted in England. Moreover, in the century during which America was settled by Englishmen, governmental restrictions on the individual at home intensified. Under Queen Elizabeth, it had become high treason to call her a tyrant and to even imagine bodily harm to her. It was no longer necessary for the state to prove that an overt act had been committed; mere expression of hostile opinion could lead to death. Also under Elizabeth, restrictions on the press were greatly increased. In a country in which church and state were united, a series of heresy, felony and treason statutes were directed against publishers and writers.

When the American Constitution was proposed and adopted, the inhabitants of this country included many people who, by reason of personal experience or beliefs, or through close kinship with

(continued on page 238)

CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

some idea-sparking examples of the craftsman's art for the most personal and personalized gifts of all—made to order and one of a kind



Norman Block of Dunhill Tailors (New York) makes suits from a wide variety of British fabrics. Suits without vests start at $335. A dinner jacket, $380. There are approximately 3 fittings, and the whole procedure from start to finish takes about 6 weeks.

John Realmuto of Griffin & Howe Division of Abercrombie & Fitch & Co. (New York, Palm Beach, Chicago, San Francisco) will make and engrave virtually any type of gun for $750 to $1500. Delivery time depends on degree of detailing.

Fred Vahey of Miller Harness Co., Inc. (New York), can produce almost any kind of boot or shoe. The handmade waxed-calf hunt boot with patent-leather top he is holding costs $145 a pair, and takes approximately 3 to 4 weeks to make.

Philip Simonelli of Alfred Dunhill of London, Inc. (New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco), will make just about anything (pot excluded) for smoking. Here he holds a churchwarden pipe, $45. On the scale is a Dunhill custom pipe tobacco, $6.60 per pound.

Douglas Cooper of Keep & Co. (New York) will make individually designed shirts in a wide variety of white, colored, striped or patterned, domestic or imported shirtings. Prices start at $19.50 a shirt. Delivery time is approximately 4 to 5 weeks.

Henry Koehler (New York, Southampton), a portrait artist with a wide international following in both social and business worlds, will paint portraits of people, animals or buildings. His fee is $3000, and there are usually 3 sittings.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

Richard D. Kaplan, AIA (New York), will custom design the house of anyone's dreams for a fee of 15 percent of total cost. With architect Kaplan is a model of an ingenious multilevel beachhouse that is supported by telephone poles.

Darrell Landrum of Avard (New York) designs and produces modern furniture in wood, steel, glass or plastic. Prices vary depending on specific furniture. Waiting time is 8 to 10 weeks. Some of Landrum's designs are in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

John Fitch (Falls Village, Conn.), who builds special versions of the Corvair and Toronado, now offers a landau-topped sports car, the Phoenix, which has a Corvair engine and an Italian-made body. Delivery time is 2 months; the price is $8700.

SKIING EUROPE *(continued from page 140)*

tires and that the battery is well charged. Sports cars can be rented at Geneva through A. Welti-Furrer, rue Jean-Jaquet, 12. Telephone 31.13.80.

After the War, any American who had not visited Kitzbühel, been fitted for a pair of Haderer ski boots or bought *Lederhosen* and a stack of yodel records had not skied Europe. Kitzbühel skiing is reasonably good until the end of February; ski instruction is first-rate: there are girls aplenty; and Tyrolean evenings, night skiing, gambling and clubbing will keep you hopping.

By now, Austrian girls know what an American is all about—and they like him. Furthermore, their enthusiasm for fun on or off the slopes never wanes. Their skiing prowess has been modeled after generations of Olympic champions, and their social warmth probably stems from a strong feeling for mountains that have been humanized. On skis they are trim, active and hard to keep up with; but once you latch onto one, you will find that they are far more receptive than, say, the French girls, who seem to have an initial distrust of foreigners. Austrian girls smile easily, and the ski lifts (Kitzbühel has two aerial trams, nine chair lifts and four T-bars) were designed not only for getting you up the mountain faster but for getting you there together. Along or at the bottom of almost every *piste* you'll find convenient hostels where you can stop to rest and slake your thirst with a schnapps or a *Skiwasser*.

If you are staying at Kitzbühel's Goldener Greif, where rates run $18–$20 per day, including food, you may want to invite your new schussbooming friend to take a plunge in the hotel's swimming pool before drinks; or you can simply pick her up at her place and have a drink at the Schlosshotel Münichau—a refurbished Gothic castle that guards the town from three miles out. A good, not-too-chic restaurant, by the way, is *Frau* Unterberger's Alt Kitzbühel, where the specialties are *paella*, deer steak Diana and zither and harp players dressed in *Lederhosen*. After dinner, plan to return to the Guido Reisch for dancing or to the Greif's casino to try your hand at roulette and baccarat before attempting other more sensual pursuits.

Surrounded by mountains, no other city in the Alps is as ski-conscious in winter and as mountain-climbing crazy in summer as Innsbruck. You would hardly know that the 1964 winter Olympics took place there, because signs of luxury seem to embarrass the thrift-minded Tyroleans. Because of the Brenner Pass, Innsbruck has, since the Crusades, been a gateway to the rest of Europe. If possible, arrange your trip so as to arrive by plane during daylight, which will afford you stunning views of the town and the outlying ski resorts.

Night life centers around the Hotel Maria Theresia, where entertainment is provided for every taste. In the smoky beer cellar, an oompah band is accompanied by stamping feet, raised beer mugs and crackling pretzels—a smaller version of Munich's *Hofbräuhaus*. Businessmen take foreign visitors to the hotel's swinging Queen Bar. The jazz band there is changed every two weeks. The Schindler Café, also in the hotel, caters to a wild rock-'n'-roll crowd. On the dignified Maria-Theresien-Strasse, you'll see good-looking girls in loden capes and carrying skis board trolley cars; and, just in case you're interested, the University of Innsbruck is better known for its ski course than for its literature department.

More *gemütlich* Innsbruck night life is found in the Bacchus Keller, where a three- or four-man combo plays romantic music and where the food is excellent.

Compared with Kitzbühel, Innsbruck, which is fundamentally a city and not a ski resort, is relatively quiet. Near the railroad station, hotels such as the Tyrol and the Europa offer first-rate accommodations and international food; but to get an inkling of the Middle Ages atmosphere and the genuine charm of Innsbruck, you must wander through the narrow streets of the *Altstadt*, where, in several restaurants, *Landler* (farmers' music) is still preferred to jazz. The Goldener Adler is tops for this kind of entertainment. Since Innsbruck girls don't generally congregate in bars (the exception is the student-dominated Domino *discothèque*), the best place to meet a local girl is on the lift lines or at the Olympic Ice Stadium.

Two excellent eateries, both of which are on the main drag, are the Alt-Innsprugg, which specializes in Viennese fare, and Delevo, where one of the palate teasers is *Zigeunerspiess* (gypsy food). But the place to take that very special *Fräulein* you meet is the Gasthof Wilder Mann in the small village of Lans, a mile or two from Igls. Seated at a rubbed wooden table, you are served such Old World delicacies as *Tiroler Gerstl Rahmschnitzl* with *Spätzle* and *Bauernschmaus*. The red *Hauswein* is a fine complement to this wholesome fare.

Skiing in this region, especially in the Lizum, 30 minutes by bus from Innsbruck, is excellent. The chair lifts to the Hoadl and Birgitzköpfl, where five Olympic downhill events were staged, serve open slopes. Snow cover is unusually good and wind is negligible. Or try Igls, a favorite English colony resort like Switzerland's Wengen and Grindelwald, three and one half miles up from Innsbruck, where the skiing is tamer and hotel life more animated. One of the best hotels is the plush Iglerhof; a room with bath runs about $8 per day with Continental breakfast. Entertainment starts with five-o'clock tea dancing and, after dinner, continues with visits to the numerous bars and pubs.

The open slopes, dependable powder snow, excellent ski schools and a highly developed interconnecting system of lifts have justly made Austria's Arlberg one of the most popular ski regions on the Continent. St. Anton, Zürs and Lech—the three principal towns in the area around the Arlberg Pass—each have a special appeal. At St. Anton, the breathtaking three-section Valluga tram rises 9275 feet; the views of the Austrian and Swiss Alps are endless; and the downhill runs, long and full of variety. St. Anton, rich in ski history, is a ski town, not much else. Hotels and inns line both sides of the road, and lift facilities of all kinds dot the *pistes*. The best hotel is the Post, and the only restaurant with a semblance of local color (try their juicy *Wiener Schnitzel*) and good beer is the smoky Bahnhof Café.

Higher up, snow cover at Zürs, on the other side of the Flexen Pass, is often better than at St. Anton and Lech. Zürs is more exclusive, smaller, with eight hotels in the luxury class. Night life centers on the hotels Edelweiss and Alpenrose. An aerial tram runs to near the 8927-foot summit of the Trittkopf, from which one can ski down to the Flexen Pass or back to Zürs. On the other side of town, two chair lifts serving open slopes run up to the Mahdloch Joch, from which the long, delightful descent to Lech or Zug begins.

Lech, on the other hand, is a charming Austrian ski village of chalets, hotels, shops and, of course, ski lifts. If you need a pair of handmade ski boots, visit the shop of Martin Strolz, who, like Wengen's Karl Molitor, went from ski racing to bootmaking. You may even want to stay in Strolz' impeccable Haus Ambrosius, where for about $9 a day you can have a room with bath and two meals. One of the better hotels is the Tannberger Hof, where the swinging Lech set hangs out. Many small restaurants lie outside of town and can be reached either by horse sleigh or by foot through a romantic wood, where the feeding of deers can be watched.

Incidentally, it pays, when skiing in Austria's Arlberg region (including Stuben, where there is a two-section chair

(continued on page 234)

"Frankly, what with Harry's brooding over Vietnam, inflation, Negro uprisings, air pollution, student protests, and the John Birch Society, it's solving our problem of birth control."

THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

By
ARTHUR KNIGHT
and
HOLLIS ALPERT

PART TWELVE: THE FIFTIES—HOLLYWOOD GROWS UP

in a decade dominated by censorship battles, american moviemakers won the right to produce motion pictures with adult themes and dialog

BY 1950, Hollywood had become painfully aware that it was no longer the principal purveyor of entertainment to the American public. That dubious honor now belonged to the burgeoning television industry, and it became crystal-clear to even the most myopic film tycoon that, as television antennas sprouted across the land, box-office takes from the cinemas were shrinking accordingly. For a time it appeared that the magic box in the parlor would provide some rival sexual titillation, too—at least until the new industry adopted regulatory practices of its own. Millions of early male viewers ogled the extensive cleavage of Dagmar and Faye Emerson, while housewives thrilled to the unctuous accents of a chap called The Continental, who invited female viewers to visit his luxurious bachelor apartment and sample the delightful preliminaries to what was, presumably, a vicarious seduction.

The reaction in Hollywood was at first dismay and then panic. Huge backlogs of old films were sold off in an effort to balance the financial statements, and when these appeared on the home screens, fewer people than ever were willing to pay hard cash for the not-too-dissimilar stuff in the theaters. The neighborhood moviehouse gave way to the drive-in, mainly because necking privileges were included in the price of admission. Hollywood cut back on its production, from an average of 400 feature films a year to fewer than 200. Some of the favorite stars of the Forties were given their walking papers in the Fifties and, when the studios virtually ceased their star-building programs, took to making monstrous monetary demands for their services. The post-War tax structure favored the independent contractor, whether a star, a producer, a writer or a director. Tax lawyers and agents became part of the Hollywood power establishment. Symbolically, the most lordly studio head of all, L. B. Mayer, was forced into retirement in 1951, signaling the demise of the studio system as it had flourished for 30 years.

A radical change in the content of motion pictures probably would have occurred in any event, for the industry Production Code, long the arbiter of cinema morality, clearly had lost its effectiveness by the end of the Forties. But now a rash of independent producers rose up to challenge the studio assembly-line procedures and, while more or less hand tooling their pictures, insisted on control of content, too. The Federal Government had already helped their cause when, in 1948, antitrust rulings were handed down—ending the practice of block booking (by which studios were able to foist whole-year schedules of as-yet-unproduced films on company-controlled exhibitors), divorcing exhibition from production and, almost incidentally, granting motion pictures a degree of freedom unknown since the Supreme Court in 1915 had ruled that they were not entitled to constitutional guarantees of free speech. When the Supreme Court gave its ruling on "divorcement" of theaters in 1948, Justice William O. Douglas wrote, in his majority opinion: "We have no doubt that moving pictures, like newspapers and radio, are included in the press whose freedom is guaranteed by the First Amendment."

No sooner had the new decade begun than the clamor for more "mature" film fare grew louder and shriller. One large target was the system of taboos embodied

OVERT EROTICA: *Until the Fifties, sexual variations such as those depicted in Tennessee Williams' passion-packed works were taboo topics for the screen. Top: In "A Streetcar Named Desire," the brutish Stanley Kowalski (Marlon Brando) raped Blanche (Vivien Leigh), his sexually tormented sister-in-law. Sexpot Carroll Baker portrayed an oral-erotic child-woman in "Baby Doll." Center: "The Rose Tattoo," with Anna Magnani and Burt Lancaster, rocked the audience as well as the bed. In "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Paul Newman ignored wife Elizabeth Taylor's finer points. Above: Taylor's ample charms were no less wasted on a homosexual friend, whose cannibalistic death she witnesses in "Suddenly, Last Summer."*

ILLICIT SEX: *Carnal carryings-on abounded in U. S. films of the Fifties, but the protagonists usually paid for their indiscretions in the final reel. Top: In "Tea and Sympathy," Deborah Kerr served as a sexual proving ground for John Kerr, a reputed homosexual. She also committed adultery with Burt Lancaster in "From Here to Eternity." Above: "The Blackboard Jungle" dramatized big-city student-teacher relationships—including the attempted rape of Margaret Hayes. "Sunset Boulevard" cast William Holden as Gloria Swanson's kept man. Below: Ava Gardner was a tireless temptress in "The Barefoot Contessa." In "East of Eden," James Dean revealed to his stunned brother that their supposedly dead mom was really a lively madam.*

in the Production Code. Critic Gilbert Seldes, in his *The Great Audience* (1950), charged that Hollywood had hastened its own decline by alienating millions of Americans beyond the age of 30 through its insipid handling of love, sex, marriage and divorce. Sam Goldwyn, long a successful and ruggedly independent producer, joined the attack from within the industry. He attacked not only the Code but the combined forces of local, state and religious censorship. "Most of our pictures," he declared in language relatively free of Goldwynisms, "have little if any real substance. Our fear of what the censors will do keeps us from portraying life as it really is. We wind up with a lot of empty little fairy tales that do not have much relation to anything." The pious Code document withstood these assaults for the first half of the decade, but it became, so to speak, more negotiable. The sorely beset film industry was willing to try any nostrum to get audiences back into the theaters, and when it occurred to executives that "maturity" in pictures included more liberality in the treatment of sex, they were suddenly anxious to grow up.

Sunset Boulevard, made by the talented team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder and released early in 1950, helped set the new mood. Told against a then-contemporary Hollywood background, this mordant film resuscitated that all-but-forgotten star of the Twenties, Gloria Swanson. In a role tailored to her age and still-svelte appearance, she appeared as a faded queen of the silent cinema who still nurses her illusions of glory. Trapped in her web of decayed grandeur and clammy sex is an unemployed young screenwriter who finds it temporarily advantageous to share the former star's sumptuous bed. With a sardonic wink at the Code's insistence on compensatory punishment for sin, Brackett and Wilder had the young man (William Holden) tell his sorry tale (as an off-screen narrator) while floating face down in the star's swimming pool, shot dead by her after he has dared to trample on her illusions. Later in the year, writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz took the Broadway theater apart with some of the most corrosive and brittle dialog yet to be heard on the American screen, in *All About Eve*. Mankiewicz showed a sweet-faced and supposedly "sincere" ingénue (Anne Baxter) using any means, sexual included, to claw her way to dramatic stardom and to supplant an established star who has lost her physical appeal (Bette Davis) in the same process. Sex unaccompanied by wiles or brains was symbolized, ironically, in the as-yet-unfamiliar person of Marilyn Monroe, who appeared as the mistress of an august but lecherous theater critic (George Sanders). The few lines she was given to speak were in a

DECODED: *Soon after Otto Preminger's "The Moon Is Blue" (top) and "The Man with the Golden Arm" (center) hit it big without a Seal, the once-powerful Production Code was reduced to an impotent set of strictures. In 1959, Chicago censors banned sexual courtroom dialog in his "Anatomy of a Murder" (above); Preminger challenged and won.*

UNHAPPY STATE OF AFFAIRS: *In "A Place in the Sun," the turbulent triangle of Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters ended tragically. Katharine Hepburn and Jennifer Jones (star-crossed with Italian inamoratos Rossano Brazzi and Clift) loved and lost in "Summertime" and "Indiscretion of an American Wife."*

groove, however, that was later to become familiar to the world. During a fancy opening-night party, she asks a passing servant with a tray, "Oh, waiter, may I have a drink?" Sanders explains to her that the man she has addressed is not a waiter but a butler. "But I couldn't say, 'Oh, butler,'" Marilyn responds. "Suppose there was somebody named Butler at the party?" Sanders manfully consoles himself for her verbal ineptitude by concentrating on the entrancing cleft made by Marilyn's bosom as it overflows her tight white-satin evening dress.

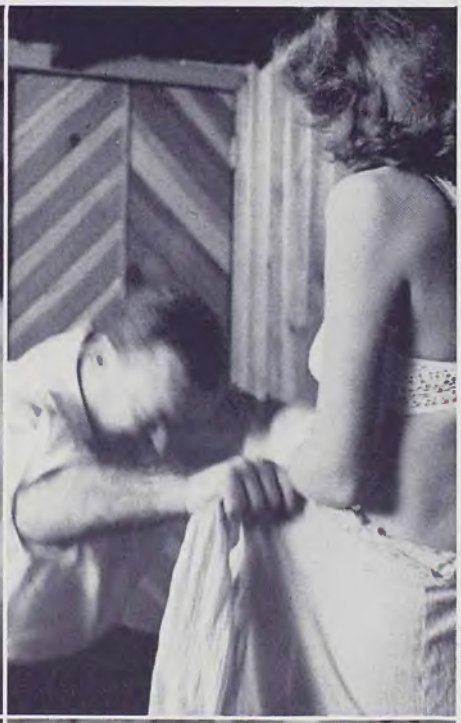
That Hollywood was growing up—not without censorial pains—was made further apparent the next year by George Stevens' film rendering of Dreiser's cumbersome, powerful novel, *An American Tragedy*. Retitling the early-Twenties work *A Place in the Sun* and making it contemporary, Stevens managed to deal realistically with such once-ticklish subject matter as an illicit affair (between the late Montgomery Clift and Shelley Winters), an unwanted pregnancy, an attempt at abortion and a young man's unwillingness to give up his chances for love and success (embodied in a young society girl played by Elizabeth Taylor) by marrying the factory girl he has impregnated. While he is technically innocent of murder, the culpability for the pregnant girl's death by drowning is his. When he is sent to the electric chair, it is clearly society that is being indicted by Stevens for the tragedy. Shrewd editing and fluid directorial technique proved eloquent enough to convey the full impact of the theme even when the dialog became circumspect, as in the scene in which Shelley Winters sees a doctor in the hope he *(text continued on page 171)*

THE MATING GAME: *Proffering a knothole view of small-town sex, "Picnic" starred William Holden as an all-American stud in pursuit of Kim Novak, the girl next door. In "Bonjour Tristesse," Jean Seberg, Mylène Demongeot and David Niven indulged in urbane Continental-style cavorting.*

PSEUDO SEX: *Above—Big-budgeted "Peyton Place" ended up as canned corn. In one scene, mother Lana Turner catches the neighborhood kids necking. MGM cheapie "High School Confidential," starring cantilevered Mamie Van Doren, was a typically titillating teenage sexploitation film.*

COMIC TOUCH: *Above—The sophomoric high jinks of boudoir Bobbsey twins Rock Hudson and Doris Day in such slick sex comedies as "Pillow Talk" were silly but successful. Others—including "Indiscreet," which paired Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman as unmarried lovers—were more polished. Below—It was director Billy Wilder, however, who brought true sexual sophistication to U. S. films with the Fifties' funniest farces: "The Seven Year Itch" with Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell; and "Some Like It Hot," co-starring MM with Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon.*

THE PRUDE AND THE PASSION: *Throughout the Fifties, censors seized every opportunity to abbreviate—or expunge—screen sequences they deemed too sexy for American audiences. In "Killer's Kiss," one of Stanley Kubrick's first films, Jamie Smith found Irene Kane a soft touch (right); the steamy seduction scene was snipped. Erskine Caldwell's best seller "God's Little Acre" was brought to the screen in 1958 sans a scene (below) in which the sex-crazed Will, a Georgia mountaineer, rips a dress off the ravishing Griselda and tears it to shreds. Prior to release, United Artists shot the sequence with the film's two stars—Aldo Ray and Tina Louise—strictly for publicity purposes. Howard Hughes' "The French Line" (center) also ran into roadblocks when the keepers of the Code objected to a provocative bump-and-grind by Jane Russell; over Hughes' objections, some of the offending footage was cut. Sex—when rationalized with religious overtones—occasionally slipped past the censors, as in "Lady Godiva" (far right, center), in which Maureen O'Hara's barebacked ride was supervised by a stone-faced nun. Two other films of the Fifties (far right, bottom) that ran afoul of the censors were "The Indian Fighter" with Kirk Douglas, which originally included close-up nude scenes—later cut—of Elsa Martinelli; and "The Naked Maja," in which Anthony Franciosa, as Goya, brought history to voluptuous life on the screen by limning a nude portrait of the Duchess of Alba, played by Ava Gardner. But when United Artists publicists circulated postcards of the painting to promote the film, post-office officials attempted to ban them from the mails. This time the authorities lost.*



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will help her abort her pregnancy. It was the first time that any major studio—Paramount, in this case—had dealt with the subject. In contrast with the drabness of the girl's plight, Stevens used huge close-ups of Clift and Miss Taylor, amid scenes of luxury, to indicate their passionate yearning for each other.

This work by Stevens, regarded as an artistic triumph, encountered no censorial opposition. Such was not the case with *A Streetcar Named Desire*, released by Warner Bros. about the same time. Before its production, Joseph Breen, then the Code administrator, had warned against filming the successful play, filled as it was with the perversities of Tennessee Williams' sex-haunted world. When Warners ignored the warning and backed the production, Breen advised the producer, Charles Feldman, that the play's content, rife with intimations of homosexuality and nymphomania, and including an exceedingly violent rape scene, would require stringent revision. Homosexuality, he stated, was not mentionable in the American cinema, and the rape scene, in which the brutish Stanley Kowalski violates his sister-in-law Blanche DuBois, while his wife is having his child in a hospital—so crucial to the tragic story—would have to be toned down.

Elia Kazan, who had also directed the play, and Williams, as the screen adapter, were confident they could conform to the Code provisions—if they would give a little—while preserving the essential nature of the original. As one concession, Williams agreed to substitute the term "unmanliness" to indicate the homosexuality of Blanche's former husband; her own nymphomania stems from the shock of learning about his preference for men, and from his suicide. Williams also agreed to relinquish several "damns" and "hells" in the script. But he could not stomach Breen's incessant attacks on the all-important rape scene.

He wrote to Breen: "*Streetcar* is an extremely and peculiarly moral play, in the deepest and truest sense of the term. . . . The rape of Blanche by Stanley is a

NUDITY—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC: *In an attempt to ensure box-office success overseas, American moviemakers adopted an old Continental trick: shooting two versions of the same sexy sequence—the tame one for Stateside consumption. In a love scene from "Cry Tough" (left, top and center), Linda Cristal's modest nightgown was replaced for export by a more transparent model. Foreign audiences also saw a far more revealing—and uninhibited—bedroom scene. "The Angry Hills" (bottom left) offered Robert Mitchum two different looks at a Greek belly dancer; the topless sequence was seen abroad. In "The Ambassador's Daughter" (right), John Forsythe and Olivia de Havilland saw both a covered and an uncovered Parisian revue.*

pivotal, integral truth in the play, without which the play loses its meaning . . . the ravishment of the tender, the sensitive, the delicate, by the savage and brutal forces of modern society." Not only would the scene not be sacrificed, Williams insisted, but he and Kazan would fight with every means at their disposal to protect the integrity of the work. *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor*, by Murray Schumach, from which the above letter excerpt is borrowed, details Breen's seeming capitulation to Williams and Kazan and then his subsequent petty hacking away at other items in the script that he deemed objectionable. But finally the film was completed and was revealed to be a signal Hollywood achievement, aided in great measure by Marlon Brando's magnetic performance as Stanley Kowalski and Vivien Leigh's as the tremulous Blanche. Kim Hunter's portrayal of Stella, Kowalski's wife, revealed a young woman willing to pardon a husband's crudity in return for the evident physical satisfactions he provided; it proved to be of Academy Award caliber. Such was the stature of the original play that Code interference was not altogether ruinous, although most critics agreed that the Broadway version had been considerably franker.

But now entered the Catholic Legion of Decency, and it was largely owing to a letter written by Kazan to *The New York Times* in late 1951, and published in a Sunday edition, that the public was able to learn some astonishing facts about the devious workings of Catholic attempts at censorship and studio cooperation therein:

> Warner Bros. and Charles K. Feldman, who jointly produced *Streetcar*, had shown courage in purchasing a fine and unusual play. They had been extremely cooperative and exceptionally generous throughout the making of the picture. . . . By last summer the picture was finished. We had received the approval of the Breen Office, certifying that it conformed to the requirement of the picture industry's moral code. Previews were behind us. The last cuts had been agreed upon. *Streetcar* was booked into Radio City Music Hall, and I was in Hollywood once more, at work on another picture, for another studio.
>
> Then I heard that Warners had canceled the booking. Then one day, quite by accident, I learned that the cutter who had worked with me on *Streetcar* had been sent to New York. I began to ask questions. After delays and evasions, which are significant only because of the nervousness they betrayed, I received reluctant answers. An executive of Warners was kind enough to explain to me, at least in part, what was going on: Warners had learned that the Legion of Decency was about to give the picture a C or "Condemned" rating. This would mean that people of the Roman Catholic faith would be instructed not to see it.
>
> The studio's reaction was one of panic. They had a sizable investment in the picture, and they at once assumed that no Catholic would buy a ticket. They feared further that theaters showing the picture would be picketed, might be threatened with boycotts of as long as a year's duration if they dared to show it, that priests would be stationed in lobbies to take down the names of parishioners who attended. I was told that all these things had happened in Philadelphia when a picture with a C rating was shown there, and, further, that the rating was an invitation for every local censor board in the country to snipe at a picture, to require cuts or to ban it altogether.
>
> . . . The Legion of Decency did not want to appear as censors. They simply view finished work and pronounce their verdict. As nearly as I could gather, Warners were begging to be told what changes might be made in order to avoid the dreaded rating, while the Legion repeated it was not theirs to censor, but only to say if the picture was decent for Catholic eyes and ears. But of course if a new version were submitted, they could not refuse to rule upon it . . .
>
> I decided to get to New York as fast as I could. Here I was introduced to a prominent Catholic layman, who informed me that he himself, giving time and thought and great care to the matter, had suggested the cuts in my picture. His presence was at the invitation of Warner Bros., and he had striven to bridge between the picture's artistic achievement . . . and "the primacy of the moral order" as interpreted by himself, in conformity with the Legion's standards. There had been no overt involvement of the Legion, which had then passed the cut version.

Kazan had stumbled upon a method of cooperation between studio heads and the Legion of Decency that was hardly unique. In fact, as independent production gathered momentum in Hollywood and the studios were more and more relegated to the financing, distribution and publicity functions of motion-picture making, it became relatively common practice for the studios to write into their contracts with producers, clauses that made those producers responsible for both a Code Seal and no worse than a B rating from the Legion of Decency; otherwise, severe financial penalties would ensue Thus, in cases where a B rating was in doubt, it made good economic sense to call in Legion liaison people, after the "final" cut, to make certain that a B rating would be forthcoming and, if not, what sort of cutting would do the trick.

The suggested Catholic cuts in the case of *Streetcar* turned out to be relatively minor, taking away about four minutes from the "completed" film. According to Kazan, they ranged from "a trivial cut of three words, 'on the mouth' (following the words 'I would like to kiss you softly and sweetly') to a recutting of the wordless scene in which Stella comes down the stairway to Stanley after a quarrel." The recutting of this scene eliminated a piece of music as well, and it was explained to Kazan that both the close shots and the music made the girl's relationship to her husband "too carnal." Kazan could only rage impotently at the mutilations done to his film, and it was perhaps due to his effrontery in revealing to the influential *New York Times* readership the nature of the relationship between Hollywood and the Legion of Decency that he was later to incur, when he made *Baby Doll*, the full force of Catholic wrath.

• • •

It remained for Otto Preminger, the intransigent Viennese-born director and producer, to pose the first effective challenge of both Code and Legion power. Under the aegis of United Artists, a distribution firm that harbored a large clique of independent film makers, Preminger brought the long-running Broadway comedy *The Moon Is Blue* to the screen in 1953. The saucy little story had to do with a stage-struck newcomer to New York City (Maggie McNamara) encountering two competing would-be seducers (William Holden and David Niven) and blandly disarming both with her frank attitude toward sex, coupled with a firm resolve that any real action would first require a marriage license. By the end of the film, the sorely frustrated William Holden is willing to pay the price. On Broadway the F. Hugh Herbert play had been regarded as innocuous, but the same material on the screen was denied a Code Seal and branded with a C rating by the Legion. Preminger had decided to keep in the script (knowing, of course, that he would reap censorial disapproval and consequent publicity by so doing) dialog containing the words "seduce," "pregnant" and "professional virgin"—the last term aptly describing the type of girl played by Miss McNamara. The Code forbade the use of such words, said the Code administration, and therefore no Seal. The Legion had a more sweeping objection to the film, charging that it "seriously

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offends and tends to deny or ignore Christian standards of morality and decency, and dwells upon suggestiveness in situations and dialog."

United Artists, run by a lively and brainy group of directors that then included Arthur Krim and Max Youngstein, was aware that foreign films, much franker than American films on the whole, were intriguing the adult section of the American movie public as never before. They felt that this audience could hardly object to so innocuous a film as *The Moon Is Blue*. When Preminger decided to fight back, United Artists took the highly unusual step of releasing the film without a Seal. *The Moon Is Blue* went on to rack up an even greater gross than had originally been expected, although, if the customers had anticipated a bacchanalia on the screen, they were sadly disappointed. And Miss McNamara, attractive as she was, proved something less than a sex bomb. But as a result, both the Code and the Legion's C rating suffered some merited ridicule. Nearly ten years later, in 1962, the Motion Picture Association backtracked and gave *The Moon Is Blue* a Seal on the occasion of its rerelease. By then, there was much stronger sexual stuff on the screen for them to worry about.

In 1954, however, when Howard Hughes released *The French Line*, starring busty Jane Russell, there were still limits of sexual acceptability. The Code and the Legion again worked hand in hand. At issue this time was Miss Russell's celebrated bump-and-grind dance, made more vivid by a provocative costume with several peekaboo cutouts. Bosley Crowther reported in *The New York Times* that "there is no mistaking that the aim toward which the whole creation moves is merely that of calling attention to Miss Russell's avoirdupois." Miss Russell thought so, too. She complained to the press that her dance was made to appear indecent because of the camera focus upon her thighs and midsection during the dance. When, this time, several theater circuits refused to book *The French Line*, Hughes edited out some of the offending footage in order to qualify for a Seal. He got it in 1955, but by then the critical hatchet jobs on the preponderantly dull movie had already sent it into oblivion, and opponents of censorship felt that such shoddy material hardly merited a crusade on its behalf.

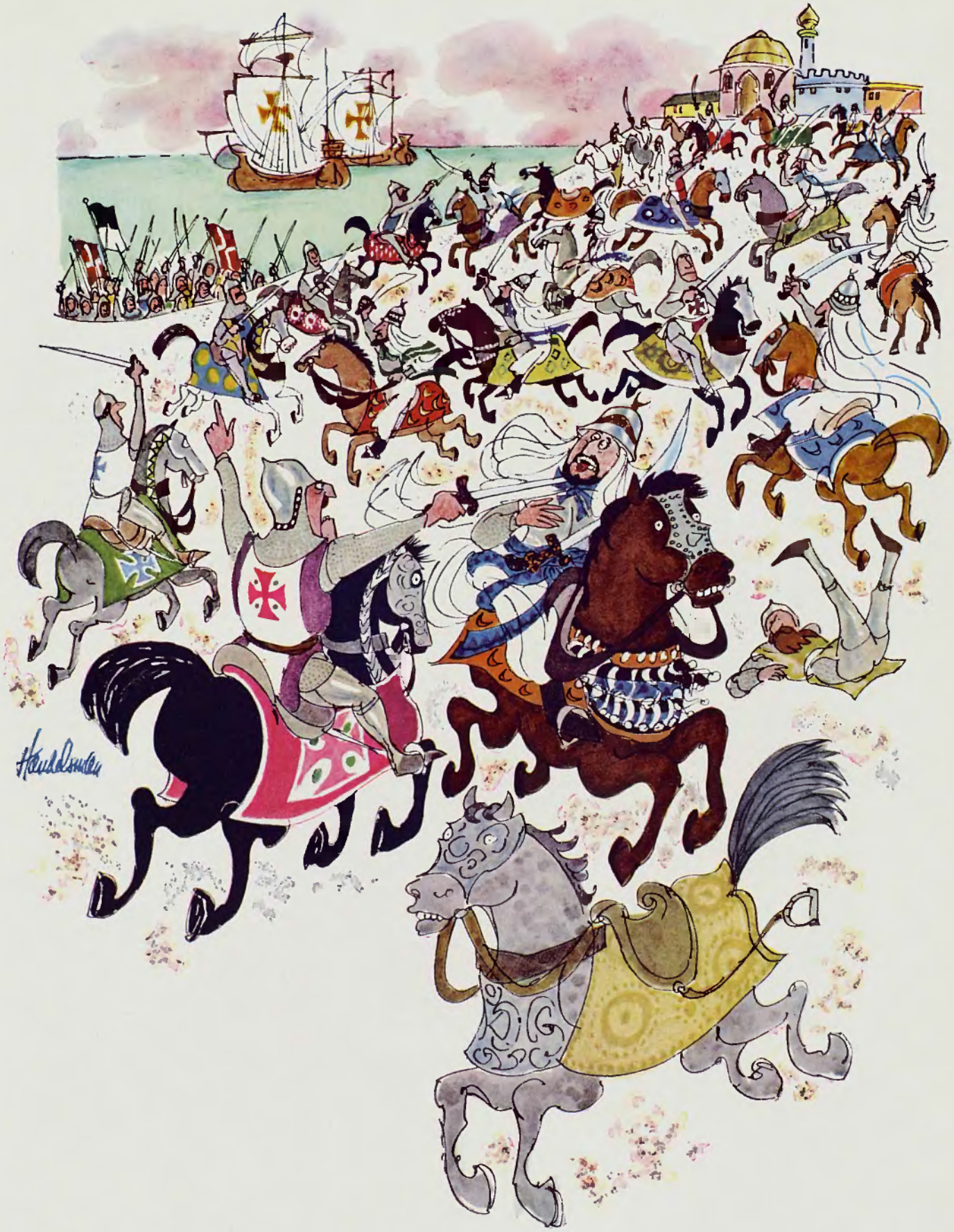
The expunging of footage likely to offend censors and Catholic Legionnaires was on occasion done without prior prodding. Young Stanley Kubrick, for example, hoping to make his mark in bold and independently financed moviemaking, included in *Killer's Kiss*, his second feature film, a more than ordinarily realistic bedroom sequence; but when United Artists bought the film for distribution, the sequence went the way of all such flesh. In the case of *God's Little Acre*, adapted from the gamy Erskine Caldwell novel, the potentially offending material was not even filmed. It was staged later for still-photo publicity uncoverage in which Aldo Ray, enacting a tableau from the novel's pages—not the scenario—literally tears a dress from Tina Louise's torso and rips it to shreds during a fit of sexual pique; but audiences saw no such thing in the laundered film. Nor were expectant moviegoers privileged to view Ava Gardner naked as the Duchess of Alba, Goya's celebrated lover and nude model in *The Naked Maja*. United Artists flacks seized the opportunity to promote both the film and the fine arts by reproducing the classic painting and sending it around as a postcard mailer. Officials of the Post Office Department, trained to equate nudity with obscenity, attempted (unsuccessfully) to bar the reproduction from the mails. During the Fifties, American moviemakers also began to turn out nude and non-nude versions of some of their movies, reversing the familiar now-you-see-it-now-you-don't ploy of foreign film producers: covering up their female stars for American audiences and unveiling them to the rest of the world. In either case, it was the American public that wound up with the "safe" version. One such picture, *Cry Tough*, a story of Puerto Rican gang life in New York, featured John Saxon and Linda Cristal in some steamy bedroom doings. For domestic consumption, Miss Cristal was seen in a modest nightgown, but the export version of the same scene showed her in a transparent negligee, and totally topless in a horizontal clinch with Saxon. In the European version of *The Angry Hills*, a story of wartime Greece, Robert Mitchum is seen eying a bare-breasted belly dancer in a smoky bistro. As shown in the United States, her undulating assets were demurely haltered. Similarly, in *The Ambassador's Daughter*, an American film shot on location in Paris, a night-club revue is shown; for the American public, the chorines were modestly brassiered, but for sophisticated Europeans they were shown topless.

If the American film industry through its M. P. A. A. continued to "reassure" the public that the letter and spirit of the Code would remain in force, its new mood of boldness was apparent in the kinds of stories bought for the screen. One notable choice was James Jones' lengthy, rutty novel, *From Here to Eternity*. Laced with four-letter words, uncompromising in its revelations of peacetime Army behavior in Hawaii, it explored the brothels of Honolulu and detailed a steamy affair between an enlisted man and the wife of his commanding officer. The majority of the nation's literary critics hailed the novel as a more earthy extension of the Hemingway tradition, and it soon reached the heights of best-sellerdom. But it gave offense, too, particularly to *Life* magazine, which harshly attacked it in an editorial headed "From Here to Obscenity." Columbia's hardheaded Harry Cohn, although hardly a judge of literary merit, nevertheless purchased the book for filming, and an able team comprised of producer Buddy Adler, screenwriter Dan Taradash and director Fred Zinneman went to work, with the aim of preserving the book's emotional force while conquering what were bound to be Breen Office objections. These came quickly.

Breen, first of all, was horrified by the affair between the enlisted man and his commander's wife, played by Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr. Breen informed Cohn that this section was handled "without any recognition of the immorality of their relationship. . . . It will be necessary to have a strong voice for morality [in the script] by which their immoral relationship will be denounced and the proper moral evaluation of it expressed." Taradash went to discuss this point personally with Breen and, irritated to the verge of explosion, asked: "What do you want me to do? Have her walk around with a sign saying, 'I have sinned!'?" The compromise agreed upon, finally, was that Deborah Kerr would mention to Lancaster that their relationship was wrong, and that she would tell her unsavory officer husband that they deserved each other.

Taradash, backed up by Zinneman, refused to put more clothing on Miss Kerr during her willing seduction by Lancaster on the sands of Waikiki. Lancaster wore bathing trunks in the scene, while she wore a white bathing suit that looked fleshy in the evening light. To assuage the supposed shock to audience sensibilities, Breen thought it would be advisable for Miss Kerr or the rugged Lancaster to "put on a beach robe or some other type of clothing before going into an embrace." The position of Taradash and Zinneman was that wearing anything at all in an embrace of such passion would prove protective encumbrance enough. They won their point; and when, in the final print, the waves rolled in and crashed and foamed on the sands, there was little doubt for the audience that a grand climax had been reached by the two lovers.

Taradash later said, after having been forced into a series of compromises: "I suppose a screenwriter subconsciously adds a special protective layer to his mental and artistic soul when he undertakes the writing of such a film." As of 1953, when the film was released, screenwriters still had to resort to thinly veiled subterfuges to keep all but the deaf and blind from knowing what was really going on. Thus it was that Jones' Honolulu brothel, where a lonely soldier, Montgomery Clift, meets resident "hostess" Donna Reed, had to be converted into a "club" where soldiers could dance with hostesses



"Let all bitterness and wrath and evil speaking be put away from you . . . and be ye kind, tenderhearted and forgiving. Ephesians, chapter 4, verses 31–2."

and hire rooms upstairs for more intimate conversation. In the opinion of Breen, audiences would easily accept the validity of such an institution in the wide-open Honolulu of 1941, and would accept, too, the notion that any soldier would gladly use his hard-earned pittance to pay for a room where he could have a chat with a strange girl.

Subterfuges such as these not only occasioned amusement among the sophisticated and perhaps bewildered the innocent, but they certainly marred the realism of many a film. They could also provide a special sort of fun, however, when managed by a masterly hand such as Alfred Hitchcock's. That sly, portly director enjoyed hoodwinking the censors, and he reached the apogee of his merriment in *To Catch a Thief*, a colorful 1955 tale of Riviera intrigue and innuendo that starred the glamorous pair Grace Kelly and Cary Grant. Grant plays a suave, reformed cat burglar who must apprehend a slippery jewel robber in order to establish his own innocence; he is also intent on thawing out a very rich and seemingly icy American, played by Miss Kelly. Hitchcock first set his playful mood by having the duo enjoy a picnic lunch. "Do you want a breast or a leg?" Grace asks Cary, presumably referring to a hamper of chicken parts. Locking his gaze significantly to her own counterparts, Cary replies politely, "I'll leave the choice to you." Later he gets the opportunity to enjoy a fuller repast with Grace in her hotel suite. They are alone, Miss Kelly has thawed out delightfully, and they share a love seat. Outside, a fireworks display is lighting up the Riviera sky. As the two engage in ever-more-fervent embraces, Hitchcock intersperses cuts of the fire-filled heavens. Finally, when it appears as though Grace and Cary are going to make out on the screen, Hitchcock focuses his camera on the most spectacular pyrotechnical burst of all. The screen is filled with the rocket's red glare, and the next we see of Grace and Cary, of course, is several hours later. Oddly, this tongue-in-cheek symbolism caused nary a murmur of complaint, although this may have been due to the fact that Geoffrey Shurlock, who had by then replaced Joseph Breen as Code administrator, was a more understanding censor.

During much of the Fifties, Hollywood continued to employ a virtual catalog of symbolistic effects, the assumption being that the knowing would grasp their meaning, while the naïve would remain blissfully ignorant. The cut, the dissolve and the fade-out were useful for more than film punctuation. A screen hero had merely to look longingly into a girl's eyes; hers would melt submissively, and a fade-out would establish for the audience the resolution of the tender moment. David Lean, for example, used Hitchcock's fireworks motif, more seriously in this case, to show the consummation of an affair between Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in *Summertime*. No less familiar were such pictorial devices as smoldering logs suddenly blazing up in a fireplace (entry achieved), waves crashing on a beach (climax, as in *From Here to Eternity*) and guttering candles (sexual completion). When, in *Not as a Stranger*, director Stanley Kramer caused a stallion to rear up and whinny as Robert Mitchum responded to the provocative glance of Gloria Grahame, audiences, long indoctrinated to such devices, knew that Mitchum was about to prove his potency to Miss Grahame in no uncertain terms. The subsequent fade-out, of course, only gave more emphasis to what was already laughably clear. "Kramer," said an associate of his, "could have shown Bob and Gloria in a bedroom, their clothes half off, but in this case he thought the stallion would be more artistic."

Not always was the symbolism consciously intended, according to Alfred Towne in *Neurotica*, a psychoanalytically oriented periodical of the early Fifties. "The Western film and its hero," he wrote, "is fast becoming America's number-one candidate for the cultural couch." He saw in the gun, the six-shooter, "a barefaced potency symbol," and the plots were "fantastic in their blatant homosexuality." The Western hero played by John Wayne, he went on, was a "perennial father surrogate." And he saw, too, "an ever-clarifying pattern of rejection of women," as revealed in the all-male patronage of frontier bars, the phallic whiskey bottles, the guns ever ready for action, the low status of the "bad" women in the saloons, which is to say, the sexually willing women, the worship of the "good," or sexually unwilling woman from Boston or Philadelphia. But Towne's perhaps overly Freudian view was based more on the Westerns of the Forties and the television series of the Fifties. In the face of TV competition, the Western, too, had begun to take on mature characteristics, and reached cinematic high points in such films as *High Noon* and *Shane*, in which the guns used were less phallic than social in their implications. (On the other hand, adult Westerns were in one case, at least, more adult for foreign audiences than for Americans. In *The Indian Fighter*, starring Kirk Douglas, an Indian maid, played by Elsa Martinelli, takes time out for a nude dip in the river. Americans saw the scene in a soft-focus long shot, but foreign screens featured the same sequence in eye-filling close-up.)

Ironically, as the sexual liberation of the screen advanced—less often by leaps and bounds, it must be admitted, than by little hops and skips—Hollywood became more repressive politically. A series of Congressional investigations during the late Forties and early Fifties into supposed Communist proclivities of the film capital resulted in studio black lists, all the more baneful because they were carefully guarded even from those they kept from pursuing their professional careers. Screenwriters, directors and stars (among them, Marsha Hunt and Lionel Stander) were banned from further Hollywood employment either because they had refused to cooperate with the committees or because they had been "named" by those who did. Some of Hollywood's most noted creative talents —writer-producer Carl Foreman and directors Joseph Losey and Jules Dassin— expatriated themselves and forged new careers abroad, while others, such as writers Ben Maddow and Dalton Trumbo, stayed at home and adopted pseudonyms, sometimes with the willing connivance of their producers. This shameful era in Hollywood history produced some rich contretemps, as when "Robert Rich" was given an Academy Award for the screenplay of *The Brave One*. No one appeared to claim the statuette, but it was widely bruited about that Dalton Trumbo, then on every studio black list, had written the prize-winning script. And when the enormously profitable *The Bridge on the River Kwai* was released in 1957, producer Sam Spiegel had the gall to claim that he had written the script with author Pierre Boulle, when actually Carl Foreman and Michael Wilson (both black-listed) had done the impressive job.

As independent production waxed and studio-sponsored film making waned, the large companies were enabled to enforce their timorous attitudes, both political and sexual, through their control over the financing and distribution aspects of the industry. Fear of economic reprisal, through boycott, censorship and Church condemnation, made the financial heads of the industry wary of any sudden breaching of the long-established patterns of movie behavior. Yet even in this powerful rearguard circle, there was recognition that times and morals were undergoing profound change. Late in 1955, the Motion Picture Association published a booklet, *Movies and Self-Regulation*, which stated: "Widely read and reputable magazines carry reports of social behavior that is greatly at variance with previously accepted standards. These . . . articles . . . are now part of the everyday reading habit of millions. It must be said as emphatically as possible that the U. S. motion-picture industry has strongly resisted the trend to break down accepted standards. We are not at the head of this parade, nor indeed in the middle of it. We are, in fact, far behind and are proud of it."

Not long after this prideful announcement, there was some discernible backtracking. Geoffrey Shurlock, who had replaced Breen as the Code administrator,

promulgated a new concept for judging characters in movies whose behavior did not conform to "accepted moral standards." He informed the studios that henceforth severe punishment would not always be the lot of those who strayed from the straight and narrow. In some cases, according to Shurlock, it would be punishment enough for sinners to "suffer remorse." The new concept could be seen in action in *Gaby*, a 1956 MGM film that starred Leslie Caron as a girl who becomes sexually soiled after she assumes that her fiancé was killed during the invasion of Normandy. She had refused to sleep with him before their marriage, but after the false news of his death, is moved to provide easy comfort for several lonely soldiers. In an older version of the same story, the girl committed suicide when she learned her fiancé was safe after all. In *Gaby*, however, after suffering a dollop of Shurlock remorse, she married the returnee.

But Shurlock perhaps deliberately denied a Seal to Otto Preminger's screen version of *The Man with the Golden Arm*, which clearly flouted the Code injunction against the making of any picture dealing with drug addiction. On this occasion, the Code administration and the Legion of Decency took opposing positions. The Legion's B rating of the picture indicated that Catholic authorities were also taking cognizance of the change in the moral and social climate. Not only that; drug addiction and the narcotics traffic had become one of the nation's paramount social problems. Preminger's boldness was revealed less in the film than in the act of making it. Nelson Algren's fine novel had ended with the sad hero, Frankie Machine, unable to shake the monkey on his back. However, Frank Sinatra, as Frankie in the film, not only managed to end his dependency on the needle but got the luscious new star, Kim Novak, for his cold-turkey pains. The knit dress Miss Novak wore while sharing Frankie's dingy hotel room, her bosom swinging free of any hampering brassiere, was probably designed to act as a tonic and support to the sweating junkie during his agonies. United Artists again backed Otto Preminger, went ahead with the film's distribution and, to show its contempt for the puerile Code, left the M. P. A. A. Hastily, that association convened a special committee of studio production chiefs to consider changes in the Code, and late in 1956, a revised document appeared. The taboo on the depiction of the narcotics traffic was summarily removed. Other formerly forbidden topics got the green light, too, if accompanied by yellow caution signals. These included prostitution, abortion and miscegenation. Such ordinary profanity as "hell" and "damn" were allowed into the film vocabulary, if used with discretion. Darryl F. Zanuck, at Fox, hardly waited a moment before putting his rival story of drug addiction, *A Hatful of Rain*, into the production hopper.

The Supreme Court, meanwhile, was destroying much of the legal foundation upon which film censorship had been based. Hollywood, it is true, stayed mainly on the side lines during these key Court cases—most of them fought over foreign films—but eventually benefited from the refreshing atmosphere of liberalism. In a unanimous decision handed down in 1952, the Supreme Court did away with "sacrilege" as a basis for any state's banning of a film, thus permitting the showing of the Italian film *The Miracle*, and also declaring in its ruling that motion pictures were entitled to constitutional guarantees of free speech. Nevertheless, the Court seemed hesitant about ending the practice of film censorship *in toto*, aiming the above and subsequent decisions more at the vagueness of terminology in the various local and state statutes than at their hard core of repressiveness.

Thus, the Court cited only its previous ruling in *The Miracle* case when it reversed the New York State censors who had banned a French film, *La Ronde*, on

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the grounds that it was "immoral" and would "tend to corrupt morals." The New York State Court of Appeals had supported the state censorship board, stating, in addition, that *La Ronde*—a delightful film made by Max Ophuls from the classic Arthur Schnitzler stage piece—pandered to "base human emotions," and that it was a "breeding ground for sensuality, depravity, licentiousness and sexual immorality." Such terminology, according to the U. S. Supreme Court, was legally meaningless. Later, in 1959, the same body liberated a French version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, so that little but the dubious concept of obscenity was legally left to the state censors.

Not unexpectedly, state censorship withered and rotted on the vine. Ohio, in 1955, found its censorship statute to be illegal, in view of the Supreme Court rulings. Pennsylvania followed suit a year later, shortly to be joined by Massachusetts and Florida. Only four states—New York, Maryland, Kansas and Virginia—permitted film censorship to continue, but with greatly restricted latitude. New York State, generally a bellwether for the censoring flock, went so far in 1957 as to allow the showing of a nudist film, *The Garden of Eden*. The state's censors had banned it as "indecent," but the court of appeals found that it could not be banned lawfully, since it was not "obscene." Nudity itself, the court sensibly decided, was not "sexually impure or filthy." In 1959, the same film was cleared of charges not only of obscenity but of sexual suggestiveness by the Massachusetts supreme court. The film, detailing the innocent experiences of an elderly man, a young woman and a child in a nudist colony, had been shown in Fall River three years before and had been raided by the police. Several appeals later, Justice Arthur E. Whittemore, in his majority opinion for the state supreme court, wrote: "Members of the colony were shown in the nude, walking in the woods, bathing in the lake, lying on the shore and playing games. Except for several scenes in which men and women were shown naked to the waist, the pictorial representations of unclothed persons were views photographed from the rear. . . . We have no doubt that if this picture can be found obscene, it is only because it shows naked men and women together and in the presence of nonnudists." The judge went on to say that such pictorial representation might be greatly offensive to many citizens, but, again, that offensiveness was not obscenity. "There is nothing sexy or suggestive about it," he concluded. Rulings such as these created a curious double standard in the world of the nudie film—to be explored more fully in a later installment—in that exposure of buttocks and breasts was permissible, while the generative organs remained taboo. Despite the rulings, however, there was no wholesale lifting of the veil from girlish breasts and buttocks in American films of the Fifties—in marked contrast to the increasing exposure of the female form in European films of the same period. The growing permissiveness in Hollywood films tended to concentrate on negative, unattractive and unhappy expressions of the sexual drive. One might have thought that this very permissiveness would soon have led to the forthright display of nudity, but not so—thanks in large part to the abiding antisexuality of American society itself. Within this context, the perverse and horror-fringed sexuality of Tennessee Williams, for example, was allowable as long as restraints were exercised. Female nudity, however, was still viewed with special abhorrence by the forces of censorship, ever fearful that true erotic stimulation would incite audiences to unbridled licentiousness—despite the complete lack of evidence that anything of the kind would result. Even though previously outlawed themes and dialog were introduced with greater and greater frequency, the old moral values persisted in American films well into the Sixties.

Thus it was that captious local censorship continued to plague both Hollywood and foreign-film distributors. In Chicago, J. Ignatious Sheehan, a captain of police, operated as a censor with the support of five widows of police officers. When he refused to license, for a fee, the French-made *Game of Love*, adapted from a famous Colette novel and dealing with the seduction of a 16-year-old boy by a woman more than twice his age, the resulting court case produced a revealing cross section of the captain's mentality. The opposing lawyer found that Sheehan had not continued his formal education beyond high school, that he seldom found time to open a book, that he attended neither the theater nor exhibits of art, and that, in fact, he had no special qualifications for judging the content or quality of motion pictures. The make-up of the Chicago board was changed soon after. In Atlanta, a lady censor, Mrs. Christine Gilliam, banned films and snipped away at others throughout the decade. During a network television interview on the subject of censorship, she remarked significantly: "I believe that the female figure unadorned is a sex symbol in our society, and I doubt very much if we want to arouse the sexual emotions of a mass audience all at one time in a theater." Such reasoning hardly endeared official censors to the public they supposedly represented, and, when forced out into the open, so limited were their moral horizons revealed to be and so psychologically suspect their prudery that censorship itself began to take on the connotation of a dirty word.

By the last half of the decade, the only major censorship force still operating with any degree of effectiveness was the Catholic Legion of Decency. Its rating system of A, B and C categories, as we have seen, acted as a brake on studio willingness to interpret the Code more liberally, most notably in the case of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. But sometimes it was not only to avoid the C condemnation that, as Judy Stone reported in *Ramparts*, the liberal Catholic monthly, "long letters went back and forth between producers and the Legion in which ideas and sentences were bargained over in negotiating sessions that did less than justice to the Legion's aim of safeguarding morality." The B, or "morally objectionable in part," rating could also damage a film's box-office chances, particularly in the case of a so-called "family film." Thus, when Fox embarked on its expensive production of the corn-fed *Oklahoma!*, it hardly expected to have this 1955 release branded with a B rating. At issue was the dream sequence in which the heroine, imagining herself to be a gambling-hall girl being pursued by the evil Jud, runs up a staircase. The Legion claimed the film made it implicit that she was running up to a brothel. Fox, still hoping for an A, or entirely clean bill of health, reshot the offending scene to indicate that the place—upstairs and down—was, indeed, a gambling hall. But no soap. The Legion now claimed the running girl was being pursued for lascivious purposes, and *Oklahoma!* had to make do with its B. Yet not all Catholics were docilely herded into houses showing only movies rated as innocuous. B- and C-rated movies came to connote raciness, consequently, and took on for many the enticing aura of forbidden fruit.

In 1956, the Legion made its most powerful effort to stem the tide of disobedience among Catholics, as well as to chasten Hollywood, with Elia Kazan and Tennessee Williams once more in the center of the storm. Under the aegis of Warner Bros., Kazan filmed the provocative *Baby Doll* from a short Williams play called *Twenty-Seven Wagons Full of Cotton*. Long before its release, the film was heralded by a huge billboard above the Victoria and Astor Theaters on Broadway. On this monster placard, running the entire length of a Manhattan block, was featured a full-color likeness of Carroll Baker, the *Baby Doll* of the title, reclining in a crib and sucking her thumb while clad only in a scanty slip. Miss Baker's sylphlike measurements were blown up for better scanning by the throngs to a lengthwise stretch of 145 feet and a height of 60 feet. For many weeks this gigantic symbol of child-woman sex tantalized the passing parade, vivid by day and illumined by night. As an advertising gimmick, the billboard was a stroke of near genius; but it undoubtedly also served as a goad to the

smarting Legion of Decency, whose main offices were only a few short blocks away.

The film itself had been shot in New York, with location sequences done in the deep South, and had remained relatively free of studio pressures. In fact, Kazan at this time was promoting a rebellious movement away from the Hollywood production centers, in the hope of inspiring more outspoken realism in American film making. Already the movement had given birth to the Sidney Lumet–directed *Twelve Angry Men* and to Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty*, the latter directed by a refugee from television, Delbert Mann, and starring Ernest Borgnine as a lonely and love-starved Bronx butcher. *Baby Doll* was regarded as the chef-d'oeuvre of the movement. In addition to Miss Baker, playing a young bride who feels that her marriage to Archie Lee Meigham does not entitle him to his connubial rights until her 20th birthday has been reached, the film featured Karl Malden as Meigham and Eli Wallach as Vacarro, a cunning, handsome Sicilian who has been gradually gobbling up the independent cotton gins in his vicinity into his self-owned syndicate. Meigham, as the owner of an ancestral gin, still maintains his independence but is being put out of business by Vacarro. Driven to the verge of insane frustration by his wife's withholding of her charms and by his financial ruin, Meigham sets fire to Vacarro's syndicate gin, whereupon Vacarro determines to take his own revenge by seducing Baby Doll.

Two scenes in particular caused consternation among the Legion's committee of viewers. One, at the beginning of the film, shows Malden peeping at his delicious but still-virginal wife through a hole he has carved between his bedroom and hers. (Baby Doll sleeps in a crib not only out of retrogressive infantilism but because the department store has repossessed most of the furniture in Meigham's decayed mansion.) Even more unsettling to the Legion was a later scene in which Wallach is tête-à-tête with Baby Doll in a two-seater swing on Meigham's home grounds. The two are obviously up to something sexual, but just *what* is not made fully clear by Kazan's positioning of the camera. Wallach and Miss Baker are seen from the waist up; what happens from the waist down was left to the fervid speculations of the audience. These varied. There were those who swore that Wallach's hands were busy beneath Miss Baker's shift and that the scene must necessarily have ended—after the cut—with her total seduction. That Miss Baker was in the transports of erotic joy was left in little doubt. According to a critic for *Films in Review*, "Kazan shows us Carroll Baker panting and gasping with a sexual desire not hitherto depicted on the screen, but with dialog so rigged that it is impossible to know whether adultery actually occurred." Kazan's contention was—and certainly he was in a key position to know—that Vacarro merely tantalized Baby Doll.

Shurlock obviously accepted this contention, for a Code Seal was given *Baby Doll*, upon which the Catholic attack was mounted with full fury. Cardinal Spellman, of the New York archdiocese, just returned from a European tour, mounted the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral during a solemn Sunday Mass and, after first voicing dismay over the recent Communist assault on the Hungarian people, announced that he was "further anguished by shocking news on the home front"—the news of *Baby Doll*'s impending appearance in the nation's movie houses. "The revolting theme of this picture," he thundered, "and the brazen advertising promoting it constitute a contemptuous defiance of the natural law." All Catholics under his jurisdiction were ordered by him to stay away from the "evil" film on pain of sin.

Later it was revealed that the Cardinal had not yet seen the film at the time of his statement, a fact that caused considerable embarrassment to the Legion's cause. But he had, nevertheless, severely damaged *Baby Doll*'s career at the box office—partly, perhaps, by the lack of Catholic patronage, and mainly because many exhibitors timidly decided not to test the Church's boycott powers and refrained from booking the film. Curiously, though, the Legion loosened its rating system after the *Baby Doll* incident. Ferment aimed at elasticizing Catholic moral rigidity toward the arts was taking place within the Church establishment itself. In 1957, the Legion announced some new categories. Its A rating was broken down into four subheadings and later used to give limited approval to such adult fare as *Anatomy of a Murder*, *La Dolce Vita* and *Lolita*. A-I was now morally unobjectionable for general patronage; A-II, morally unobjectionable for adults and adolescents; A-III, morally unobjectionable for adults; A-IV, morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations. The

"Cut out that 'Wouldst' and 'Thou,' Hiram Goodbody, and put it to me straight. Are you, or are you not, propositioning me?"

B and C ratings were reserved for films blatant in their lack of "compensating moral values" and for those containing scenes of nudity. The Legion, in succeeding years, was to continue its revolution from within, eventually going so far as to change its name to The National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. With the Legion in a sort of muttering retreat, with the Code revised, with American film makers less and less confined to the sound stages of Hollywood as they headed to the far places of the world in search of novelty and international success at the box office, the moral wraps were coming off with ever more rapidity and enthusiasm in American-made or -sponsored films. By the end of the Fifties, there were few remaining restrictions on the content of movies other than those self-dictated by reasons of taste or potential offensiveness.

• • •

In Hollywood, as the film industry slowly picked itself up and began to recover from the devastating blows dealt by television, a frenzied search for new stars was in progress. The most magnetic of these was Marilyn Monroe. On first emerging, however, Marilyn had to contend with the virtual abandonment by the studios of their star-building systems. In former days, the discovery of so ingratiating a mixture of sensuality and innocence would have resulted in three or four films within the year; but with business on the rocks and the divorcement of theaters a bitter fact, production schedules were severely cut back. In spite of this handicap, Marilyn flourished and became not only the decade's most charismatic and universally accepted sex symbol but one of the greatest of all time. The flame was ignited slowly, but it is not too much to say that it grew into a conflagration. The story of Marilyn Monroe, with its shockingly tragic ending, will be told more fully in a subsequent installment. She concerns us here primarily because of her revivifying effect on Hollywood in a time of near despair. She demonstrated that the public was ever ready to welcome new heroines and heroes of the screen, and she helped give impetus to a new crop of Hollywood hopefuls. As for Marilyn, after her first fantastic burst of success and public acclamation, she was less and less inclined to accept studio direction of her career and developed an independence of her own, thus leaving the way open for the discovery of new blonde bombshells. Among these were Jayne Mansfield, drafted as a substitute by Fox after Marilyn virtually went on strike; Mamie Van Doren, hired by Universal expressly to make up for that studio's lack of an MM; Kim Novak; and Carroll Baker, whose career suffered a reversal after her oral-erotic performance in *Baby Doll*.

Blondes, dumb or brainy, were not the only discoveries of the Fifties, by any means. In certain respects, although the blondes of the Fifties were a distinctly earthier variety than their counterparts of previous days, they could be regarded as belonging to an evolving Hollywood institution. Not so a male star such as Marlon Brando, whose evolution could be traced to the fertile imagination of Tennessee Williams; to the canny directorial ability of Elia Kazan; to a Stanislavsky-based system of acting training prevalent in New York; to his own vivid, explosive talent; and to a new and violent mood of rebelliousness among American youth.

Transferring his activities from the Broadway stage to Hollywood (first in *The Men*, as a paraplegic war veteran, then in *A Streetcar Named Desire*)—muttering, rampaging, seemingly guided only by his instincts, sometimes cruel, sometimes sullenly tender—Brando quickly became a symbol of what was termed the "shook-up generation." Emerging during a time of violence and uncertainty—the Korean War, the lowering of the Iron Curtain—he evoked extraordinary responses not only in American delinquents and European student existentialists but also in an older generation that condoned his unfettered behavior as a meaningful reaction to a sorry contemporary condition. So potent in their effects on Hollywood and so surprisingly well received were his slouching posture and simian scratchings that styles in leading men were refashioned. Established stars such as Cary Grant, James Stewart and Gary Cooper made way for him and moved up an age bracket. And behind Brando, as though waiting for the signal to be given, was a whole assortment of itchy young upstarts: James Dean, Sal Mineo and Elvis Presley, among others. Later followers such as Paul Newman and Rod Steiger (who first appeared in 1954 as Brando's brother in *On the Waterfront*) employed the Brando style, too, at first, then branched off into other acting directions.

The influence of the "Method" on Hollywood, particularly as interpreted by Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg—who, bred in Broadway's Group Theater of the Thirties, helped form and direct the renowned and controversial Actors Studio in New York—had a direct bearing on the course of American film making. Oddly, the Method, designed primarily

for actors and directors on the stage, proved most effective of all in films and on television. Actors trained in communicating with their own instincts as well as with a scriptwriter's lines were adept at creating an illusion of reality and behaving with a "natural" quality eminently well suited to the prevailing mood of realism. A generation of television-bred writers and directors, also familiar with the Method—among them writers Paddy Chayefsky and Reginald Rose and directors Sidney Lumet, Delbert Mann and John Frankenheimer—moved into the film milieu and made their own impact. The "sweat-shirt" school of acting became dominant for a time in American moviemaking, until a negative reaction set in. Meanwhile, a whole new group of Method-trained movie stars was born, including such prestigious names as Anne Bancroft, Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Ben Gazzara, Geraldine Page and Joanne Woodward. Miss Bancroft, it must be admitted, ran afoul of Hollywood casting in several films, and found herself, in *Gorilla at Large* (1954), playing a lady aerialist who swings tantalizingly over a gorilla's cage and eventually finds herself in his hairy arms. Retreating to Broadway, and winning acclaim, she emerged in far more challenging roles some years later.

Another of these stars, Bradford Dillman, was amazed, when he went to Hollywood in 1959, to come across an unnamed Hollywood practitioner of the Method developing variations not practiced at the home office in New York. "He'd get a boy and girl to strip to the waist while practicing a scene," Dillman confided to a reporter, "claiming it resulted in better emotional contact." The same teacher advised a female star who was to play a tart in a movie to pick up a sailor on the beach and sleep with him. The lady took his advice, and afterward she and the teacher reconstructed her experience in painstaking detail to see how it could best be applied to her movie role.

Almost mandatory in Method application was a prolonged familiarity with psychoanalysis. Soon Beverly Hills was honeycombed with psychiatrists' offices, and so heavily in demand were their services by actors that fees skyrocketed to previously unheard-of heights. If psychoanalysis did not always relieve the troubled psyches of stars and aspirants to stardom, it often enough did result in a lessening of inhibition, one result being that love scenes in American films grew noticeably more naturalistic. Even the bewitching Marilyn Monroe fell a fascinated victim of the Actors Studio and its Method, unveiling the first results of her indoctrination in *Bus Stop*, a tale of a pitiful bump-and-grinder picked up and befriended by a rodeo performer.

The results of the heady new acting doctrine were not always beneficial to films: the mumbling and scratching tended toward slowness of pace; but when well applied, they brought startling vividness to scenes and created almost terrifying convincingness. Brando himself virtually gave a course in the style in *The Wild One*, a 1954 Stanley Kramer film that portrayed Brando as the leader of an antisocial band of motorcycle-mounted hell raisers who, garbed in leather jackets, take over and terrorize a town until an aroused citizenry evicts the Nazilike delinquents. Brando perfectly expressed the origins of his behavior while being worked over by a group of outraged citizens. "My father could hit twice as hard," he taunted them.

Parents came in for perhaps more than their share of responsibility for the delinquency in many films of the Fifties. Both James Dean and Natalie Wood, for example, laid their rebelliousness in *Rebel Without a Cause* at their parents' doors, blaming the harmless middle-class conformists for their indulgence and lack of proper parental affection. Dean, somewhat Brandoesque as the leader of a group of misunderstood teenagers, sympathetically delineated a boy precociously given to drink, adept with a switchblade knife, and the winner of a game of "chicken," a dangerous diversion in which two young contestants aim their jalopies, in this case, at the edge of a cliff. First to jump from his careening car in justified panic is the loser and thenceforth "chicken" to his fellows. Natalie Wood, not yet the demi-semi-sex symbol she became later, acted as starter in the contest that killed Dean's rival. Teenage homosexuality was delicately hinted at in the same film: Sal Mineo seemed unhealthily attached to his hero, Dean. Soon Dean became even more of a teenage idol than his progenitor, Brando. Earlier, Elia Kazan had taken the youngster in charge for a principal role in *East of Eden*, adapted from the John Steinbeck best seller, in which Dean was seen as the son of a woman (Jo Van Fleet) who, after leaving her husband, becomes first a prostitute and then the madam of a bordello. Dean's last picture, *Giant*, cast him as a poor Texan who strikes oil and becomes vulgarly rich. In spite of the considerable range he revealed in these roles, young fans by the thousands wrote to compliment him on his ability to understand their strivings and rebellion. And when he was prematurely killed in California in his Porsche Spyder, teenagers all over the world went into deep shock and mourning.

The success of Dean and Brando sparked innumerable teenage-oriented films, ranging from such pseudo exposés as *High School Confidential!* to the far-out *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, in which a teenager explained his beastly nighttime prowling to a sympathetic psychoanalyst. The most profitable (for the studios) teenage idol of all came along in the person of Elvis Presley, who first caught adolescent ears and eyes with his unique singing style, his guitar strumming and banging, and his patently copulatory torso gyrations. Conquering the record industry with his rock 'n' roll, Elvis marched upon Hollywood in 1956, appearing in such puerile efforts as *Love Me Tender* and *Jailhouse Rock*, and other stories of slender plot interspersed with Presley musical numbers, in which his bodily movements were toned down to conform to the restrictions imposed also upon female bump-and-grinders such as Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Certain producers in Hollywood, Ross Hunter among them, cannily realized that a host of potential filmgoers had remained immune to the Brando, Dean and Presley crazes, and took to developing a far, far different kind of star for employment in a rash of soap-operaish, opulently Technicolored tales and lush-budgeted comedies. Universal, a studio attempting to stick to its avowed formula of pap for the masses, almost cornered the market for fresh-faced newcomers, carefully building, among others, Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson and Sandra Dee, and refurbishing an older refugee from musicals, Doris Day. At other studios were to be found such lollipops as Tab Hunter, Troy Donahue and Pat Boone. If this group shared anything at all beyond a bland lack of expressiveness, it was their complete and utter sexlessness. And yet there were millions, young, middle-aged and old, who doted on them—obviously regressives who preferred the good old days of the movies. Ross Hunter also seized the chance to resuscitate the career of Lana Turner, whose reputation and box-officeability had been supposedly damaged by the scandal in which she became involved when her rebellious teenage daughter Cheryl stabbed to death her momma's rowdy lover, Johnny Stompanato. Starred in such saccharine tear jerkers as *Imitation of Life*—costumed, befurred and bejeweled gorgeously—Miss Turner demonstrated that star quality was not gone forever from Hollywood.

And there were many who jealously guarded their star status, changing as the times demanded. In 1953, the svelte Ava Gardner teamed with old star Clark Gable and new star Grace Kelly in *Mogambo*, a remake of the venerable *Red Dust*, to provide a caustic new brand of candor in dialog. Upon seeing an African bull elephant with ears wide and trunk aloft, she murmured to the ladylike Miss Kelly: "He reminds me of someone I know." Miss Gardner's sultry, shapely qualities were apotheosized in *The Barefoot Contessa* by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

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the following year. Mankiewicz' attack on the idle, feeble nobility hanging around southern European spas was symbolized by Miss Gardner's lusty—albeit plebeian—sexuality on the one hand, and on the other by the impotence of the rich Italian count who married her. More potent were Rossano Brazzi, spinster Katharine Hepburn's Italian inamorato in *Summertime*, and the poor Italian-American played by Montgomery Clift in *Indiscretion of an American Wife*, which starred Jennifer Jones as his eager lover, a wife on the loose—and on the make—during a tour of Italy; her indiscretions occurred mainly in an empty railroad car. Ingrid Bergman, back in the good graces of the public and the film industry, was deftly paired with Cary Grant by Stanley Donen in a frothy comedy called *Indiscreet*. Playing a celebrated actress who discovers that her handsome admirer and lover (Grant) is not married after all—he had lied about it in order to preserve his happy bachelorhood—she exclaimed: "How dare he make love to me and not be a married man?" But that remark was made in 1958, by which time the screen was free to indulge itself in humorous innuendo. Yet not altogether free. Much public amusement was occasioned by *Happy Anniversary*, a comedy that treated premarital intercourse with considerable levity. The Code administration threatened to withhold its Seal from the film unless something was done to indicate remorse by the now-married couple, whereupon a line of dialog was added and spoken by husband David Niven about wife Mitzi Gaynor: "I was wrong," said Niven, to no one in particular. "I never should have taken Alice to that hotel room before we were married." The line turned out to be the most provocative moment in the entire picture.

Some of the decade's most sophisticated and at times raucous comedy was provided by writer-director Billy Wilder. He spoofed the game of seduction in *Love in the Afternoon* (1957), a farce about a Parisian *jeune fille* (Audrey Hepburn) who matches wits with a formidably rich American roué (Gary Cooper). Frustrated by the fetching demoiselle, he is reduced to pursuing her beneath a table in his Ritz hotel suite. Audiences, however, did not take kindly to this match of a relative youngster with the then-50ish Cooper. Only Cary Grant managed to maintain his acceptability as a screen mate into sprightly and elegant middle age. Wilder, however, managed to hit practically all the comic buttons—and in so doing, brought true sexual sophistication to American screens—with the decade's best comedy by far, *Some Like It Hot* (1959), a rowdy riot that starred Tony Curtis (by then developed into a skillful actor and comedian), Jack Lemmon and the ever-more-gorgeous Marilyn Monroe. As jazz musicians

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fearing for their lives because they have inadvertently witnessed the Saint Valentine's Day massacre in gang-ridden Chicago, Curtis and Lemmon dress up in drag and join an all-girl orchestra headed for Florida by Pullman. Need it be said that Marilyn added jazz to the band? And Wilder seized every opportunity to throw the masquerading boys together with the blonde Sugar, played by Marilyn, including an upper-berth episode in which Marilyn snuggles close to her new-found "girlfriend," Jack Lemmon. But masculinity comes firmly to the fore in Curtis, who sheds his drag to impersonate a millionaire yachtsman on a boat borrowed for an evening's intense wooing of Marilyn—a steamy episode that builds into one of the wildest and gamiest necking scenes ever put on film, with Marilyn's bosom all but falling from her skimpy bodice during the action. To cap it off, the real millionaire yachtsman (Joe E. Brown) falls madly in love with slinky-gowned, bewigged and berouged Lemmon, and insists on marriage. "But I'm a *man*!" Lemmon finally confesses, upon which the film ends with Joe E. Brown's immortal last line, "We can't all be perfect."

Scouring the best-seller lists for potential box-office dynamite, Fox seized upon *Peyton Place*, the most concupiscent (and probably worst-written) novel of the decade. Laundered and ironed into a lengthy soap opera in 1957, it proved a winner, perhaps because its title promised a good deal more than the film delivered. Lana Turner and Diane Varsi starred; featured were nude teenage bathing (off screen), rape, murder, suicide and alcoholism—but all depicted so genteelly that it might have been made for television, as eventually, in a still-continuing series, it was. *A Summer Place*, another best seller of somewhat similar ilk, was made into a film about wayward teenagers and their wayward, irresponsible parents. As the teenagers, Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue take to each other like ducks to water, and progress from necking in the moonlight to high jinks in bed, upon which Miss Dee becomes pregnant. (American films of the Fifties made no mention of protective devices.) The solution found by the film to this dilemma was to have the kids leave school, go off to marry and live on an isolated Maine island. Typical of the confused moral situation in Hollywood was the film's attitude toward sex. One could gather from the dialog that sex was good, but that it could be bad, that neither young nor old should altogether restrain their physical feelings, but that they ought to watch out for possible unforeseen consequences. If any moral lesson at all emerged from the movie, it was that sex was good-bad. The kids in *The Blackboard Jungle*—adapted from the Evan Hunter best seller—were nastier and got into worse scrapes, and though the film was charged with casting a too sensational light on the rotting school systems of urban ghettos, later real-life events showed the film to be a reasonably responsible Hollywood foray into social criticism. One of the film's most vivid scenes had to do with the attempted rape of a schoolteacher by a creepy student—an incident, sad to say, not without parallel in actuality.

The Broadway stage was perennially ransacked for film fodder, too. The musical *Pal Joey* was transferred to the screen, with Frank Sinatra—his renovated career progressing toward its zenith—enacting the practicing heel; while fading Rita Hayworth played his rich keeper and Kim Novak the disconcertingly voluptuous "good" girl. But *Pal Joey* lacked the stinging impact of the stage version. Sinatra turned all goody-goody at the end and walked off with Kim into a golden, altar-bound sunset. William Holden walked off with the same Kim in William Inge's *Picnic*, pleasantly retailored for Hollywood use by Dan Taradash. As directed by Joshua Logan, *Picnic* became a mellow, leisurely examination of Midwestern tribal and sexual folkways. Tennessee Williams, at his most prolific during the Fifties, had only to bring a piece to the stage to have it earmarked for film production. The film version of *The Rose Tattoo*, probably the least perverse of his sexual explorations of the South, starred Anna Magnani as a lusty Sicilian widow whose frustrations are at last relieved by a simpleton truck driver, played by Burt Lancaster. He, like the former husband, wears a curious symbol of potency on his chest—a rose tattoo. Another Williams play, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, was bought by MGM and turned into an altered cat. That is to say, the strong suggestion of homosexuality in the play was turned into a mild case of hero worship for an old friend on the part of the unwilling (to cohabit with his wife) Paul Newman. Thus it became somewhat difficult to comprehend why he avoided and reviled his delightful dish of a wife, Elizabeth Taylor, whose off-screen peccadilloes and misfortunes helped make her image even sexier on the screen. Nevertheless, the bedroom discussions between Newman and Taylor were violently vulgar, spitting displays of temper by a married couple. And Elizabeth Taylor, no longer the dewy-eyed innocent of *A Place in the Sun*, was now every bosomy, hippy inch a woman, panting and impatient for her husband's lovemaking.

Homosexuality was touched on no less gingerly in *Tea and Sympathy*, borrowed from another Broadway hit. The theme was still disallowed, technically, by the Code in 1956 (it was not until 1961 that a further revision of the document openly permitted its judicious use), and playwright Robert Anderson had to struggle with the Code and his conscience to produce a compromised script. On stage, the wife of a boys'-school housemaster gave herself to a tormented student in order to save him from assuming he was a congenital homosexual. On screen, Deborah Kerr, as this generous and attractive woman, also gives herself to the boy, her motive being so that he will know "he's a man." Furthermore, two additional scenes were added to the screen version, at beginning and end. The boy has returned to his school for a class reunion, and the housemaster, now living alone, presents him with a letter written by the wife in which, during the picture's closing scene, she confesses that her adultery has ruined her husband's life. When the film opened at Radio City Music Hall, one New York critic suggested that patrons leave the theater before the letter was read by the boy (with Miss Kerr intoning the contents on the sound track).

Otto Preminger, by bringing the Broadway musical stage success *Carmen Jones* to the screen in 1954, proved that Negro performers could provide zesty sexiness when divorced from the stereotyped roles formerly given to them. Dorothy Dandridge, as "a slinky, hip-swinging, main-drag beauty with a slangy, come-hither way with men" (Bosley Crowther in *The New York Times*), demonstrated that "Carmen could not be better acted without setting the theater on fire" (Otis L. Guernsey in the *New York Herald Tribune*). In the cast with her was handsome folk singer Harry Belafonte, who went on to further stardom, again with Miss Dandridge, in *Island in the Sun*, a tropical tale of racially mixed doings on a Caribbean island. But the most magnetic Negro star of all was Sidney Poitier, who could electrify audiences with his power in films that presented him as a Negro striving with dignity and fire for his inalienable rights as a human being.

The success of foreign films in the art houses, and the increasing need for the international box office—brought about by decreases in domestic earnings—focused Hollywood's attention on a new crop of intriguing Italian beauties, who found it to their advantage to take crash courses in English. *Trapeze* (1956), a mediocre film in the main, provided the Hollywood debut of Gina Lollobrigida—along with generous views of the Italian sexpot in trapeze tights that revealed her generous contours. Even more generously endowed was Sophia Loren, a startlingly statuesque product of poverty-stricken Naples, who was busily employed both here and abroad and, ever-developing as an actress, became one of the truly great international stars. During the Fifties, she was seen to her best advantage—physically speaking, that is—in *Boy on a*

Dolphin. Diving for lost classical treasures in the Aegean Sea, she came up for air, thoroughly and breath-takingly soaked, in a skintight dress that revealed to the mass American audience what the art-house clientele already knew full well.

As censorship grew ever more lax, canny producers knew to what degree they could capitalize on the prevailing mood of acceptance, and no one knew this better than Otto Preminger. Released in 1959, his *Anatomy of a Murder*—based on the best-selling novel—was, in the words of *Time* magazine, "a courtroom melodrama that seems less concerned with murder than with anatomy." An Army lieutenant (Ben Gazzara) had killed a man who may or may not have raped his trampish wife (Lee Remick). Defense attorney James Stewart eventually proves the former possibility to be the truth, but not before he bombards the jury and the audience with such previously unheard (on the screen) medical terms as sperm, contraceptive, intercourse, spermatogenesis and sexual climax. Nor did he hesitate, at one point in the trial, to brandish the flimsy panties, ripped in the area of the crotch, that had been worn by Miss Remick. The horrified Chicago censors quickly banned the film, and just as quickly Preminger headed for the Federal courts. Behind the Chicago Censor Board charge that the language used during the courtroom scene was obscene, a link to the Roman Catholic attitude on birth control, particularly in a city known to be dominated by Catholic politicians and clergy, could be seen. Explicit sexual terminology, however, was common in court cases involving sexual offenses, and to judges long accustomed to their use in trials, they were unobjectionable. Preminger won his case and the ban was reversed.

For sheer bizarreness, no film made during the Fifties could match *Suddenly, Last Summer*, which came along at the tail end of 1959 and vastly titillated the paying public with revelations of homosexuality and (another first) cannibalism. Amazingly, this mess of morbidity—adapted from a short play by Tennessee Williams—won both Code administration approval and a special, but not censorial, classification from the Legion of Decency. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Elizabeth Taylor gave a remarkably effective performance as a seemingly psychotic heroine, and Katharine Hepburn was chilling as a mother who used her own attractiveness to procure boys for her homosexual son. As in the Williams play, much of the tale was wordily told in offstage and off-screen monologs; the cannibalistic climax was muted for screen purposes, but certainly clearly suggested for those who knew how to interpret the pictorial hints.

When the film did well at the box office, Sam Spiegel, its producer, put his tongue in his cheek and explained: "Why, it's a theme the masses can identify with." Be that as it may, he had indeed proved that the masses would leave their television sets—temporarily, at least—for the far bolder material now available on the screen. In the following decade, the necessity for any Code at all became the subject of severe examination and widening debate, and the feasibility of a system of classification that would demarcate "adult" films from the "family" variety was explored. Meanwhile, the American screen had encountered a degree of freedom unknown to it in previous decades. The door was open for virtually every shade of film expression—especially the sexual—and the studios lost no time in flinging it wide.

In their next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert examine "The Foreign Films of the Fifties"—a decade dominated by the boldly original efforts of such protean moviemakers as Bergman, Fellini, Kurosawa and France's New Wavers to portray sexual relationships on screen with unprecedented frankness, maturity and understanding.

"Gosh, Mr. Morton, what brings you down here?"

UPLAND GAME BIRD *(continued from page 106)*

scolded me for delaying so long in having it fixed:

"Why didn't you bring it to me when you still wanted to hunt? You're going to spend a whole year now remembering how bad it treated you, before you can hunt again."

"I guess I can shoot clay," I said.

Suddenly he grinned a grimy grin. "Aw, let's try on some birds."

"But the season——"

"You too fine to shoot pigeons?"

I called home to say I'd be delayed, got in Martin's car with him and we drove out west of town. He had four or five guns he was going to try, but the only one I remember specifically was a monstrous French thing made, he told me, for the tropics. It was a double-12 with a curious breech arrangement designed to put enough push behind shells while loading to force them into the chamber, in a place where cases are swollen by perpetual dampness. I rather imagine that gun had shot wild pigeons before, at the edge of some equatorial rain forest, for there are many tropical varieties of pigeons.

The farm we stopped at was a big one, with two barns about a quarter mile apart; and the farmer, when we got there, was feeding buttermilk to hogs. He had the place posted against hunting, but when he recognized Martin and heard it was pigeons we were after, the farmer set down his pail and rubbed his hands.

"Let me run 'em out for you," he said.

Martin and I placed ourselves at one end of the barn. Way up near the peak was a small slatted window, but several slats were broken out.

"That's where they'll come from," Martin said, laying his assorted shotguns around him on the ground, except for the French one, which he loaded. It was about 4:30 in the afternoon.

"You take the first," he said.

Inside the barn I could hear the farmer, chucking ears of corn and shouting, and suddenly there was a blue-and-white pigeon perched at the edge of the opening, 50 feet up. It looked down at us, launched itself in a downward arc and, with an audible snap of its wings, was away and flying. I swung up my gun and shot. It felt rather late, but I was quite confident, even on the overhead-going-away shot, since the range was short; I missed.

"Way behind him," Martin said. "They don't take any time at all to get started." He mounted the French gun like a trapshooter, was ready when the next bird came out, and dropped it.

Imitating him, I mounted the Parker and waited, but what came out was the farmer, from a ground-floor opening behind me.

"Don't seem to be any more in there," he said, and I was about to lower my gun to turn and look at him, when two pigeons came out together. It was beautiful, if I do say so myself. I got the high bird, who was rising straight away from my barrel, and swung to hit the low one in a repetition of the shot I'd missed at first. As a man who seldom makes doubles, and shoots worst when watched, I was very pleased.

"There you go," Martin said.

I smiled at the farmer to receive his congratulations as well.

"What'd you do, miss that first one that come out?" the farmer said, disgusted. "I want these pigeons shot, not educated."

He went back to his corn, and Martin picked up a different shotgun, but no more birds came out of the barn. For a moment, though, looking up at the little window, I'd been as close as I may ever be to living in a past when live pigeons came out of a trap, in pairs or singles, to bewitch a target gunner.

There must be a time of day, which one could determine by local observation, when pigeons could be predicted to be present in a given barn and to come out in this way. It would, I think, vary with time of year, for feral pigeons, though not migratory, seem to change their feeding and roosting habits seasonally—around here they leave town and congregate in large farm flocks in the winter, dispersing after nesting is over.

But my own interest would be less in figuring out how they might set themselves up as inadvertent trap birds than in trying to work out something more like pass shooting. I remember that Martin and I turned our eyes away from the barn and saw a flock between us and the second barn, circling, lowering over picked corn, almost settling and then dashing away into high air again for some pigeon reason. Even at that distance, a couple of hundred yards away, they had the look of pass birds to me—a style of flight singly and in formation that I associate not only with doves, which are related, but with ducks, which are not. It's a style that gives an impression of great speed, orderliness of shifting mass, both in straight flight and in circling, as if such birds were made to outfly the gun rather than depending, as do other ground feeders, on surprising the hunter.

It was five by then, 45 minutes till sunset.

"Tell you what," Martin said. "They're going to be coming in to roost, here or at the other barn. Maybe both. Why don't I go down there, and I'll bet we send them back and forth?"

That was a fine idea, for all I knew. I unloaded and laid my gun down, picked up his spare shotguns and started walking him to his car in the barnyard; on the way he stopped.

"Will you look over there?"

He pointed to a grazed field, just over the fence from us, where a couple of sows were tending their litters. Out beyond them, 50 yards or more, two pigeons were hopping around, pecking at something or other.

"Test of pattern at extreme range?" I guessed, thinking he meant to fire the Winchester pump he'd had ready but hadn't used.

"Here, hold this," Martin said, shucked shells out of the pump and piled it into my arms with the other four. Then he opened his mackinaw, and I saw more guns, pistols, strapped to his body and sticking out of his inner pockets. The man was an arsenal.

I think the one he selected was a .32, and damned if he didn't set that overweighted body, holding a box of 12-gauge shotgun shells in his left hand for balance, and shoot the head off a pigeon at 50 yards.

"Huh," Martin grumbled. "Fella brought this back. Tried to tell me I hadn't got it sighted in right for him."

We got Martin and his weapons loaded and he drove off for the other barn in his sagging mechanic's car.

I returned to the first barn and found a place about 30 yards out from it by a high, weedy fence. It was 15 or 20 minutes before I heard something for which Thoreau's phrase is the most accurate I know—"the slight, wiry, winnowing sound of their wings." Thoreau was writing about passenger pigeons, and it has seemed curious to me, ever since I read it, that our great naturalist and sometime vegetarian should describe so casually, in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, how he and his brother "obtained one of these handsome birds . . . and plucked and broiled it." They even potshot it, as a matter of fact, for Thoreau observes that it was one "which lingered too long upon its perch." It has modified a little my feeling about the passenger pigeon, from one of inherited guilt to one of accepting the unforeseeable dooms and reprieves of history, to think of Thoreau at his campfire, 100 years ago, eating the legendary bird, licking its juices from his fingers, in perfect unawareness of what might happen to its then-innumerable kind.

I heard the winnowing sound, looked up and saw 20 pigeons, high and loafing over me. Mindful of the farmer, I tried to shoot very carefully and realized, chagrined, missing both my shots, that the apparent loafing was ten times faster than it seemed. The birds scattered; one came wheeling back over me just as I reloaded, and I led like a mathematician, not shooting till my barrel was a good five lengths in front. Even so, I hit

rather poorly, one of those shots where feathers come streaming down and the bird flies on, which meant that I was still a little bit behind. I shot again and finally dropped him.

The rest of the flock was halfway to the other barn by now; I watched, heard the double report of one of Martin's guns and saw at least one pigeon fall.

Fairly sure that they'd be back, and thinking that my position away from the barn put me at too great range, I trotted over to stand by the building again, under the eaves. One doesn't precisely have to hide to shoot pigeons, I'd been told, but it's just as well to have something overhead that partially obstructs their line of vision.

There were 40 birds when the pigeons came back to me, and they were determined to make it to the barn this time. I picked one just before he could get over the roof, fired, and he dropped onto the roof and slid off, over to one side of where I was standing. In a moment the others, who had gone out of sight overhead, came low into the barnyard in front of me, and I shot another as they swept by—though I'd be unwilling to swear it was the same bird I aimed at.

I reloaded, thinking it was over for the moment; but the pigeons wouldn't go back to Martin. They kept wheeling; new birds joined them. I moved back to where we'd stood at first, in sight of the small window, realizing they would try to get into the loft that way; the whole flock took to flying off, turning and swooping toward the barn; and each time they returned I had two more shots, though I don't suppose I hit with as many as half of them.

It was, without question, the fastest shooting I've ever had, and I was regretting that Martin, with all those different guns to try, wasn't with me, when I heard tires squeal, looked around and saw his lopsided car pull up.

Even a car coming wasn't enough to discourage the pigeons by now, nor was the sight of me running over to help Martin out with his guns. I glanced back, and there were the birds, suddenly still, settling all along the roof peak in the sunset. And just as suddenly, as we were running back toward them, clanking and awkward, dusk fell and they were gone.

"Inside the barn," Martin said, stopping. "Hell, I'll get us a coon-hunting light out of the trunk; they'll sit in there now, but you can shoot 'em off the rafters with a twenty-two pistol."

"Wouldn't that make, uh, holes in the roof?" I asked. The matter of pigeon shooting was taking on such a wonderland quality that I said it quite tentatively.

But this time the obvious was correct, and Martin calmed down.

The final thing I saw was the farmer with a gunny sack. I'd suggested, after we got our several shotguns cased, that we take the coon light and pick up the birds we'd shot—but the farmer was there before us.

"Let him have them," Martin said.

"Oh, sure. I didn't know he'd want them."

"He'll use them for garden fertilizer," Martin said. "Or else throw them to the hogs."

"Sorry you didn't get more chances," I said as we drove off.

"Aw, I'm not much of a shooter," Martin said. "But sometime when I feel more like it, we'll find us a big flock and really waste some shells."

Not all the pigeons I have seen harvested are so disprized. In Costa Rica, on my only Central American hunt, we shot —or shot at—huge gray birds in the dawn, coming out of the fog like shadows, visible as pigeons only for an instant, and impossible for me to hit. Dr. Cubero, the man who took me to the orchard in the mountain pass just off the Pan-American highway, got five with his box of shells and didn't seem dissatisfied.

"When I was younger," he told me, "I could hit perhaps fifty percent."

These were true wild pigeons, red bills, I'd guess, though I had no field guide with me to identify them and have to rely on memory (and on a description that fits my recollection in Dan Holland's book *The Upland Game Hunter's Bible*). Since I didn't ever hit one, I can't even guess what lead is necessary. But I can say that for a feral domestic pigeon, rock dove, in full flight, 30 yards up—for I have shot quite a few more since I hunted them with Martin the mechanic —six lengths may be about right if your gun swing is reasonably fast.

The more I hunt feral pigeons, the more I value them. They are, for the present, still classed as a domestic bird under the game laws of most states, so that the matter of how and when to hunt them is up to landowners and to gunners themselves (except that they may not be used in organized trap shoots, so far as I know). This is, of course, a great convenience, as we train our dogs and test our shooting, but convenience carries responsibility: I wonder, for example, if they shouldn't be given the spring off, whether as a matter of law or simple gunner's practicality, for nesting? Further: Holland says, in his upland game book, that there are colonies now, especially in the West, of the really wild sort "wherever the ground remains open the year around for feeding purposes." And I wonder if there isn't some way of encouraging this kind of colony?

I don't know how we square it with farmers and city managers, but I wonder, too, if we shouldn't start, quietly, asking our game-management men to make some studies of pigeons—to determine, for example, whether they really are carriers of farm diseases to any important extent, now that most commercial poultry is raised indoors? Whether they actually present any particular sani-

"Darlene grew two inches while you were away."

tation hazard in city streets, now that horse-drawn vehicles have left the traffic pattern? And as hunters, I wonder if we shouldn't begin thinking in terms of learning, even for the barn dwellers, where they pass and at what times—instead of shooting them at the roost, as is most often done and as I have most often done myself?

I'm suggesting—heretically, I guess—that our feral pigeons are, in fact, game birds, what game-board men call a resource, and must consequently come to be valued as one. Just the other day, I received some indirect support for this view—an example of a use that hadn't occurred to me at all—talking with a man named J. R. Smith, who is in charge of game management for the Wisconsin Conservation Department.

"We raise a big pea crop in Wisconsin," Mr. Smith told me. "After the harvest, the pigeons flock into the pea fields to eat what remains on the ground. Men up here have begun to find that if they build blinds at the field edges and set out decoys, they have wonderfully sporty shooting."

It sounded to me like only the beginning.

Many hunters could, I'm sure, give further reasons for considering the feral pigeon an upland game bird: I have only one more reason, which is more personal than it is objective: At some time in my experience with any of the birds I like to hunt, there has been a moment when it appeared to me too beautiful or too appealing to kill. This is transient, and after it happens I go back to hunting as before, but with a heightening of feeling that makes me, perhaps, more scrupulous in observing such rules as I have evolved for myself in the field.

The moment as far as pigeons go came for me, once again, at a barn at sunset, and I was by myself. I had been having desultory shooting, hitting some and missing others, from a flock of 30 or 40 pigeons that gradually ceased to work the area.

My attention died away and I was pondering some unconnected thought or other when I heard, not a winnowing or wiry sound but low thunder, and looked west. Two or three hundred birds were dropping out of the sun, toward me and the barn, with orange light streaming all around behind them. They were left and right, high and low, the great flock made up of 30 little flocks, each flying its own complicated figure, and shining with that crazy light that changed them into colors impossible to believe. They took my breath away, and with it my will to shoot them. It was one of those strokes a man's eyes can sustain but not recover from, that leaves him ever after unable to see, except as a blessing, what the whole world knows to be a nuisance.

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PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 68)*

any departure is viewed as an infringement upon sacred values.

The contemporary urban family is an obvious departure from this pattern, and it therefore arouses a vague uneasiness in those persons whose values are based upon the family as it used to be . . .

The family cannot remain the same in a changing society. The principal dilemma of the modern family is simply that it is not what it used to be . . .

The statement is thus often made that "the family is declining." This actually means that *a certain type of family* is declining, and this type is identified with the family *as such*. Such critics fail to realize that there may be other and different forms of the family, each suited to its own social setting. Hence a certain historical form of the family may be in the process of change and eventual decline. But this process is in itself the sign of the appearance of a new form . . .

One by one, as we have seen, family patterns once considered immutable have changed as society itself has changed. The emerging family tacitly questions many of the verities once considered eternal. This fact is difficult for many persons to understand and even more difficult to accept. Whether we like it or not, however, the new family is here to stay. . . . Different social situations evoke different family patterns.

Keith H. Mackie
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater, Oklahoma

"It looks as if Bodecker's project has gotten completely out of hand."

THE PENDULUM

Where you and much of modern society are headed on your "emancipation of sex" binge will ultimately be worse than what the Puritans and the Victorians had with their restraints and taboos.

The pendulum has swung the other way, to our modern emphasis on sex for the sake of sex and on the female breasts, legs, thighs, hips, abdomen and, lately, buttocks. One doesn't have to be a wise man or a prophet to see where man's natural desire will lead him in sex, as the pendulum continues to swing with ever-increasing momentum. Frankly speaking, it is obvious that the increased emphasis will soon be on the cleavage between the legs, front and back, the last and most intimate sexual outpost of the female to be publicly exploited; and it will be marvelously rationalized by future Hefners, "the most beautiful, because the most sensual."

Our European observers, particularly the French, will say that we poor Americans, with our Victorian restraints and taboos, have finally attained the mature sexual freedom they have enjoyed for years. The pendulum, having swung, will bring with it more adultery, more promiscuity, more immodesty, more physical debility and more immorality all the way around.

Maybe it will then be seen that many of the puritanical and Victorian taboos and restraints made good sense morally, as they protected the marriage vows, the sacredness of the home and the whole mind and body from intemperate and constant sexual stimulation.

B. Dyck
Orlando, Florida

THE MENACE OF HETEROSEXUALITY

I remember reading, some years ago, a statement by A. S. Neill, the famous headmaster of Summerhill School, to the effect that the natural result of traditional Christian "morality" is to create thousands and thousands of homosexuals. I thought at the time that Dr. Neill was exaggerating, but the longer I live, the more convinced I become that he was right after all. Look at the enclosed (entirely typical) question and answer from Ann Landers, the great fountainhead of reactionary sex ideology in umpteen million daily newspapers:

> Dear Ann Landers: Our son Jackie is not quite 13 years old. He likes a girl who lives down the block. They have been going to school together since the kindergarten.
>
> A few weeks ago Jackie asked me if he could invite Lizette to sleep at our house. I was surprised at this request and told him so. He replied, "Why is it such a funny thing to ask? I have invited Johnny and Bill and Chuck over to sleep, and now I'd like to invite Lizette.

We could watch TV and play records and talk a lot."

I mentioned our exchange to Jackie's father and he didn't know what to make of it. He suggested that I speak to a friend who is a child psychologist.

I asked this friend about Jackie's request and he explained that some children don't recognize the difference between boys and girls until puberty and that Jackie may be a little slow. He said we should not be concerned.

What are your views?

Baffled Parents

Dear Parents: Jackie is either a little slow—or a little fast. Regardless of which it is, a 13-year-old boy should not be entertaining a girl at a slumber party. Tell him to call Johnny or Billy or Chuck.

This, it seems to me, is a clear example of what Headmaster Neill was talking about.

Arthur Kennan
Miami, Florida

PURITANICAL PARENTS

My husband and I had sexual relations before we were married and my conscience was untroubled about it. Then I became pregnant; and when my parents discovered my situation, I was treated coldly, since I had "betrayed their trust in me." They suggested that I do exercises to abort the baby; my sister stated flatly that she didn't respect me anymore; and when I was married, only one parent attended the wedding. When I had the baby, they suggested I lie about the birth date or the wedding date.

When I became pregnant again, I relived all the anxieties I'd gone through the first time. To this day, six years later, I find it difficult to enjoy sexual relations with my husband, due to the stigma attached. If I had had my family's support, regardless of society's attitude, I wouldn't have felt so cheap. What justification is there for my being made to feel so bad about something done out of love?

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

INTELLECTUAL QUADRUPEDISM

Without meaning to put down the excellent *Playboy Philosophy*, I'd like to say that the most profoundly meaningful single feature you have ever published was a cartoon six or seven years ago. I don't remember the artist and I can't even remember whether it was in color or black and white, but I'll never forget the subject. It shows a group of missing links, midway between ape and man, looking on in horror as the youngest of the lot, a two-year-old, tries to walk erect. The mother of the offender cries anxiously, "No, no—on all fours, like Mommy and Daddy!"

That single cartoon says all that needs to be said, or can be said, about the whole history of civilization—the teachers, the preachers, the public officials and private citizens, all of whom are still basically crying out in perpetual anxiety, "No, no—on all fours, like Mommy and Daddy."

The greatest social scientist of all time—in fact, the greatest *mind* of all time, beside whom even Freud, Pavlov and Darwin will look like midgets—will be the man who works out a method of communicating with the rest of mankind in a way that will make them appreciate new ideas instead of fleeing from them in terror. Indeed, you would probably do more good for the world if you abandoned all of the present activities of the Playboy Foundation and just gave a large, juicy cash award each year to the social scientist who made the greatest contribution toward that goal. Man has suffered too long from his intellectual quadrupedism and must find a way to end it before it ends him.

Richard Hall
Los Angeles, California

"My secretary thinks you're very attractive for a woman your age."

CLASSROOM PHILOSOPHY

I am not as conversant with all aspects of your magazine as my students are, though I do see a copy from time to time. It strikes me that the entire *Playboy Philosophy* series might be very useful material in my class in sociology of marriage. Is it possible that reprints of the series can be obtained?

Clark H. Bouwman
Professor of Sociology
Florida Presbyterian College
St. Petersburg, Florida

For information on reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," see below.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE

(continued from page 122)

The doorbell rang and the host, a rangy, bespectacled statistician who needed a haircut, went to the door and admitted two couples. After a few casual introductions, the four repaired to the kitchen, where one of the men began mixing drinks with a bottle of Scotch he had brought along.

"They are two married couples," volunteered a trim nude blonde, who strutted about the living room apparently looking for a suitable mate, "but I doubt that they are together tonight. I think the men came with each other's wives."

Buch explained afterward that this is not at all unusual. "Each married partner frequently shows up with somebody else. Maybe they started out from different places, maybe they just wanted to enlarge the party. There is no jealousy; I don't think there has to be.

"Nobody makes any bones about being married. Nobody in the League is ashamed of being married. In fact, it is a mark of some status. But nobody lets marriage interfere with their sex life." (In point of fact, about 85 percent of the female members of the League are married, and most of them come to League functions with their spouses—although they frequently have sex with somebody else at a party.)

"The love-roses-and-marriage bit, the romanticized love, is a pretty sick aspect of love," Buch continued. "The religious setup of Western society teaches us to regard our wives as our possessions. Maybe it's a little silly to think of your wife or husband as chattel. Besides, often a man is involved in so many things that he is not really capable of giving his wife as much time as she, as a sexual being, deserves."

The apartment was now permeated with an aura of sensuality; interestingly, there was no longer much talk of sex. As one of the guests explained it: "Eventually, it can get to be boring to discuss the same subject with the same people all the time. It would drive me up the wall."

Most of the 20 or so persons in the apartment had drifted off. One couple was unabashedly engaged in lovemaking on the couch, others were fondling each other on the rug, several were in the two adjoining bedrooms. One paunchy gentleman still wearing his shorts was walking about rather aimlessly, obviously dispirited about not having made a contact and obviously trying not to be obvious about his curiosity and frustrations.

A pretty girl with long blonde hair drifted out to a small factional group in the kitchen. She pointed out the significant difference between this and other kinds of nudist groups: "Most nudist camps are really quite prudish. They have to use all that sunshine-and-health jazz as

a justification for going nude—instead of just pure sensuality."

After a few more minutes of chitchat, she and one of the males in the kitchen moved on into one of the bedrooms, where a few moments later, the man could vaguely be seen through the open door on top of the girl. A stockily built man in his middle 30s brushed by the open door and peeked in. "Oh, pardon me," he said and turned around with an apologetic smile. He explained quite unemotionally that the girl was his wife and he certainly did not wish to intrude on her lovemaking.

From time to time, a couple would drift back into the living room. Some put on their clothes, thanked the host for a pleasant evening and left. By one A.M. the party was over.

"The striking thing about these parties," said Buch afterward, "is that they are really not very much different from any other social gathering."

That seems fairly accurate. S. F. L. parties start slowly, like most ordinary cocktail parties. If most of the preliminary talk is about sex, it is not very different from the average penthouse bash. When normal cocktail parties loosen up, the liquor flows freer and the guests become more gregarious. Here the stimulation is of a different order, but the pace quickens in like manner. And while you can dig up strange histories of sexual trauma and disturbing adolescent experiences, there are probably quite similar tales told at the average P. T. A. meeting.

As another member put it: "What we do is really no different from what many Congressmen do on their junkets or what fraternities do at their parties—except that we do it without shame or guilt or concealment. The only criterion for any sexual act is really, 'Do I want to do it? Does it hurt anyone else?' "

The intensity of the sensuality at parties varies from one to another, depending on in-group psychology and the personality of those present. Some are obviously trying to overcome deep-seated inhibitions and guilt complexes.

Others seem quite stable intellectually and emotionally, and they are consistent in word and deed. At a nude buffet dinner party, a lovely girl named Carol explained why she had joined the League: "I derive a lot of pleasure from having sex with men, but . . . after I sleep with a man, he will invariably develop a psychological dependence on me. I enjoy sex . . . and I consider any emotional involvement . . . an entirely undesirable side effect. I came to these parties hoping to meet men, enjoy sex with them, and then break off ties with them until perhaps the next party, so that there will be no possibility of . . . emotional hassle." Later Carol went upstairs and spent time with a few different men. Afterward she stood around watching the merrymaking of the others.

A more anxious attitude along the same lines was expressed by another girl, also quite attractive, named Shirley: "I might meet a young man I like at the party and go to bed with him. But I wouldn't want to do this with anyone I had met beforehand, and I would hope afterward that he would forget about me, unless perhaps we met at another nude party. That is, I would like to be two people, one person when I am at a nude party and another when I am leading my everyday life. I wouldn't want the things I did at the party to follow me . . ."

Shirley had some criticism about the parties themselves: "It often seems to me that there is no love present. People are merely playing games, engaging in exhibitionism, voyeurism. There are no guys or girls talking to each other, no groups of threes or fours; everyone seems intent on making someone or getting made."

A sociology student from Berkeley doing field research at the S. F. L. parties had a more general theory about the motivations of the participants. "I used to wonder," he said, "why people would form groups like this when there are so many other opportunities to have sex. And why have it in public like this? I think the answer, especially for the girls, is that these are people who are easily stimulated and quite eager for sexual activity, but they condemn their own sociosexual behavior. They may be less socially adept than others and find it hard for a dinner conversation to develop into a roll in the hay, even if both parties are willing. At a nude party, all of the real and imagined barriers drop. Sexual intercourse becomes normal and acceptable, and some girls want to place themselves in a position where they have to have sex to go along with the crowd. I don't think this is deviant or perverted behavior. In many ways, it is the healthiest outlet for hyperactive or oversexed people to relieve their sexual problems."

The theory was given substantiation that same evening. A beautiful 19-year-old (girls that young are rarities at S. F. L. gatherings) was attending her first party. She remained clothed and aloof from the goings on for most of the evening. Then she demonstrated her basic belief in sexual freedom by performing fellatio with one of the long-established male members. Afterward she remained as clothed and aloof as before, but she seemed more concerned with the activities of the others. Then that same male returned to prod her to undress and have intercourse with him. She refused, and he spent quite some time and energy accusing her of getting "kicks" from denying him. He then tried breaking her down with eloquent rhetoric about her

"Bradshaw? I don't begin to trust Bradshaw. He's a dove in hawk's clothing."

glorious body and its capabilities. She seemed to be as aware of her capabilities as he, for she suddenly left him, strode over to another member who had obviously been scrutinized, proceeded to undress completely and tumble with her new friend.

The old hand never fully recovered from the loss of that pretty thing, even though there were many others around to kiss away his wounds. In fact, it is remarkable how good-looking most of the female League members are. The sociology student contributed some comments on this, too: "The females attending the parties vary from the average to the exceptionally well endowed. I'm sure that young ladies with less-than-average gifts are extremely reluctant to join." The same thought has been more profitably expressed by an advertisement for a local reducing salon that asks, "Are you ready for your first nude party?"

Another important observation that the student sociologist made concerned male physiology: "I've often heard that men don't get erections at nudist camps, because the atmosphere is intentionally sterile. Well, erections are the exception at nude parties, too. Of course, physical contact brings immediate results, but when just standing around, most men are relaxed in every sense."

Something else notably absent at nude parties are beards and beat types. The Berkeley activists and Telegraph Hill hipsters seem to regard the S. F. L. as square and overregimented. One coffee-shop frequenter put the members down as "suburban wife swappers." A writer expressed a more general attitude that people who would join the League must be sexually "hung up."

The orgiastic nature of the S. F. L. parties is by no means viewed with equilibrium by all those participating. Not long ago, *Love* dutifully printed a disclaimer from a disenchanted male member, who wrote:

> How frightful it must be to go to an orgy expecting to be smothered with love and nothing happens except that you get pawed around a little. . . . I've been to orgies and they are always sad. Someone ends up crying or passing out drunk. . . . This is quite a comedown from the League's original crusading spirit, when they first ventured forth with proud banners flying from erect penises. I'll be frank. I'm against sex under most conditions. Orgasm has a tendency to turn off friendship, tenderness and flowingness, while at the same time turning on possessiveness, jealousy and cantankerousness. You have no idea how many good relationships I have literally fucked away. Always there is guilt. Always there is "You made me do it" and "How can you still respect me?"

The League, this critic asserted, is clearly a place for men to "roll up a score." "It doesn't surprise me," he added gruffly, "that there are more men than women in the League."

A girl member of the League, an intense, young red-haired girl with an absorbing interest in sexual freedom, complained even more vociferously: "Frankly, I do not enjoy this kind of sex at all. Before you know it, there is nothing in the room but twenty-odd sweating bodies."

She was understandably depressed about her experiences at a nude party at which she was chased, during the course of an evening, by half a dozen strange men who considered her fair game.

"I had no empathy or feeling for any of them," she related. "Finally, I fled into a bedroom and plopped down on the bed —only to find a man in the bed who started pawing at me. I told him I didn't feel like it now and asked him to leave me alone."

She was obviously not being a gracious guest. "Then get out," snarled the enraged would-be swain, "this is my pad." The amative young man was, indeed, the owner of the apartment, and our red-haired ladyfriend beat a hasty retreat.

Love's editor, David Lichtenberg, a young and zealous Berkeley science student who has tried communal living under a kibbutzlike system and has dabbled in nonverbal communications programs sponsored by the Unitarian Church, sadly agreed with the male correspondent's criticism. "Some of the parties have been as you suggest," he said, but he felt confident that the rough spots would be smoothed out once the membership attained greater sexual maturity.

Love's editorial attitude is expressed by this statement from an early issue:

> Sex is an Art, the most fundamental of all the arts; like dancing, it is the expressive use of the body; like a play or novel, it is the use of conflict, suspense and the interaction of contrasting personalities; most of all it is like music.

• • •

When Richard Thorne was president

"So I said to myself, why should the fans be the only ones to have half-time entertainment?"

of the East Bay League, he liked to put on sex games. His type of gamesmanship fell somewhat short of the standards set for games in other strata of society, yet some members complained that there weren't *enough* sex games at nude parties. (Buch thinks that games "smack of directedness and lack of imagination" and eschews them.)

A letter from a young wife in Marin County, who is studying for a master's degree in philosophy, to an officer of the League, sheds light on the games as well as on the attitude of married women who attend League functions with their husbands.

> Let me explain to you about Saturday night. I imagined it was obvious to you that neither Ron nor I were in our usual do-what-you-want-to-do-with-anybody mood. That was no accident, but it was our decision to stay pretty much together, since we enjoy each other's lovemaking and find it stimulating to watch sexual activities together. I see now, though, that this attitude is not one to maximize my pleasure, nor his. I found myself wanting to meet other people and perhaps do sexual things with them. He was content to just watch other couples on the bed. It would have been possible to separate, but I know there would have been repercussions on his part. I found in the past that the only way I can help him not to be jealous is to assist him in developing a definite mental set before we go to a party. After this is done, he usually enjoys and encourages my lovemaking with other people. With this in mind, our attitude about the future will probably be much less sexually monogamous.
>
> What also contributed to our leaving early was that I wanted to get some sleep Saturday night so I could stay up and study for a test on Monday. At first, I thought there would be quiet places to sleep at the party, but there was none.
>
> One of the main attractions of the party to us, one that made us decide to spend the time going to Berkeley when we had a million things to do here, was the announcement of games, prizes and films. We expected some unique sex games and stag films.
>
> A suggestion for future parties, by the way, might be to think up some new games to play. I know only two. One involves the male partners standing in line, with the females blindfolded and trying to guess who their partners are. The only part each girl is allowed to touch is the genital area (no trying on for size). I have no idea what the

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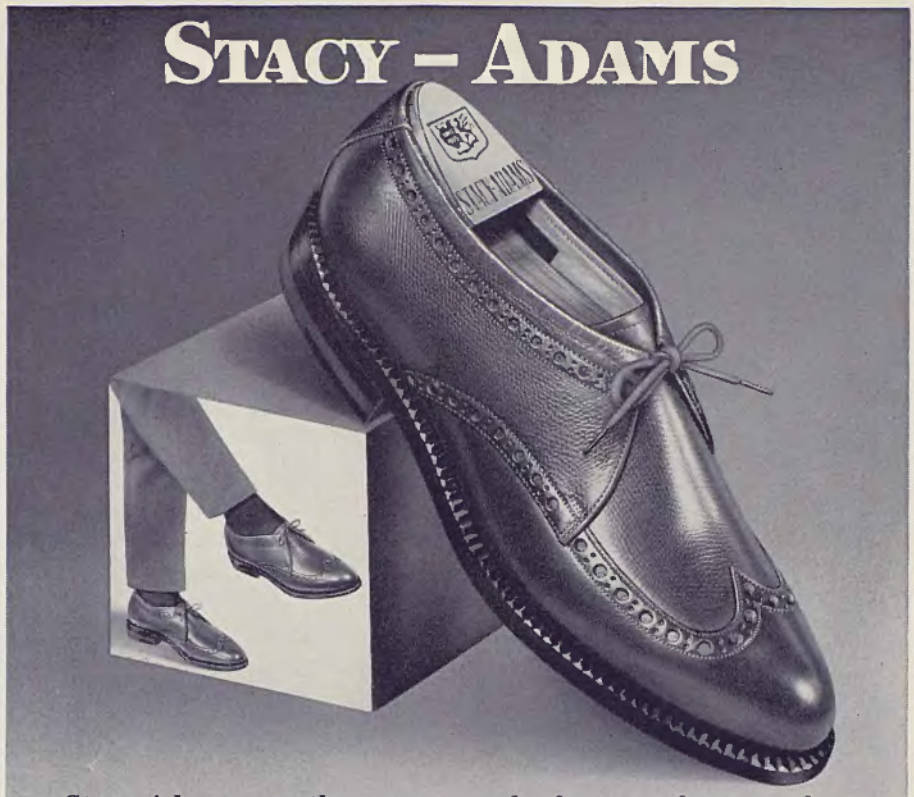

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prizes would be, but I'm sure you'd come up with something.

The second game, and not quite as good, is for the guys and girls to squirt whipped cream on each other and then eat it off. This has interesting results.

You may or may not like the idea of games, but I think they are enjoyable diversions . . .

The prevalent attitude about past failures of games was expressed in a letter to *Love*: "People, mostly shadowy personalities, watched or participated, took what they wanted and slipped away. All feeling of total group communication was lost . . ."

One group that has been surprisingly absent from the fun and games has been the Berkeley police department. They have publicly stated a hands-off policy unless formal complaints are filed. And there has been only one full-scale raid, complete with plainclothesmen (but no noclothesmen), a midnight charge by camera-toting patrolmen popping flashbulbs, and all the other accouterments. In this case, a complaint had indeed been filed by a relative of the host: and the cops were looking specifically and only for minors who were drinking. They found none. More importantly, no arrests for sexual misbehavior were made, although some League activities are illegal under California law.

For the entire time the police were on the premises, one girl castigated them for not bringing dates and for ruining the male–female ratio. There was general confusion otherwise: no one was sure of his rights, nor did anyone want to reveal his name and address. Most of the members hastily dressed when the police arrived, but one young man stayed adamantly naked and he was left alone. When the little blitz was over, the party resumed; it was reported to have been one of the best in a long time.

Not all of the League's social affairs are *au naturel*. In fact, get-togethers are normally dressy affairs at which invited guests are urged to get acquainted and exchange views on sex and other pertinent matters. Nor, for that matter, are all affairs held indoors. Frequently, nude beach parties are held at Half Moon Bay, a stretch of which has long been the playground for other nude groups.

Not long ago, the League found an agreeably different setting for a social affair—a large ranch near San Francisco. While the ranch hands were tending cattle and horses, members of the League frolicked happily in and about the swimming pool in unencumbered nudity. From time to time, individual couples would drift off to patches of green under shady trees to practice, with crusading spirit, one of the avowed purposes of the League—the enjoyment of the art of sex.

Sometimes League members become confused and anxious about their goals and they turn to *Love*. It has, from time to time, run a lively column of advice to the sexlorn, conducted under the nom de plume Colette. The column offers a good deal of insight into the views and sexual appetites of the League's members.

"Dear Colette," an apprehensive girl member wrote recently, "after talking only a few hours with a man I met at a party, I had sex with him. I thought he liked me and expected he would call me again soon. He hasn't. Do you think that he has been fair?"

"It is very unwise," Colette responded, "to have sex with someone you've known only a few hours, unless you expect no more than an enjoyable sexual experience. If you want to see him again, call him. Why assume that maintaining the relationship is solely his responsibility?"

Another girl was faced with an equally painful problem. Would it, she asked, hurt her relationship with her husband if she had sex with an old boyfriend visiting from out of town? "Having several sexual relationships at the same time can be enriching experience," wrote Colette, "if everyone involved is agreeable. Discuss your feelings with your husband and find out exactly how he feels about it. Indicate to him that your love for him would not be affected if you had sex with Phil [the old boyfriend]. Be sure that Phil understands how you feel so that he does not become jealous or suffer guilt."

Finally, the girl was advised that if she had sex with somebody else, her husband could scarcely be blamed for having his fun, too. "The problems that arise from multiple sexual relationships," averred Colette, "are usually caused by misunderstandings. Good luck!"

• • •

The philosophy of the League is fully—and ponderously—set forth in its published "Statement of Position" (the cover of which is adorned with an artful woodcut showing Adam and Eve about to make love in the Garden of Eden). The statement lashes out at Protestant ethics and a society rife with taboos, repressions, guilt complexes and antiquated sex laws. It specifically states the League's position on such social phenomena as:

Public nudity ("that nakedness excites others in an unwanted and prurient way and abets sex crimes is a myth"), young sex ("we believe that a sex organ in the hand of a child is more desirable than a toy machine gun"), pornography ("writing which focuses on sex does not need anything of 'redeeming social import' in order to justify such a focus on sex. Sex . . . is redeeming in and of itself"), abortions ("all laws and hospital regulations which restrict or deny such freedom should be repealed") and prostitution ("we believe that it is the prerogative of all persons to engage in sexual activity with all other consenting persons, free or for financial return").

Earlier this year, Thorne instituted a class in techniques of eroticism, a sort of academic 12-hour course, with demonstrations of sexual techniques. The new management of the League has scrapped it. "It is out, finished—as of now," Buch said recently. "All it succeeds in being is a big ego scene for the guy who is doing the demonstrations. The basic goal may be all right, but we're going to have to try to implement the idea in a more cerebral way. After all, the basic problems between man and wife are not the kind that you need to demonstrate."

Since the reorganization of the League's top leadership last summer, the group has, in fact, taken on a somewhat intellectualized approach to sexual problems—although, Buch insists, not at the expense of the pure enjoyment of sex. He thinks it will strengthen the League immeasurably.

Under the new setup, members are organized in circles—each circle being a semiautonomous body represented on the League's executive committee, each with a membership that shares mutual interests in addition to sex itself. As of this writing, there were plans to organize a circle on eroticism and the arts, one on abortion problems, another on public relations and one on play reading. The young lady who conducts the Colette column, fearing that the play-reading circle, much like the one she had participated in in the Unitarian Church, might overlap with the eroticism-and-the-arts circle, suggested as an alternative that it might be a good idea to form a chess circle. The response was less than enthusiastic.

The purpose of the circles, explained Buch, is to get a dialog going among people who are interested in sexual liberality. But some people doubt that the Sexual Freedom League with its circles and nude parties can accomplish anything really significant in the way of sexual liberality and removal of repressions.

"Those who clamor the loudest are not really sexually free," says the Reverend David Baar, chaplain to the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in San Francisco, and an outspoken liberal. "Sexual freedom means that you retain your sexual identity and the ability to feel the sexual impulse in the face of confrontation with other people. Free sex isn't per se going to make people accept others any better and establish bonds with them. The ultimate object is not free love, but to be free to love."

Others, such as *Realist* editor Paul Krassner, take a lighter but no less serious view: "They [the S. F. L. members] are a horny but consistent antidote to Norman Vincent Peale and Dear Abby. They are silly and I respect them."

MIRACULOUS ORGAN *(continued from page 103)*

perspective, he could be tolerant of the younger man's airs. "Sit down," he said. "I'll mix your drink."

Within moments, most of the others were on hand—Weiss, the composer-in-residence; Graner, the historian; and stone-deaf Temple, the painter. Pedagogues all, but none there save Haskell bore the outward stamp of academe. Temple looked like a butcher, an impression which red-smeared fingers only enhanced. Weiss looked like an aging matinee idol. Graner looked like a sourpuss, which, in fact, he was. All had been pallbearers the previous year at the funeral of Fairbank's wife.

"Anyone else expected?" asked Temple, accepting a beer.

"Just Mac," said Fairbank.

"Bill McDermott?" said Weiss. "I haven't seen him in ages. He owes me five bucks. I'll have Scotch, please."

Father William McDermott entered a couple of minutes later, profusely apologizing, demanding gin, and angrily pressing five singles into the outstretched palm of the gloating Weiss. "You were right, you buccaneer. Leoncavallo *did* compose a *La Bohème*. I looked it up. Here, take your tainted money. I'll trip you up yet, though, mark my word!" Turning to Fairbank, the priest said, "Now then, Marcus. What the hell are we all doing here?"

"You're here to witness something," said Fairbank, "to be present at a historic occasion. Here's your martini, Mac. If you will all step this way? . . ."

Clutching their drinks, Fairbank's guests followed their host in single file down a narrow flight of stairs to a cellar workroom.

Fairbank snapped on the lights. A semicircle of simple wooden chairs had been grouped facing a large, sheet-shrouded object. Father Mac said, "What is that thing—a coffin?"

Weiss added, "Or a piano?"

Fairbank smiled at the composer. "You're close. Sit down, all of you, please."

As they did so, they took note of the wall behind the draped object: Set into it with custom-crafted care was what looked like a 40-inch television screen.

Graner groaned, "You didn't bring us here to watch TV?!"

"That's not a TV set," Fairbank assured him. "I do make use of the cathode principle, but there the resemblance ends."

"I'm aquiver with suspense," said Haskell.

Fairbank took a position in front of the impassive screen. Habit urged him into a professorial stance and manner. "My dear friends," he said, "what you are about to see—" (he turned toward the screen) "—is the culmination of ten years' heartbreaking work . . ."

"Sorry, Marcus," said Temple, "I didn't catch that last. You turned your back."

Fairbank faced Temple and spoke distinctly, so the deaf painter could read his lips. "I said: the culmination of ten years' heartbreaking work. Heartbreaking not only because of time lost on false trails, beautiful theories shattered by inflexible facts, research halted time and again by lack of funds, failure after failure after failure—but also because my devoted Thelma, who shared the toil and travail of this project, the . . . the sacrifice, is not here to share the triumph."

He faltered for a moment, brushed by emotion, then he grasped one corner of the sheet in front of him. "You are the very first to see—" He whipped off the sheet.

"—The Fairbank Light-Organ!"

A curious instrument was revealed. At superficial glance, it looked like an ordinary concert organ. Italian Provincial in sherry walnut, available from any music dealer. Then one noticed certain modifications. Thick black cables writhing

from its base. The pedals removed. One entire bank of keys replaced by a gleaming platoon of gauges and a complex of transistors. The lettering on the stops and switches revised: The harmonic drawbars, for example, now bore hand-painted numbers in the high hundreds, thousands, millions, billions; VIBRATO WIDE and VIBRATO FAST had become SLOW IMAGE and SPEED IMAGE; DEEP BASSOON was now LONG-SHOT, and FLUTE was CLOSE-UP; HARP SUSTAIN was FREEZE IMAGE; thorny equations stood in the stead of the designations BANJO, CHIMES, MARIMBA, GUITAR, GLOCKENSPIEL; and the abbreviated, enigmatic ETERN. was clumsily pasted over what had been DIAPASON. Connected to all this, the dark eye in the wall—the television screen that was not a television screen.

"Hell," Weiss growled. "Don't tell me you've reinvented the color organ! Patterns of colored light flitting across a screen while music plays? Scriabin tried that fifty years ago and it was a flop even then."

Fairbank shook his head. "No, it's nothing like that. Although the basic structure *is* no more than a secondhand electric organ. But that's only because it proved to be the design most easily adapted to our purpose. A bench to sit on, plenty of room for a meter panel; also, the stops are conveniently placed and were converted quite simply. But this organ plays no music. It's silent."

Fairbank clicked a switch to the left of the keyboard. The basso hum of electrical power vibrated under their feet.

"Not quite silent," said Graner.

"Private generator," Fairbank explained.

Haskell began to ask, "But how could you af——"

"Watch," said Fairbank. "Watch the screen."

He pressed several organ stops, spun a dial, then played a silent "chord" on three black keys.

Light pulsed on the screen—pure white at first, then flaming red, deep blue, golden yellow, finally an eddying of all colors. They rippled, erupted, converged.

"Op art?" muttered Temple.

The colors split, swirled, and suddenly formed a picture. It was a somewhat blurred image, in motion, of Fairbank and his five guests—drinks in hand—grouped around the organ. Fairbank adjusted a dial and the picture sharpened focus.

"Closed-circuit TV," snorted Graner, looking around for a hidden camera.

"Wait," said Father Mac. "That's us, all right, that's this room—but not *now*. Look at the organ. It's still covered by the sheet. That's a picture of this room five minutes ago!"

On the screen, the figure of Fairbank, mouthing silent words, peeled the sheet away from the organ.

"So what?" said Graner. "Video tape. A playback."

"No," Fairbank said. "I repeat: I did not invite you here to watch television—closed-circuit, video-taped or otherwise. Keep watching, please."

He pressed another stop and carefully pulled out one of the drawbars an eighth of an inch.

The picture flickered and changed, showing a white Colonial door.

"That's the front door of this house," said Haskell.

Graner sighed. "I still don't see——"

Fairbank flipped the LONG-SHOT switch. The image of the door plunged into the distance, surrendering to a view of the entire house. It stood alone, surrounded only by empty lots.

Weiss said, "That's six, seven years ago! Before this neighborhood became built up!"

Nodding, Father Mac said, "Marcus had the first house on this block."

"Film," Graner said flatly. "Home movies."

Fairbank smiled at this. "It was precisely because of your skeptical mind, Graner, that I invited you here. The others—Haskell, Weiss, Temple, Mac—are romantics. They will *want* to believe. They're easy marks. I can convince them with no effort. But if I can convince even *you*, if I can smother the last scintilla of your doubt—then I will know that the light-organ is ready to show to the world."

He settled himself at the organ bench and his hands moved deftly among the keys and stops. Abstract shapes swam on the screen.

"Control is still a problem," he said. "About half the time I can get what I want on the screen—the rest of the time it's chance, accident, potluck. But I hope to remedy that, if I live long enough!"

Another picture was forming. "Ah," said Fairbank. "Yes."

A crowd; some of its members soldiers in union blue; their attention given over to a figure small in the background—a tall bearded man in a stovepipe hat.

"You boys shouldn't just hang around the street like juvenile delinquents. You should have plans, ambitions, objectives. How about joining the mob?"

"Graner," said Fairbank, "did they have movies during the Civil War period? Color movies, at that?"

"Very funny," said Graner. "That's a film clip from some Hollywood epic. Raymond Massey or Henry Fonda or somebody."

"Really? You've made this period your specialty. You're an expert, a recognized authority. The walls of your study are lined with Mathew Brady photographs. You, of all the men I know, should be able to tell the difference between a painted actor and . . ."

Fairbank's finger touched the CLOSE-UP switch. The sad, bearded face filled the screen.

Graner slowly stood up. Softly, he spoke. "Good Lord. Good Lord, Fairbank. That's no actor. No fake. That's—why, he's *saying* something! Can't you get any *sound*, man?"

Temple, his eyes fixed to the lips of the bearded man, said: " 'Four . . . score . . . and seven years . . . ago . . .' "

Fairbank flipped a switch and the picture died.

"*No!*" cried Graner. "Don't kill it!"

"You can see it again," said Fairbank, "as often as you like. Long-shot, close-up, slowed down, speeded up, frozen. I'm sorry about the lack of sound. That will have to be the next development. It's been enough just mastering light."

Fairbank turned away from Graner and addressed them all. "What *is* light? Waves of various lengths that travel very fast. One hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. Every schoolboy knows this. But what *happens* to light? Where does it go? Does it vanish? Dissipate like smoke? Change into something else? Or does it just . . . keep traveling? Of course, that's exactly what it does."

"Elementary, my dear Watson," said Father Mac.

"I suppose it is. I'm sorry. Let me press on to something that isn't elementary. Something every schoolboy *doesn't* know. Something nobody knew or even suspected, until Thelma and I discovered it."

He pointed upward. "Up there, thousands of miles above the surface of the earth, is a strange phenomenon you have heard of, even though you are not physicists as I am. The Van Allen Belts. Shields of energy, solar electrons, cosmic albedo, encircling the world—their nature and properties but dimly understood. I now know that one of those properties is a kind of snare—a snare for light. The light that travels from our planet—and that means every visible happening—is trapped up there, just for an instant, before it continues on its journey into the depths of space. And in that instant, it is duplicated, you might even say recorded, locked forever into the charged radioactive particles of the Belts. *Every visible happening*, gentlemen."

He nodded toward the organ. "This is

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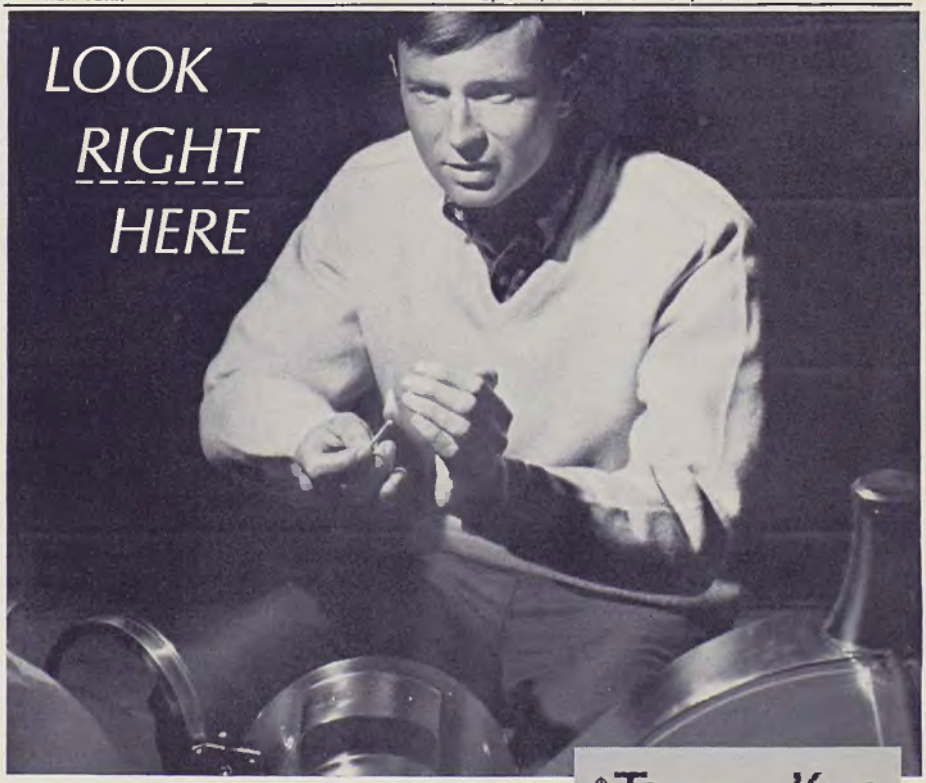

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the key that unlocks those images, by probing and tapping the Van Allen Belts. An organ that plays not music but history . . . prehistory . . . the huge and limitless symphony of the past."

There was silence in the cellar workroom, except for the generator's hum. Finally, Father Mac spoke. "How . . . far back?"

"As long as the Belts have existed. For all practical purposes, as far back as the dawn of time. For instance——"

He played with stops and switches. On the screen, they saw an image of themselves, dressed in black, in the living room upstairs.

Father Mac said, "Why—that's the day of Thelma's funeral!"

Fairbank nodded. "It's not what I meant to show you." He adjusted a drawbar. The picture wavered and was gone. "There is a strong tendency on the part of the instrument to capture the very recent past of this precise locality, this room, this house. It requires a certain amount of practice to overcome that tendency, to re-create the distant past of distant places. There—look!"

On the screen: a rain forest of impenetrable density. Festoons of drifting steam. A saurian head, attached to a long serpentine neck, stretched itself easefully to eat the brilliant green leaves at the top of a giant tree. The neck belonged to a massive quadruped—tons of flesh and bone, ending in a sinuous, flicking tail.

"Brontosaurus," smiled Fairbank, "enjoying a little salad."

The picture wobbled and disappeared. "Stability is another problem," he muttered. "The pictures tend to come and go haphazardly."

Haskell's briar had gone out again, but he didn't care. He spoke, excitedly: "Fairbank—do you think I might see . . . Shakespeare? Rehearsing at the Globe?"

"I've seen him," said Fairbank, "and so shall you. Weiss—you shall see Bach. Temple—you shall see Michelangelo, painting the Sistine Chapel. Not Charlton Heston. Michelangelo. But not tonight. The machine will soon grow overheated. I must turn it off. Tomorrow——"

"Marcus, wait," said Father Mac. "Before you turn it off—may I see . . ." His eyes beseeched.

Fairbank hesitated, then said, "Of course." He turned to the keyboard. In a very few moments, the screen sharpened.

They saw a place of skulls. Milling crowds under a roiling sky. Three wooden torture gibbets, each in the shape of the letter T. Fairbank caused the center T to fill the screen.

No one spoke. Father Mac, poleaxed by awe, sank to his knees. His lips trembled. "My God," he said, with perfect literalness.

The picture danced and was sucked into the vortex of time.

Father Mac rose from his knees. He blinked hot tears from his eyes. He cleared his throat and spoke, in a no-nonsense tone. "I see a possible moral problem here, Marcus," he said. "This organ—this great wonder—it can show us everything that ever happened, any time, anywhere on earth?"

Fairbank nodded.

"It can peer even into sealed chambers?"

"Yes. Light cannot be contained. It has to go somewhere. It all ends up in the Van Allen Belts."

"You could show us, for example, George Washington courting Martha?"

"Easily."

"Then you must ask yourself this, Marcus: Do you, do we, does anyone have the right to see George and Martha at *every* moment of their lives?"

Fairbank frowned. "I think I see what you're driving at, Mac, but——"

The priest went on: "We hear a great deal these days about the invasion of privacy. In unethical hands, couldn't this organ be the cause of the grossest invasions of privacy ever imagined? Indiscriminate snooping into the private lives of the great and the humble, the living and the dead, prying into their very bedrooms and bathrooms?"

"You have a point, Father," said Haskell, "but even so——"

"Uh, speaking of bathrooms," said Weiss, jerking a thumb in the direction of the screen.

They all looked up. Fairbank had forgotten to turn off the organ. On the screen was a faithful rendering of the larger of the two Fairbank bathrooms, and, sitting calmly in the tub, a gray-haired lady—the late Thelma Fairbank.

"Turn it off, Marcus," Father Mac said, gently.

Fairbank moved toward the organ.

"Hold it," said Graner harshly, grabbing Fairbank's arm. "Let's watch this."

Haskell snapped, "What kind of creep are you, Graner?"

"Shut up and watch the screen," said Graner. "Don't you remember how Thelma is supposed to have died?"

On the screen, Fairbank had entered the bathroom and was standing over the tub. As they watched, horrified, he pushed his wife's head under the water and held it there, while the bubbles rose, for what seemed an age. She did not appear to struggle. When the image of Fairbank straightened and turned away from the tub, it was gruesomely obvious that his wife was dead. The grim picture slid off the screen.

The real Fairbank was shaking and backing away from the organ, his eyes haunted.

Father Mac was the first to find his voice. "May God forgive you!"

A single hoarse syllable sprung from the throat of Temple: "*Why?*"

Fairbank had grown small. He stood, shrunken, in the middle of the cellar, still on his feet but collapsed, destroyed, ringed by the shocked, accusing faces of his friends.

Weiss repeated Temple's question. "Why, Marcus?"

Several heavy seconds passed. And then:

"It was the money, you see," Fairbank said in a barely audible whisper. "We were so close to the completion of the project . . . so close to success . . . but we had no more money. We couldn't wait—I was close to seventy years old. Thelma was sixty-five—we couldn't afford to wait. Then she thought of her insurance. Twenty thousand dollars! More than enough to finish the project! She said to me: 'I'm an old woman, Marcus. Let me do this thing for us, for you, for our work.' But I couldn't let her." Fairbank turned, with agonized eyes, to the priest. "*You* understand why I couldn't let her do that, don't you? Suicide—a mortal sin! So I took the sin upon myself, and committed murder."

He buried his face in his hands. Spasms shook his body. At last, looking up, he spoke again, but incoherently. He spoke of the Devil. He asked the priest if he had ever wondered what the Devil looked like. He pointed to the organ, and his voice rose to a screech. He said the Devil looked like *that*, a machine, cables and switches and dials. He said the Devil smiled with those white keys . . . tempted in the sacred name of Science . . . tempted one to evolve noble excuses for the vilest sins . . . even for murder.

Then, insanely shrieking, he fell upon the organ. "Devil!" he cried. "Damn you! . . . damn you! . . ." Savagely, he ripped out wires, smashed tubes, disrupted circuits.

"Marcus!" shouted the priest.

"Don't destroy it!" Haskell howled.

But, in a shower and sizzle of sparks that stung the nostrils and whitened the cellar workroom for a hideous instant, both the organ and Fairbank died.

• • •

Later, after the police and the questions, the five friends sat stunned in a nearby bar, nursing glasses of badly needed brandy.

Father Mac, in a faded voice, said to Haskell, "Well. Your friend Shakespeare had the words for it, didn't he?"

"Hm?" Haskell was attempting to relight his cold briar.

"*Murder will out,*" the priest explained.

"Oh. Yes." (Smack, slurp.) "Yes, I see. It's a (suck, smack) common misquotation. Actually, it's *Murder will speak*, not *Murder will out*." (Slurp, slurp.) "*For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak* (suck, slurp, smack-smack, puff) *with most miraculous organ.*"

SWIMMERS

(continued from page 117)

of spirit, as when the old lady, the mother's own mother said, "Laughter is for fools, keep a sober face," or the mother herself said, "It is not necessary to be *forever* confused—there is much that is quite clear," or the mother's kid brother said, "Easy now, do not be some kind of horselike animal in human form which must suddenly start and run," or the dead father's brother said, "Like the iceberg, only one tenth of our truth is outside, the rest inside, look there for yourself," and all of the others, all of them 15 or 20 years of age, or 30 or 40, said something else, and the next day put it another way, each of them with a new variation of the same general idea, or a totally contradictory variation of it, so that the old lady would suddenly say, "Enough of this thoughtful silence, a boy of nine might notice the comedy in things once in a while, too, you know."

Of the several things to do that were of our own choosing, swimming was the best, each of us beginning without skill, in total ignorance, but also in total faith, starting anywhere and fighting out the problem in silent fear and faith, in any of the bodies of water that were there, mainly the irrigation ditches, some narrow and shallow and slow, some wide and deep and swift, some weed-choked and occupied by frogs and startled snakes, with glorious dragonflies hovering over the life-cluttered water, but also the great rivers, the Kings, the San Joaquin, the Fresno, each of which could deeply scare a man, not so much by its breadth and depth and silent flow, but by a meaning sensed and unknown, something to do with something else, with a man's own way, of the way of the life in him, not really known to him, going along that way, so that risking it, risking all of it the very first time, risking a run and a dive into it, *could* be frightening, because it was not unlikely that it could mean one or another of the things one hoped to put off knowing about for at least a little while yet—could mean failure, not being able to make it out and back, being stopped not necessarily by the water, whatever the water really was, not necessarily by an absence of the required skill at moving about in the water, but by a failure of an unknown order, a failure of connection, of relationship, of participation, of acceptance, by the water, by its movement, by the climate of the day, by the sun, by the silence, the peace, the patience, by the enormity of the indifference of everything to a small boy with a huge and unknown reality, an enormous nature, and by the boy's own indifference to this indifference, his refusal to be ignored, his insistence on *ignoring* instead of being ignored, by the music of the summertime living that was brand-new every day, but awfully old, too, and wise, aware of everything from having seen and felt and seized and kept and thrown away every bit of it, secret and known, through all of the time long gone but always still here, always here again, a new body, a new head and face, a new voice, speaking a new language, any boy at any time could lose it all by the accident of some unknown action or truth, embarrassed, speechless, angry, and then out of it, unaccountably out of it all, the flash of him gone.

"But downstairs . . . in the bar . . . I thought you said you loved me . . ."

"Cramps," one said to the other. "Worst of all is cramps, and nobody knows why cramps happen, but they say not to go diving in right after eating—wait five minutes. I've *had* cramps. I know. What happens is like having your feet and legs tied, so you can't move. What you do is what you can with whatever's left that isn't tied, and wait. Cramps don't stop because you want them to, you've got to wait until they're good and ready. They take their time. Anybody eats the whole heart out of a big watermelon, he's got to watch out for cramps."

"Another thing," another of them said, "is running and diving hard and hitting bottom. You can break your neck. I was lucky when I did it, I only got a bump and a headache."

"Worst of all," another said, perhaps a whole summer later, "is overestimating yourself and underestimating what can happen, so the next thing you know you've got nothing left to swim *with* and all kinds of brand-new risks and accidents coming at you from all directions, your mouth and nose full of that funny taste of water you don't want and can't drink, that crazy taste of ho boy! that sick taste of how much time have I got and what can I do to have just a little more? And then maybe just enough more time to have the second chance I need to get to the bottom of this water business, this swimming business, this great school of choking, ho boy! will I ever graduate, will I ever get my

diploma, will I ever get home, take a job, get married and be a good citizen?"

"Ah, you're full of it," another said. "*Skill* is all it is. Find out how to swim, where to swim, when to swim, and there's nothing to it, you can do anything, nothing can touch you, nothing can happen to you."

Any summer day's afternoon talk lazed along with the water, and we were each of us the lone talker, the lone listener, each of us taking the swift or lazy words of another and making them his own, giving them his own language, his own style, meaning and message. And with the lazing talk the silence talked, and listened, talked again and listened again.

And then some really wild animals in the form of men and women came along to have at the flowing water, too, but not really, more really to have at themselves, the men all pale, snakeskins, one of the boys called them, the women all larded over with ripe, bursting flesh.

"Holy Jesus, did you ever see—man, what I could do—let's get the hell away from here." And another, a little older, "Hell no, we don't have to go away, we were here first."

"Ah, they didn't come to *swim*, you know that, let's go. They make me want to puke, I can't stand them nagging at each other. Every time I see a snakeskin and a lardy lady, I want to go, I'm going now, you guys stay and watch all you like."

"I came here to swim," another would say, and then run and dive, and come up squirting water out of his mouth, whoop a laughing name, *Aram, Aram*, who would then laugh and run and dive, somersault, come up, squirt, whoop another name, *Buck, Buck*, and then one by one, the others, called to or not called to, would run and dive and come up and laugh, to cool it, man, no use trying to walk away from it, you couldn't walk away from it, it was there, it had always been there, it would always be there, and when it was on you, and hot, it was the only thing, the first and only, too much, too good, run and dive and cool it, man, there's a whole world of time to be put up with, and sure enough, even the one who had walked away, moving downstream to a new place, to the grass under a water-leaning fig tree with black figs ripe on its high branches, and great numbers of little hard green ones that wouldn't be ripe until tomorrow or the day after, even this boy would race back up the bank and dive in and whoop and laugh with the others, all of them moving downstream now, but swimming, not walking away, leaving the best place at the headgate to the men and women, swimming to the second-best place, a quarter of a mile downstream.

And then up on the bank again, and up into the tree for a feast of figs, one after another. "Jesus, what *is* a fig, to taste so good? Whoever got the idea of making a thing like that?" And down again, with the mouth stinging. "What's a fig? I'll tell you what it is, my father told me, opened one and showed me, it's this little insect that has *got* to get in there and do something or the fig won't *be* a fig, that's what a fig is. Eat a fig, you've got to know an insect did it, a bug, and sometimes you eat the bug, too, but you don't know about that, because by that time the bug has the same taste as the fig."

"Bull."

"No, it's true, my father knows figs, knew them in the old country, all of these trees in California were started by the trees from the old country. Roeding did it, too, the fellow who made Roeding Park. You don't have the bug, you can't get the fig. You've got to take the bug to the tree. That's the way it is, take it or leave it. And mulberries have worms, but when you're *eating* them you don't think about that, you don't *care* about it."

"And what do *we* have?"

"We have them, too, bugs and worms and everything else, whatever works with one, works with another, works with all, it's part of the deal, nothing is itself alone, it belongs to something else, it's part of everything else."

"You're full of it."

"Don't take my father's word for it, think about it for yourself, it stands to reason, nothing's new, nobody's new, everything's more of the same, and so is everybody, and everything and everybody has got more going on around him and in him than he could ever even guess, and all the time—insects, bugs, worms, all with a short lifetime of work to do on figs or mulberries or you or me, getting in there and starting something that has a real nice smell at first and then if it lasts long enough a terrible stink, because that's how it is, that's part of the way it goes, the last part, and it all comes from something that's very old

"True, the parsonage is small and the remuneration meager, but the congregation should be the source of a best-selling novel."

that every morning looks as if it's brand-new but really isn't, it's only part of the old thing going through its motions, start to finish, good start and good finish or bad start and bad finish, no telling how it will be, but no matter how, it *will* be. Just because your name happens to be Buck Bashmanian doesn't mean that's who you are, because who you really are you'll never know, because how could you?"

"Buck Bashmanian is Buck Bashmanian, don't put me with green figs getting screwed by bugs. My people come from Bitlis."

"They're members of the same human race as the rest of us, as everybody else, you wait and see, you'll find out. Cookie Hovsepian last year, the toughest kid in town, all-city four-forty champ, tall, swift, hard, nobody was ever newer than Cookie, nobody stronger, so he was twenty-two last year, and all of a sudden gone, Cookie was dead, Cookie found out, you wait and see, you'll find out, too. Wasn't Cookie from Bitlis?"

"Harput, I think, maybe Van, maybe Mus. Wait and see, and just what *is* it I'll find out?"

"You'll find out you can't make it yours alone, it's got to be everybody's, it's got to be part of everything. How many drowned last year that we knew, counting only the kids we knew, that we had seen and talked with? Was it two, or three? Al Cooper, you remember him, third grade at Emerson, swimming at Skags Bridge. Charley Bannerman right here, just up at the headgate, anybody can manage a ditch like this, but they found him drowned. Augie Schultz."

"I never knew him, he was from Russiantown. So three of them had a little bad luck and drowned. It happens every summer all over the country, what the hell has that got to do with Buck Bashmanian, why should that prove that Buck Bashmanian isn't Buck Bashmanian?"

"It can happen to anybody."

"Not to Armenians from the highlands of Bitlis, not to the Bashmanians, not to Bakrat Bashmanian, if you don't mind my saying my name properly, not to *us*, not to any one of us, we're not going to drown—unless we *want* to drown."

This last was unexpected, even by the speaker himself, and immediately everybody moved a little, as if to have heard better what had been heard well enough, all too well. "What? What did you say, Buck?"

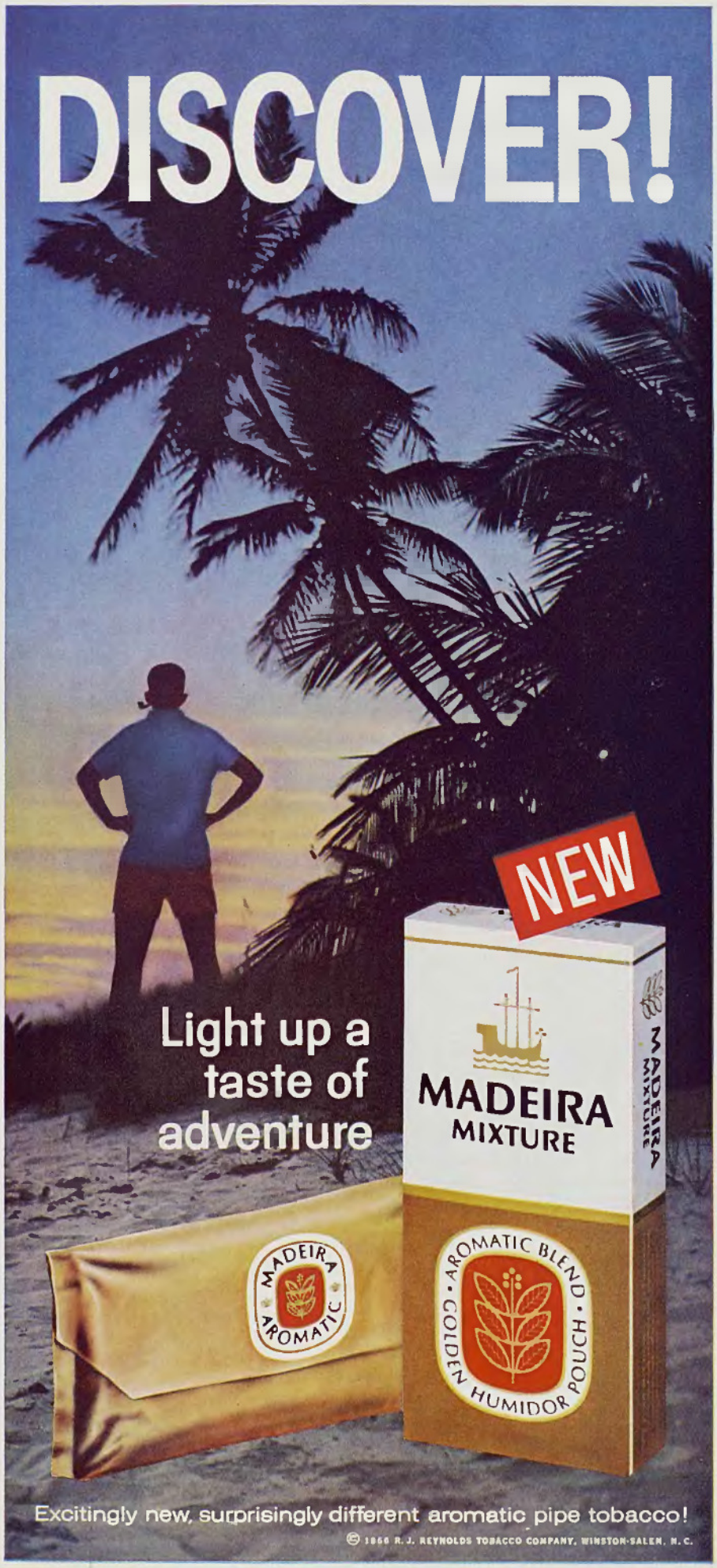
"You heard me. We're not going to drown unless we want to. That's how it is. That's how it is with us, I don't know how it is with anybody else."

"*Want* to? What do you mean?"

"Drown. It's not going to happen, unless we want it to."

"Who would want to drown?"

"Anybody. Anybody *might* want to."



"A kid? Bull."

"Yes, a kid, even a kid."

"Who, for instance?"

"Me, for instance."

"You, Buck? Why would you want to drown? Nobody has more fun than you do. Nobody gets a bigger kick out of everything than you do. What do you mean you might want to drown?"

"I might decide I don't want to bother anymore about the rest of it."

"*Why*, Buck?"

"I might decide I don't like it that much, I've had enough of it, it's too stupid, too slow, too cheap."

"Cheap?"

"Yes, cheap. Like raisins. The Sun-Maid Raisin association has got seeded muscat raisins in storage from six years ago. They've got five hundred tons of *seeds* they don't know what to do with. They run these great full-page ads in *The Saturday Evening Post*, they get a trademark of a pretty girl smiling in the sunshine, they invent slogans, but still they can't sell the raisins, and they don't know what to do with the seeds that keep piling up."

"They're pressing the seeds into fuel for stoves. We burn pressed muscat raisin seeds every winter at our house."

"Go to a muscat vine in the summer and look at a bunch of muscat grapes. There isn't anything more beautiful. Pick a bunch of the grapes and eat them. Nothing has a flavor like that. So the poor farmers with the big mustaches and the big mortgages pick the muscat grapes in August and set them out on trays to dry in the sun and become raisins, because this year, at last, the price of muscat raisins will be all right, people all over the country will be glad to pay eleven cents for a nice one-pound package of muscats, ready to eat, and good for you, better than candy, better than ice cream, with no seeds in them, even, but again it doesn't happen, the people don't want them, the poor farmer loses money again, so he has to make money at a winter job of some kind to keep the bank from stealing his vineyard away from him. That's what I mean by too cheap. I might decide I don't want to bother with all that cheap stuff, that stupid bank and stupid money stuff."

"Oh yeah? I'd like to see the day Buck Bashmanian decides he doesn't want to bother with anything, and I mean *anything*. Buck, old boy, who do you think you're kidding?"

"Not myself, I can tell you that. We're old, all right, but here's one boy who's brand-new."

"You *sound* older than your *father*, already."

"Brand-new."

"Twelve years old."

"Brand-new. Yesterday, now, tomorrow and forever."

When he was 16 Buck began to race the best cars through the streets of Fresno—to Turlock and back in one day, and park the car precisely where he had found it, as a matter of pride and honor. To Bakersfield and back another day. To Coalinga and back. To Shaver Lake and back.

"Buck, what's the matter with you? What do you do it for?"

"I told you long ago, didn't I, when we used to go swimming and talked so much. Didn't I tell you? We're from Bitlis. You must have understood me. Didn't I say I might want to drown, even? Because it's too stupid, too slow, too cheap?"

"We said a lot of things, Buck. You've got to stop stealing cars. You'll die in jail."

"Not Buck, not Buck Bashmanian."

"They gave you six months the first time, and then a year, and the next time they'll give you more, and pretty soon life. Cut it out. We're cousins. Let's go swimming again, out at Herndon, tomorrow. Let's round up some of the kids and all of us go swimming again. It's not too late."

"Maybe we will. Tomorrow, maybe we will."

But they didn't go swimming the next afternoon, and a whole month later, in October, when Buck was 19, he went around to the old house in the old neighborhood, driving a brand-new Kissel Kar with the top down, but nobody was home, he told me the next day, so he drove out to Pete Krikorian's house.

"Hop in, Pete," he said. "It's Aram Joseph's, he told me I could have it for the rest of the afternoon. We're going swimming. We're going to pick up some of the other guys and we're going out to Herndon where the river's half a mile across and we're going to swim across that river. Come on."

Buck and Pete picked up three out of five, the other two saying they had stuff to do, but Buck knew they didn't want to go because they didn't want to go *with him*, a car thief, and he knew Pete knew, too, and the three who went with him knew but wanted to go anyway: Haig Karamanian, Aslan Aslanian and Enoch Bankaji, all of them not yet 17. They loafed around roasting hot dogs on the beach of clean white sand at the river for almost an hour, talking and laughing the way they had in the old days, alone out there, nobody else out there, and then almost at the end of the day, at sundown, as if to move with the sun, and without any announcement, Buck Bashmanian walked halfway to the edge of the water, and then ran and dived in and began to swim out into the current, out where the water was really moving. The others watched a moment, and then Pete Krikorian said, "I think Buck's swimming across. I think I will, too."

"It's pretty swift out there," Enoch said. "It's pretty far, too."

"I think I can make it," Pete said. And he began to walk out, as Buck had, and then he ran and dived, as the three others looked at one another.

"Can Pete swim that good?" Haig Karamanian said.

"I don't think *Buck* can swim that good," Aslan Aslanian said. "I don't think any of us can."

And then all three of them got to their feet and began to walk to the water, and then suddenly they broke into a run, and dived in and began to swim, laughing and shouting, "Buck, Pete, wait for us."

By midstream they were all within hearing distance of one another, fighting the current, still laughing and talking, when suddenly everybody began to notice that everybody else was beginning to have a bad time. It was now as far back as it was across, so there wasn't much point in turning around and going back, and then Pete Krikorian called out, "Buck, I can't make it. So long, Enoch. So long, Haig. So long, Aslan." And still laughing, or still *making* himself laugh, he went under, gasping and choking, while Enoch tried to get to him, and Buck laughed and shouted, "Leave him alone, Enoch, just keep swimming. It's too late, just swim across."

Trying hard to laugh, Enoch said, "We went through Emerson School together." And then, unable himself to fight the current any longer, and beginning to go under, and swiftly downstream, he said, not laughing, scarcely able to speak at all, "So long, Buck. So long, Haig," and went under, and for the gasping and choking or the distance he was being carried, he wasn't able to say, "So long, Aslan."

The others made it across, nobody helping anybody else, and only Buck able still to laugh a little now and then, but *only* now and then. When he was finally across he began to vomit, and then turned and stood and looked where Pete and Enoch had let it go. The other two swimmers finally made it, too, and after being sick, sat looking at the river and crying.

Buck Bashmanian got five to life for armed robbery, but died two years later, in the hospital at San Quentin, supposedly of tuberculosis.

Haig and Aslan went along to the rest of it, but every now and then, Haig on a visit to San Francisco or Aslan on a visit to Los Angeles, they met, and remembered the drowned swimmers. And then, after talking about everything else but especially about their kids, one or the other of them would say, "Maybe they did right." And the other would reply, "Maybe they're well out of it."

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BY

John Dempsey

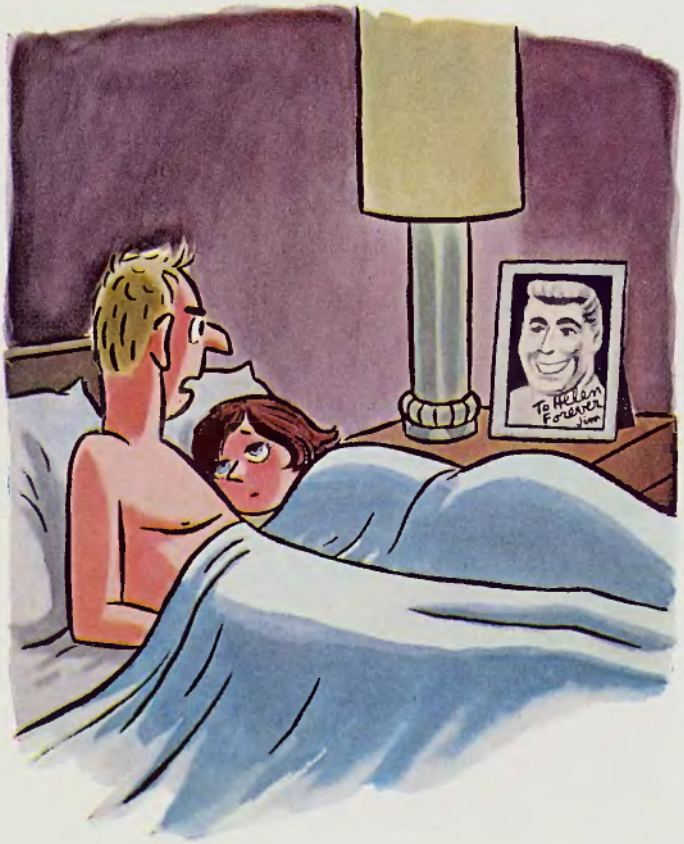
"Just think, darling—from now on it's just you and me forever and ever . . . !"

"Now, dear, we don't want our honeymoon to be like your first one or my first one, do we?"

"Precious, here's a little book Mother gave me before my first marriage. I thought perhaps you might like to glance through it."

"Are you decent?" *"Yeah!"*

"Hey, Judy—are you going to stay in there all night?"



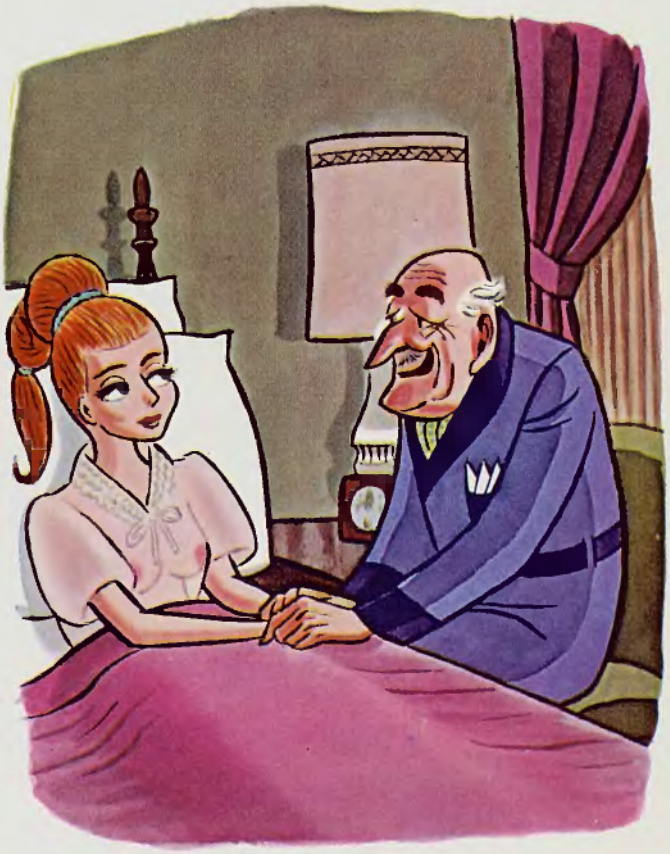
"Uh, Helen . . . I think I know why I can't get in the mood . . ."

"Know why this marriage is gonna last, Flo? Becaush we gotta lot in common!"

"Georgie, may I ask you something?"

"Of course you are, darling. You're much better than Harry was."

"No, I wouldn't say it was any better, now that we're married."



"I hope you realize, my dear, that you've made me the happiest boy in the whole world."

"No more, man. You'll be too tired for the march tomorrow!"

"Swe-e-e-tie—it's me again . . . !"

"Let's hurry up so we can go and gamble some more, OK?"

"You'll just have to give me time to get used to your ways, Horace . . . !"

Ancient Company (continued from page 102)

B'rith, which is a fraternal organization interested in sociability and charity. He must have just taken his topcoat out of storage. It hung behind his desk, and in the sunlight, that eternal beam of San Francisco noontimes, it gave off a rough-edged damp smell of moth balls. The director's name was Morris Koven; he apologized for having his coat hanging there, blocking off the view, but he wanted to air it out a little. He removed it, stroking the nap and then guiltily darting his fingertips to his nose and away. He was a man who liked the smell of moth balls. Well, some people, for example Alvah Gershon, liked the smell of gasoline, hangars, garages. Liking a smell is no crime. And Morris What's-his-name was making him welcome. "We get a lot of dentists. We got the professionals, of course, the insurance boys, business, like that. But I have to admit it's a little slow on doctors for some reason, I never can figure why. They don't think they need us. But I always say: Ask not what the Jewish community can do for you; ask only a lot what you can do for the Jewish community. And I say further: We don't just need money, we need you, a nice young doctor, the younger generation. I heard you're divorced, Doc. Oh, those things get around. We don't see you here, but I know, I *know*." He winked elaborately, a wink that stirred the air. The volunteer worker had stopped typing. She was pretending to think, searching with a nail for an idea in her blue hair. She was listening. "I sent you our literature, you remember? I put you on the mailing list. For one thing, you can meet the people at our meetings, and who knows if some nice parent doesn't have some nice daughter?"

The volunteer worker was about to raise her hand and volunteer an answer to the question.

"I came to you with another problem, Rabbi."

"Well, I didn't finish my studies. I was more—outgoing is the type. Some nice little girl, not a baby anymore, but maybe *cute*——"

When Gershon finally told him the story, the man did not believe. He believed, but he did not believe. "Why that's terrible," he said, "terrible, just *terrible*. What a world we live in. But you see, Doctor, I have to do more with the club activities, socials, education, things like that—you should maybe write to the Anti-Defamation League, Doctor. But, of course, anything I can do you for, I'll be more than glad——"

A strange harsh voice—Gershon's—broke in, and he heard this voice as if it belonged to someone else, the passionate adolescent that he had been, wanting to be a doctor and cure the sick: "But he's a killer! There's no time! Nothing to do with defamation! A murderer!"

"Well, Doctor, OK. I just don't think it's necessary to raise your voice in here. I know you're nervous, being divorced and all. I see that problem all the time in my line of work—I'm like a psychologist, you know? Incidentally, don't call me Morris or anything, call me Moishe. I got training in social welfare. I was only trying to be helpful, OK? First I was thinking you would maybe like to join the community, meet some nice people, we have the theater club and the gourmet society meets on first Tuesdays of the month for men only, and the ice-skating group—we get a special arrangement at the rink—and then you tell me there's this anti-se*meet* and I only tried to tell you the proper place where to go——"

Gershon was on his way, mobilized, grinding out the words, "Well, you go there," and wondering if the police and this man, Morris What's-his-name, had gone mad. No, theirs was the normal madness—that illness which daily erodes the spirit as sugar erodes the teeth, till suddenly the pain cuts in but the nerve is dead. They decay and die and only feel pain when it is too late to learn from it.

There was something else which he did not stop to measure. As he rushed, enraged, there was something else going on. It was the more warming to his soul because he did not think of it: *He was happy*. The others were just following their habits, their American habits of 1966, smelling their fingertips as they had done as children, but Alvah Gershon, M. D., was finding something real to do. He was finding his own way.

During the good times of his life, when he had won through an exam, or on his weekend passes, the idea of a girl used to float into Gershon's body like a warming suffusion, the high pleasure of work, a hot and cold bath, good health. Girls, a girl. Now the itch to pride and power set dancing once more the dream of love. He stopped for a moment and let it play. Just *because* Morris and the cop stood in the road, he could push by them. He would try every chance, every ditch and field. He could be unique—why not? He could make his own way through the woods. As life filled him once more—its defiance, its mystery—he suddenly caught a glimpse of her face in his memory, vividly shining, scrubbed, smiling, and yet unknown by him. She had been hurrying down a hall with one hand at the blonde roll of hair. Nurse's uniform, some kind of pin (silver), a book under her arm. He had not until this moment known that this mild snapshot had been taken by his memory. Funny Brownie. Now he must solve the mystery of that friendly, easy face; solving meant to conquer it, then share with it the victory.

He couldn't help thinking at this time, in this boyish way, of pride and conquering and total sharing, all these hunter's ways of imagining love. With his father, with his wife, even with his son, love was a partial and qualified matter. This exhilaration was his way of setting himself apart from wavy-haired cops and moth-eaten Morris. He fought

"I don't know Clintworth either, but I know his type."

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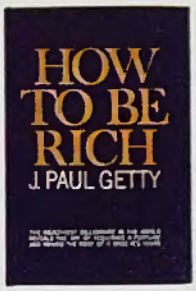

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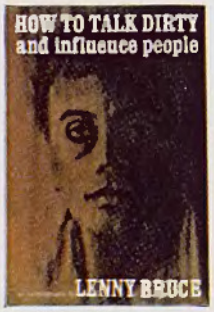

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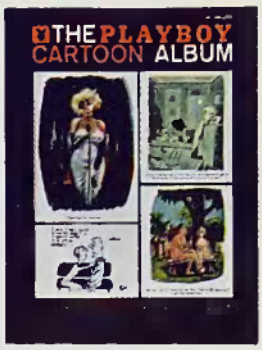

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discouragement by being undiscouraged. Coffee, lack of sleep and the pressure of his secret entered into it, too. Before now, Gershon had been too preoccupied to let the girl come into his mind except when she was present, actually there, pleasing his eyes above a gauze mask, just doing some task while her body rustled crisply, faintly scenting the air. But now he thought of her; he came to a focus. She was a German nurse at Mount Zion Hospital, where he did his charity consultation work two afternoons a week. Her name was Heidi, and their eyes had met, and she would know him by name. She was in the States on an exchange program with Bonn.

The swarthy, lean, slightly bent Hungarian cavalry officer stood grinning on Divisadero Street beneath a sign that read: A VOTE FOR THE GREAT SOCIETY IS A VOTE FOR . . . He was reaching for a dime in his pocket, sorting it out of the handful of change in the old way. The gesture recalled old urgencies: *Get the girl now!* He got her number from the hospital and telephoned.

Good luck. She was off duty. She was willing to see him. He would take her for lunch at Enrico's in North Beach, hoping the sane pleasuring of the idle, forever-April scene of Telegraph Hill would help her to understand him, and therefore help him to understand himself. There was a special reason, of course, for thinking of German Heidi.

While waiting to meet her, he jotted down in a little notebook a summary of what he knew already. Muller-Frantz' telephone number. He lived at an address on Geary Boulevard in San Francisco; he must have commuted across the Bay Bridge two or three times a week to Berkeley. He added the date of his departure. The airline. His exact time. Then he drove past the address on Geary and slowed down. Muller-Frantz had a little cottage in a garden off this swath of highway cut wide through the city, stretching almost to the Pacific Ocean.

Then it was time to collect Heidi Broich.

They paused before Enrico's, that Paris picturebook café, outdoor tables and reflecting heaters for warmth; Gershon whirled his Peugeot about and headed toward another place, The Barbary, where they could have a back table, noon darkness and candles. Entering the darkness, he felt a moist, melancholy coolness and a responding heat in himself, like remembered love, the first love of college, when being away from home and finding a strange girl with a bicycle and a cardigan opened up all reality to him. Heidi smiled and cuddled her chin into her collar. She liked a masterful man. Then he told her his story; he wanted to tell someone who would listen and to whom the tale would make sense.

"Why me?" she asked.

"Not just because you're German," he said, and then tried to think why. No, just because she was German.

"I was born as a baby in the War," she said.

"You don't remember," he prompted her.

"Yess. Yess I do not remember."

He frowned, pressed his mouth together and studied the amber of his beer as if it were crystal. "But let me explain anyway," he said.

She listened obediently, even eagerly. She too was shocked, but unlike the curly-haired cop and the B'nai B'rith bureaucrat, she took a personal interest in Alvah. This was no place to talk about such matters, she said. It was shocking and dreadful. "Oh dear, there are no more Jews in Germany," she said, bemoaning the lack as if Jews were a natural resource mysteriously removed from the soil, like the nitrogen under a crop of tobacco.

They went to her apartment near Mount Zion. He continued talking while she offered him a drink. He did not seem to hear her and went on talking.

She slipped into something more comfortable while he stood, eyes averted, at the doorway and explained why a rage could be aroused in him by the prospect of an assault on the remnant of Jews who had been gathered in Israel. Ordinarily Gershon's dark face at this afternoon hour was further darkened by beard, but the hectic flush gave him a color, red and black and pale, cheeks, tufted hair, eyes and lips, that made him look like a student in Hamburg, Heidi informed him. And of course his nose was so much more interesting, bony and distinguished. "You say like that? distinguished?"

She did not know Dr. Muller-Frantz, but she would try to understand Gershon. He felt like a paratrooper on a desperate mission. No, like a soldier on leave before his mission began. "Do you have a bicycle?" he asked.

"Why you ask such funny questions?"

Her hands were like little paws all over him. He dipped himself dripping into her.

• • •

The few days sped by. There was no time to be Hamlet; cop, bureaucrat and nurse had helped him very little. Gershon decided not to ask the proper order of his going. He tried to finish the sentence he had started to read on a billboard someplace, he didn't recall where, about how a vote for the Great Society was a vote for something. But he was too busy. In a way, the policeman, the man from the social club and the German girl had given him what he needed. They had brought him alive, in frustration, in exasperation and in lust—alive. The yellow-gray skies of San Francisco were his Paris; he lived in risk of everything. The one who could help him most was waiting, but not waiting very long, not much longer, only a little time more. And what if he should decide to leave early?

Why not take the simplest way through to him?

Gershon tried the telephone and got no answer. He sat heavily, shaking, as if dialing a dead number had used all his strength. While he sat in this rage, the fire of waiting ablaze in his head, another special-delivery letter arrived. It enclosed a newspaper clipping about a complaint in the United Nations. Egyptian and Israeli authorities had arranged a prisoner exchange. The prisoners handed back alive to Israel were not being returned to their families. The government of Israel was asking a United Nations examination of them. They had been castrated; their tongues had been torn out; they had been put in enormous truck tires and rolled about for hours, days. Doctors had observed this process and regulated it to keep them alive. Not one was presently sane. It was thought that none of them would ever again be anything like a human being.

The note attached to the clipping stated simply that the doctors who looked after these men in prison had received excellent training in Leipzig and Munich. And it added: "Of course, this is practical medicine on a very small scale."

Dr. Gershon sat by the telephone and dialed the number again and again, until on perhaps the 40th effort, several hours later, there was an answer. There was a mild professorial: "Jah?"

He had planned out his attack; he would explain very little, and the little he said would test the information he had. There would be an economy of means. By reticence and by a calculated imprecision, he would arouse no suspicion. "Hello?" he asked the blank face at the other end. "Doctor Muller-Frantz? I am Mr. Gershon, concerned with . . . ah . . . the United Arab Republic."

"Oh yes. So pleased."

"Perhaps I could pay you a visit to discuss . . . ?"

"Yes. Of course. So pleased."

They made an arrangement to meet at the man's cottage late that same afternoon. Muller-Frantz took the bait eagerly. He must have felt isolated, uprooted, alone in his new enterprise—living in

"So the birds lay eggs, and all that jazz, and the little bumblebees help the flowers pollinate. Now run along, and for God's sake, don't get any more girls pregnant."

one place, native of another, traveling to an even stranger compression chamber. Gershon had an astringent sense of tracking him down. His last patient of the day —a woman with infected cuticles from an allergy to nail polish—noticed that he did more than prescribe isothipendyl, an antihistamine, hot soaks and a non-allergenic polish. He also smiled at her.

Now into his Peugeot—sun roof back —and down Geary Boulevard, past used-car lot, shopping center, and through the little settlement of White Russians (restaurant, *apteka*) which had been sliced in half by the highway. A vote for? A vote for? Never mind.

He parked, lit a cigarette, looked about, ground out the cigarette and went forward. He rang a little bell—brass tinkler hanging from a rope.

Muller-Frantz bowed him into the cottage, which was placed deep within its sheltering garden. Behind, Gershon heard the pumping labor of traffic on the highway, muffled by vines and flowers, the perpetual springtime of San Francisco gardens. Ahead of him stood a short, plump man dressed in good tweeds, with high shoes polished like mirrors. As he bowed, Gershon could see the tea service on a table. He must have carried that silver with him in his baggage—knotted and knobbed pitcher, spoons with crushed flowers, butter knives and an embossed sieve. Clearly he was not a man who fled without considering the future. He had a taste for the good things. Like Gershon, a bachelor; unlike him, Muller-Frantz had learned to be happy in indulgence of his pleasures. Moving about the room, a mingled smell of old tweed, tea and cookies, and fresh eau de cologne arose from Muller-Frantz. He had the thinnest hair Gershon had ever seen on a man pretending to a full head—a few strands wound round and round, like the map of space, each separate strand with its star-glisten of cologne.

"I have taken a cup while waiting," he said. "I hope you don't mind."

"Was I late?"

"No. But I was waiting."

Gershon sat down heavily. It was odd to be so expected. He looked into the cup as Muller-Frantz handed it to him. Nothing but tea. The man had confessed his impatience like a lover.

"Ah," said Muller-Frantz, settling back into an armchair. His belly jutted forward under his vest; he was slouched into the chair and could arise only with difficulty; a pink, chubby, defenseless baby lay beneath the armor of dress. But his eyes gleamed with an adult calculation behind his heavy glasses. Within the steel frame there were concentric circles of glass, and a bulging false eyeball of glass at the center. "Cream? Sugar? Lemon? It's all there. You will forgive if I allow you to serve yourself. I am alone, you see, and so I have been all my life." His eyelids fell in a moment of modest grief for his lifelong solitude. He recovered. The aquarium eyes were staring again through their thick glass. Shielded eyes, naked nostrils. Abruptly he asked: "And you are here about the Cairo Project?"

"Yes," said Gershon.

"Yes."

Muller-Frantz poured hot milk into his own tea. Gershon shook his head. "Perhaps lemon?" the man asked. "It is good for the skin, my mother used to say. She still remembered scurvy—a disease, no, a *gondition*." A bright boyish smile at his visitor. He sniffed through his uptilted nostrils. Gershon wondered if he looked to him like an Arab. It made no difference. He was obviously so pleased with himself, with everything that was happening to him, that he wanted simply to brew his tea, to rest his saucer on the little jutting tummy, to smooth away any agitation in his nose with one decisive finger, to smile and murmur and wait for developments. He was either a calm man or a man calmed with much effort. And his mind fully composed about everything.

He gazed at Gershon and made inquiry in one repeated word which seemed to dismiss all small preparations for talk: "Yes?"

Gershon put down the cup. He jumped at the clatter it made on the table. "Tell me," he said, "without the technicalities, exactly what it is that you can contribute. What is it that you propose to do—you personally?"

"Ah," said Muller-Frantz. "Gontribution to the Goming War. Well said, that. Egg-ceedingly well put. My gontribution to the war, my personal iota—you say iota? Yes. Let me think of that a moment." He sat, breathing heavily, his plump hands folded on his belly, the bright, unseeing eyes closed, as if dreaming forth his words. Thinking. And then he spoke. He put forth very dryly, as if for a bureaucratic record, his qualifications as a developer of special weapons. They would be of specific efficiency on a small, densely populated, civilian area; and, he noted wryly, they were not *psychological* in character. He said that word as if it were an evasive trick. "Unless, sir, you consider elimination of the hostile population a merely psychological goal. I prefer to think of it in Malthusian terms—death as a means of making fertile once more. Pruning, extirpation, as a means to allow a superior crop. Of course, that is a *bolitical* decision. Personally, I am expert in the means—a technician." His eyes fluttered shut. "Nevertheless, I cannot help having a general background—general ideas." When he finished, he took a deep breath; he sighed; he smiled to himself and said, "I have not been asked to work for the Americans because of the scandal. I was not a so-called non-bolitical scientist in Germany. I was involved in bolitics. I was Chief of a Section—you say Section? I carried out my principles in trying to purify Germany. They are afraid of me." He smiled, and the tiny round aquarium eyes disappeared into the center of the bulging glasses. "Their fear degrades them, not me. I go where I am better needed."

Gershon, gazing at this man as if trying to memorize a map, saw on his skin the possibility of all the diseases he had studied—eczemas, thyroid thickening and cracking, proliferating moles, precancerous lesions, suppurations, leprosy. He sank for a moment into a sick black despair, a despair like fear clutching at his belly and folding down his vision. He should be curing this man. He was a doctor, not a murderer. His rage faded; he saw that the man was getting over a cold. The flanges of his nose were chapped. Pale shadow of lanolin salve about his nostrils.

Muller-Frantz seemed to read his mood. It was as if he were a mechanic winding up the emotion he needed. "I have changed my plans." He put the key in Gershon's back and he wound it a little tighter. "I leave in three hours."

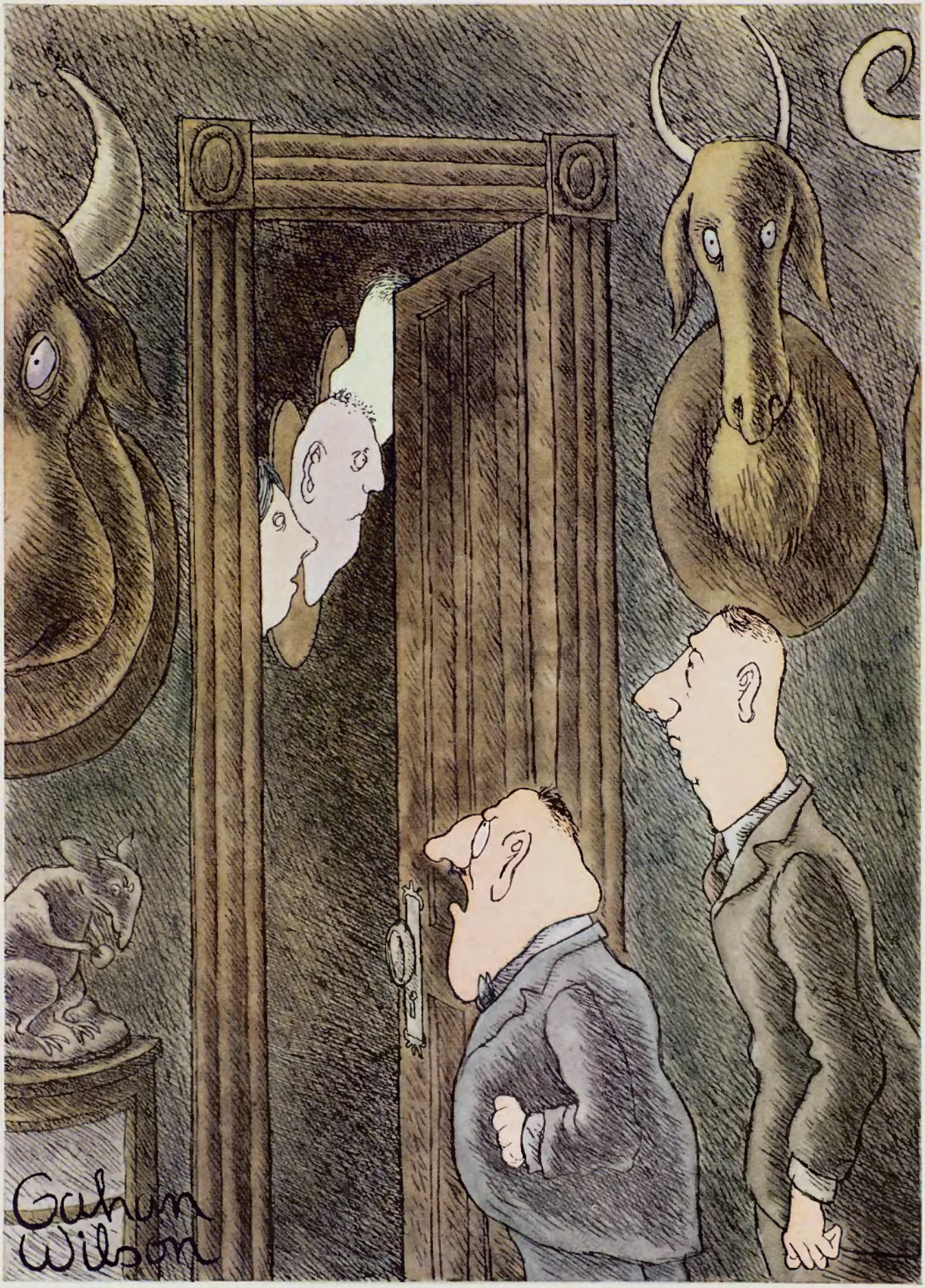
Gershon said simply, "It was you who wrote to me. Why me?"

"Wrote?" said Muller-Frantz.

"Why me?"

The man pouted like a child, like a girlish, spoiled boy-child, caught out in his game. "You're a good one," he said, "a perfect one." He would finish the game anyway. He reached in a drawer of the coffee table. Behind him, Gershon could see the packed suitcases, precisely tagged, all bearing the destination CAIRO —CAIRE–EL KAHIRAH stenciled in block letters. It was the terminal after the very far wanderings of this old man. Muller-Frantz finished his search, which was only a pretense of search, which was a way of enjoying his moment, and put a Luger on the table. "Yours to choose," he said.

Gershon pulled back in his chair as the barrel lay pointed at him on a doily in a furnished cottage on Geary Boulevard near the Pacific Ocean. Muller-Frantz smiled and turned the barrel to three o'clock. "Doctor Gershon," he said, "I believe I have developed a weapon that will eliminate the so-called State of Israel from the known world in something under seven minutes. This does not give much time for retaliation, does it? We scientists, all German, a few Austrian, have our own suburb of El Kahirah, have you heard about that? Our club, our women if we still want them, our pools and servants. Our work, too. When our work is done . . ." The nostrils winked. "When our work is really done, a long battle will have been won at last. But not completely. You see, sir,



"Confound it, staff knows this door's to be kept locked!"

there is no complete victory. I have come to accept that fact. And so I need the little victories, too. I need you, Doctor Gershon. A personal victory. At random—nearly at random—I create—or perhaps I merely find—a coward. The distinction is not essential."

Gershon picked up the Luger, moving his hand to take it from its three-o'clock position. His hand was hot and dry, but he knew that the living creature always has oil on its skin: the fingerprints would be clear enough, if that mattered. It did not matter.

The man looked at his own belly. He offered two targets, the glistening top of his head with its droplets of cologne, the tiny protruding little bag of belly. "I wanted to take one with me," he said, "as I fly away. One You." That was how he pronounced it: *One You*. "But since I planned it this way, sir, how do you know I would be of any use as a technician in Egypt? Perhaps I am just tricking you to kill me? Perhaps I am merely dying of cancer and wish to collect the insurance—a suicide clause in my policy?"

Gershon stared. As he watched the man, there was an odd feeling of nostalgia in his breast, a sick sinking longing—not for his wife and the dim days of family happiness (breakfast once: *when?*) but for the excitement of his first days of Anatomy, on a metallic autumn day when it seemed that he might really be a doctor, and then earlier, in another golden autumn, for his father, one of those dim, driven, preoccupied fathers. Once, on a Sunday afternoon walk in Indian summer, his father had shown him the striations of a leaf, how life was taken in, how the leaf breathed. Photosynthesis and the crackled, age-old veins; and then his father had seemed to be talking to *him*, to his little boy whom he wanted someday to be a doctor. That joyous memory went back to his 11th year; he remembered it now without joy, with a heavy and mournful nostalgia.

The man's voice bubbled on. "That makes calculation, You? Perhaps I am just causing nastiness? Excellent! Then you let me go to the little suburb of El Kahirah. You give me your permission. You let me go. After all, am I not a human soul? Hath not a National Socialist eyes? When you prick me, do I not bleed? Ha-ha! Forgive me, I translate your poet Shylock into English back. Ha. I should not play tricks in such matters."

What would his father and his son want him to do? What had himself, age 11, planned in life, and what had he done at 17, leaping from the sleek-bellied T-42? There was something secret on the German's mind, too. Gershon struggled for his intention, his own, beyond his hopes for his boy, soon to grow away from him, and beyond his father's ambition, mercifully dead before Alvah finished his training in dermatology and allergy. Gershon, still alive, wondered if he could manage to claim such burdens for his bent and cautious shoulders. And still, and still.

"Do you have the right to take a human life, You? Perhaps I merely tease. Suppose I am that remarkable person who has a sense of humor, heavy northern humor, it is true, but I cause you to sin. Or not. By your will to send me to my project in Cairo—kinks in the Abdul III rocket—those fools! Arab names! But I am studying a little Arabic. I have had to learn many languages in my time. It is an aptitude like mathematics. 'El Kahirah' means 'The Victorious.' Ah. And so decide, You. Chew. Juden. Jew."

Gershon pulled the trigger. There was a click. It was not loaded; it had not been loaded. Muller-Frantz made a soft chuckle. He sighed. "But now you have made up your mind, yes, You? That proves." He threw a knife on the table. "*Now*, You."

Since he had planned everything so carefully, he had probably also sent a letter to the police. The man ruled over his little world of scheme and hatred. He was demanding that he be murdered. It occurred to Gershon that he might even load the Luger and shoot himself, using gloves to keep Gershon's fingerprints on the weapon, shooting himself in the belly so that he would have time while bleeding to death to get rid of the gloves and place the Luger across from him, as if it were murder. It occurred to him that the police might be on the way already. It occurred to him that the man was mad.

"Will you do *nothing*, You?" Muller-Frantz demanded.

Gershon picked up the knife.

"Will you do?" Muller-Frantz asked. "Otherwise I go to Egypt and I kill millions, if I can. And I assure you I can."

Gershon was alone with his decision for a long moment as his fingers grew familiar with the intimate sleek of the handle of the knife. He accustomed himself to the idea. He tried to learn from this man.

"I think you had better hurry," said Muller-Frantz, "else I shall fight you and perhaps win. Or someone will interrupt us. You have always neglected the eleventh commandment."

He paused while Gershon tried to understand this.

"*Destroy the enemy*. For that reason you do not survive. You think you survive in America, in Israel—you *think* you survive. But you have been murdered so long you are an amputated people, ghosts, merely reprieved victims. A few of you kept alive as patients cured by radiology. To live a little longer. But you die when needed." He smiled and yawned, patting his mouth with his hand. He was like an old professor who read off a lesson from lecture notes made ages ago, learned from another professor in good order, passed on effortlessly in fly-buzzing classrooms from professor to professor in Nuremberg, Prague, Kiev and Vienna, in all the spired cities where civilization has been turned on the wheel, shaped, broken and shaped again. He coughed and swallowed the wetness in his throat. A stray glob would not worry a foreclosed man. He said: "As usual, it will be too late while you think, You."

He stopped to beam upon his antagonist. He was a happy man.

"You are my puppet. When I do not move, you do not move."

He pursed his lips to show that he knew everything. He was unsurprised. He was demonstrating for some imaginary audience. How nicely he could predict the Jew's behavior!

His confidence that he controlled and predicted everything changed the game for Doctor Muller-Frantz. And if he were not really playing to win? The answer to this, like most perfect knowledge, would forever evade Alvah Gershon, M. D., for at that moment he fell forward, convulsively sprung by his legs. His legs shot him into the scientist as if they followed a system of abstract logic, of music, of mathematics, of the laws of gravity and flight—no physicality to it at all. The shape of fact disappeared; there was only pattern. And then the puffing, resisting, enveloping welcome of fatness about a knife.

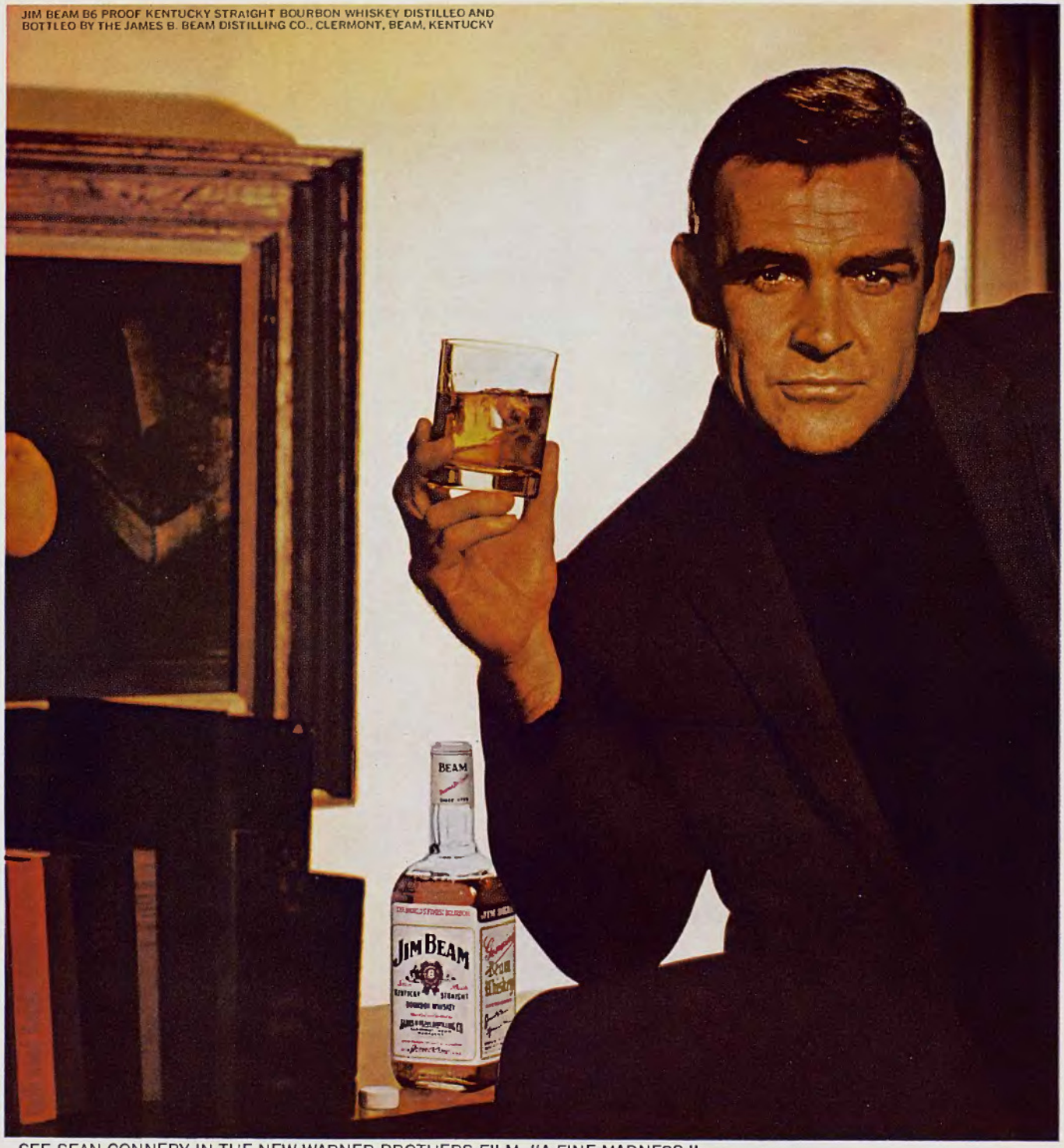
Dr. Gershon was not thinking about history, but he understood the mistake of Muller-Frantz. He had chosen a man made desperate by the rule of comfort. Dr. Gershon was one obedient man among millions of them, but a man dismayed by his obedience. Or had Muller-Frantz somehow planned his own error?

They were leaning together, shoulder to shoulder, in an odd swaying collaboration. Then, with the snap of a wrist, Dr. Gershon pulled away. For some reason he thought of mushrooms in a forest. The creature started its fall. "You!" —and died.

Gershon stared at the crumple at his feet. It was as natural as a shriveled, striated leaf. A slow seep of blood. Capillary action took the thick color into tweed.

He let the knife fall alongside the body. Judgment hastening. Was he more than a man who took another man's life? Was he an ordinary murderer?

Later he would need to explain to his son. For the moment there was only act. No longer dwelling within a future he could predict, he waited in a cottage off Geary Boulevard to meet the fate of those who make their own laws, of the hunter, of the man who joins, very late in history, that ancient company.



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TECHNICAL EDITOR *(continued from page 141)*

criteria, especially in the areas of effective thrust, pay load and crew accommodation. In view of expanded mission requirements now contemplated, the present vehicle is clearly inadequate to future needs."

"But——"

"With savings effected in fiscal '65 by budgetary cuts, which canceled installation of a garbage eliminator in your food-preparation center, and future funding assured by this morning's management decision, cost considerations have been significantly minimized. It is consequently possible to envision a design concept considerably in advance of that now in service, which, it is well known, originated as early as the mid-Thirties and, while subject to continuing technical refinement, remains largely unchanged in configuration and performance.

"Such an advanced concept would incorporate all or most of recent state-of-the-art improvements, including a far greater thrust to be provided by a more powerful propulsion system, thus allowing increased pay load and more commodious crew spaces. Cargo would be carried in an aftercompartment, rather than forward, as is now the case; a similar transpositioning would relocate the propulsion unit, although tractive effort would continue to adhere to current practice and be applied through the rearmost load-bearing surfaces."

"Gosh, Howard. Does that mean——?"

"Major advances in the primary life-support systems would offer a more stable shirt-sleeve environment under adverse operational conditions by means of more complex and flexible temperature controls. Additionally, present unilateral ground–vehicle communications would be enhanced to allow the crew to exchange data with available ground receivers, utilizing a miniaturized external antenna.

"Over and above these technological advantages, there is little question that the proposed new vehicle would have undoubted propaganda value in certain situations, a fact even the Russians have come to accept, as evidenced by their continued production of their Zis——"

"What's a Zis, Howard?"

"Please, Vinnie. Questions after the briefing, you know."

"Sorry, Howard."

". . . Zis vehicle, admittedly a first-generation, now-obsolescent design, rarely seen outside the Soviet Union. Its sheer bulk, however, is known to impress nonaligned observers.

"In over-all physical appearance, the proposed new vehicle would differ in almost every major respect from the one now in service, most importantly in weight and length. Concomitant reduction in booster-sustainer engine efficiency and increased fuel consumption of this single-stage propulsion unit would be balanced, if not entirely compensated for, by higher operational speeds under optimum atmospheric conditions. As with the present vehicle, guidance will be visual-manual, with all command loops closed by the pilot, but with powered assistance in all phases as an add-on. Similarly, external configuration will be aerodynamically oriented for minimal drag, and a quantum-jump improvement in roll, pitch and yaw attitude control should result from a considerably more elaborate suspension system. Interiorly, crew-vehicle interfaces will be notably less austere. Instrumentation will be augmented but remain generally compatible with current pilot-training methods, with displays indicating ground speed, available fuel, etc., on the command console.

"In view of the foregoing, this study strongly recommends it as both advisable and necessary to begin the immediate phase-out of our present service vehicle as soon as delivery can be implemented of a new, man-rated replacement conforming to the requirements outlined herein and providing maximization of all operational parameters. Negotiations have been initiated with a view to this objective's achievement no later than the end of the current month, barring labor or transportation difficulties. Prime contractor selected is the General Motors Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

"Not the least of the advantages to be gained is that existing all-weather storage and launch facilities are deemed fully adequate to support the new vehicle, requiring only the relocation of a number of galvanized-steel household waste containers. Sensitivity of the new vehicle's nonload-bearing outer skin will, however, debar the presence of nonauthorized personnel, including children and domestic animals.

"Observers here anticipate no insuperable problems in financing the project, with final payments due in fiscal '70."

"Howard, my dearest, what are you trying to tell your Vinnie?"

"Surely, my sweet, that should be crystal clear, or afford at least comparable visual acuity under similar lighting conditions. I've traded in the VW for an air-conditioned Caddie with a phone, baby."

"The files are in alphabetical order, Miss Nordburg. You know—A, B, C, D, E, F . . ."

DAPHNE BIGELOW *(continued from page 132)*

teaching deficiencies, I prepared to drop my bomb.

"Oh, say, Daphne—heh, heh—pass me another roundhead pin."

Snakily I watched her from the corner of my eye as she turned her gaze away from the benighted night crawler and reached her delicate hand, with infinite grace, over to the pin box. For a moment, panic almost stilled me. Her beauty was such that it took the breath away. Rallying quickly, however, I plunged on:

"Ah—heh, heh——"

I took the pin from her hand, the light brush of her fingers over mine sending goose-pimples all the way down to my Argyle socks and out the ventilation ports of my Keds. Without thinking, I did it. It came out in a rush.

"Howaboutyouanmehavinadate?!"

Instantly, I bent over my friend, the deceased denizen of the underground, a distinct ringing in my ears as the classroom faded from my consciousness and I stood alone, unafraid, in the bull ring. From somewhere off in the hazy distance I heard a flutelike voice say softly:

"What?"

Did I detect a note of incredulity, or was it my imagination? I repeated my question, not daring to so much as glance at her. After a three-century pause came the answer.

"When?"

From a distant auditorium, the school band struck up *The 1812 Overture*. Cannons roared; bugles blew. I had scored beyond my wildest dreams! The rest of the conversation went by and is now mercifully lost from memory. But I remember mumbling something about a John Wayne movie, and that I would pick her up. She told me where she lived. The next night, a blessed Friday, was going to be *it*!

Realizing that there was much to be done and no time to lose, like an arrow loosed from the bow, I shot homeward the instant the doors of our pen were grudgingly thrown open. Closeting myself immediately in the bedroom, the scene of so many sweaty erotic daydreams, I went over every item in my vast wardrobe, carefully calculating piece by piece how best to achieve the magnetic effect I knew was necessary. Overlooking nothing, including my American Legion Ball left fielder's uniform, I considered, weighed, rejected, wavered; selected each tiny link in my crucial costuming for what was to prove a fateful night. Individual socks were pored over with infinite care, held up to the light, smoothed and laid reverently aside for a final screening.

Through my locked door filtered the usual family sounds: pots banging, my kid brother's occasional whimper, and finally, the roar of the old man's Olds up the drive. The shadows darkened and lengthened. At last my ensemble was complete. If the outward man has any shield against the slings of outrageous fortune, I was more than ready.

Now I was at the supper table, ready to let the family in on what could very well be a turning point in all our lives. My old man, seated to my left in, as usual, his long underwear, dug lustily into his meat loaf—which, as usual, he chopped up into small pieces, the better to mix with his mashed potatoes and peas, over which he splashed a heavy puddle of lush, piquant Heinz tomato ketchup.

My kid brother, his snout buried deep in his plastic Mickey Mouse Drinkee Mug, slurped noisily at his Cocomalt, which he attacked with a venomous hatred, recognizing the stuff for what it was—a cheap trick to get him to drink milk. The nightly fight that preceded this ritual had come and gone before my arrival at the table. As he drank, he performed the daily rite that my mother referred to as "playing with your food." For some obscure reason, he had found that mashed potatoes, meat loaf and red cabbage tasted better when molded into the shape of an inflated football. He occasionally varied this pattern by constructing other symbolic structures such as propellers, and once even a fairly good likeness of Tillie the Toiler. He then asked everybody:

"What does this look like?"

Nobody ever told him. Our family did not use that kind of language at the table.

My mother shuttled between the stove, the sink and her chair, wiping up debris from around my brother, refilling my old man's coffee cup and in general keeping the action going. In the midst of all this, I asked casually, of no one in particular:

"Do you remember one time I told you about Daphne Bigelow? In Biology II?"

My mother, not accustomed to actual conversation from anybody, at first did not grasp the meaning of what I had said, thinking that I had asked for more gravy. The old man, who rarely listened to anything said in the kitchen, banged his cup down with a clank on the white-enamel table as a signal for more coffee, a beverage to which he was passionately dedicated. I began again:

"She sure is a great girl."

Behind me, the refrigerator chugged and squeaked to itself, a sound that provided night and day a musical obbligato to our lives. My kid brother had extended

"Oh, all right."

his tongue to its fullest length, at least a foot and a half. He was using it to make great sworls in his red cabbage.

"Stop playing with your food!"

My mother slapped him smartly on the arm with a wet dishcloth and shoved a fork into his greasy mitt. Silently he glowered straight down into his plate to announce that it was going to be another of those nights. There were times when he was fed through the use of a funnel and a ramrod, my father prying his teeth apart with a screwdriver while my mother poured the turnips into him. Absent-mindedly, my father, glancing up from the sports page, said:

"Girl?"

"Daphne Bigelow."

My mother, now seated and trying to wrench the Mickey Mouse cup from my brother, who had placed it atop his head, asked:

"Who?"

"Daphne Bigelow."

"STOP FOOLING AROUND AND EAT!"

My father raised his head again and asked:

"What about her?"

Bracing myself for the big plunge, I looked meaningfully around the table at our tiny brood wallowing happily at the trough.

"Well, me and Daphne Bigelow are going on a date. I'm going to take her to the Orpheum to see John Wayne in *Hearts Aflame at the Old Corral*. She's really a great girl."

It was out! Irretrievably!

"I'm going to take the bus and go over——"

The old man cut in:

"The *bus*? Where does she live?"

No kid in the neighborhood had ever dated anyone who lived more than 150 feet away from his own warren. The idea of taking a bus to a girl's house was a truly revolutionary concept, and I knew it. Picking my words carefully, I laid the javelin home.

"Oh, she lives over on Waverly Street. On the North Side." The North Side! In one breath I had evoked an image of a land, a world so remote from ours, so inaccessible as to be almost outside the realm of reality. I might as well have said the North Pole. The North Side was a legendary fairyland of vast lawns, great elm trees and sprawling fiefdoms reached only by winding private drives through landscaped wonderlands.

My father, recognizing instantly the emergence of a new and possibly dangerous generation being nurtured in the bosom of his own home, was now alert and intensely interested. My mother lay back, suspecting a trick.

He asked:

"Did you say Daphne *Bigelow*?"

"Yeah."

"On *Waverly* Street?"

I had struck pay dirt. I played him like a rainbow trout on opening day.

"Yeah. She's in my Biology II class."

My mother, not fully realizing the import of what she had heard, fuzzily threw in:

"What happened to Esther Jane?"

The faintest trace of an enigmatic smile curled the corners of my lips. My father carefully smoothed out his *Chicago Herald-American*. He folded and refolded it with exaggerated care, and then said:

"Daphne Bigelow. I wonder if she's the daughter of Mr. Bigelow over at the Second Calumet Region National Bank?"

"Isn't he that tall, thin man at the second cage?" asked my mother. My father, radiating disbelief from every pore and speaking with some wonder, said:

"No. He's the chairman of the board."

This was news to me! But at the time I did not fully grasp what *kind* of news it was. I was to find out all too soon.

At the time, I thought a chairman was somebody who sat at a desk holding a gavel. I had no idea what a board was, other than the two-by-fours that Flick and I stole from time to time to use in various ways.

"Maxwell Bigelow is the guy who gave that ice-skating rink to the park," said my old man. He was looking at me now with a very funny expression on his face.

"Oh, it can't be the same one. Does anybody want any more mashed potatoes before I put them back on the stove?" When confronted with inexplicable developments, my mother often pretended that they didn't exist.

"You've got a date with his daughter?" My father slowly stirred his coffee, steaming and black.

"Yep. We're going to a show."

"How did you get a date with her?" my mother asked.

"She's in my biology class. I asked her."

With infinite care and deliberation, the old man placed his cup on the tabletop. He was not a veteran Edgar Kennedy fan for nothing.

"You mean to sit there and tell me"—he paused dramatically—"that you just *asked* her?"

"Yep."

"Maxwell Bigelow's daughter? Maxwell Bigelow from the Second Calumet Region National Bank's daughter? You just *asked* her for a date?"

"Yep."

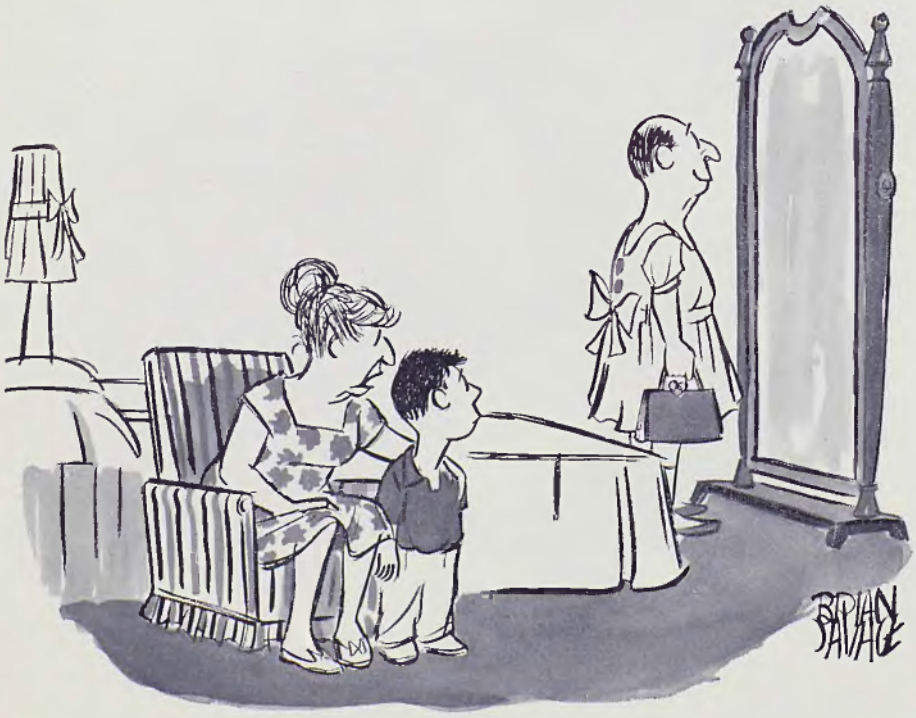
"Well, I'll be damned!"

Upward mobility had at last hit Hammond. It was the first recorded instance in Indiana of its occurring at the grassroots level.

My mother, who had been gradually sucked into what she now saw was a situation that even more mashed potatoes would not change, decided to go along with it.

"Well, you be *nice* to her parents."

I never quite understood what she meant by this advice—which she always handed out over the years. On various occasions she had advised me to "be *nice*" to teachers, to people on my paper route, to steel-mill foremen, and later even to first sergeants; all people or



"Well, son, you're the man of the house now."

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"We're looking for something nice in the way of a get-sick card."

institutions that she recognized to be in absolute authority.

She continued: "I don't want anyone to think you weren't well brought up."

"Well, I'll be goddamned!" The old man, who had played such a large role in Bringing Me Up Well, used this favorite expression to cover all occasions.

"Yep, I'm taking her to the Orpheum. And the Red Rooster afterward."

"Well, don't you keep her out too late so that her mother and father will worry." With that, my mother concluded her entire catalog of counsel about life and its problems. She took it as it came, and felt that as long as you were nice along the way, things would work out fairly well, provided you got home early enough.

All through dessert—her famous rhubarb rice pudding—technical matters of transportation, dress and behavior were discussed. Obviously I had scored heavily, and the awe that they felt about this unparalleled achievement slowly gave way to righteous pride.

My old man unbuttoned the top of his long underwear and began to talk of great dates *he* had had in his feckless youth. In sullen silence, my mother cleared the dishes off the table and resumed her old station, hanging over the sink, Brillo pad in hand, amid the lingering aroma of red cabbage, meat loaf and coffee grounds. The squeaking of the refrigerator blended with the sound of Bing Crosby singing about some Hawaiian babe from the radio in the next room. I began to feel my new status.

By bedtime, as I checked over my outfit for the great adventure, I found myself—for the first time in my life—a full-fledged hero in my own home, not an experience one has often, I have later found. But being a kid, of course, I was under the impression that this was only the natural state of affairs.

Later, in the dark, incredibly witty things to say to Daphne tumbled end over end through my churning mind. I sifted through my assortment of jazzy stories, which I had picked up from the ball field and the gym. In the dark I could see my lean-flanked figure escorting Daphne to a seat in the fabled lushness of the Orpheum. And then—whisked magically—we were in the number-one booth next to the jukebox at the Red Rooster. Casually I drop a coin in the slot, and amid admiring bursts of applause, I demonstrate my matchless lindy, waving casually for Bucky the counterman to knock together another of my specials. Daphne, her eyes shining in unabashed adoration, poured out her heart to me. Squeezing her hand, looking deep into those jade-green jungle pools, I knew at last the meaning of true soul communication. The night was full of laughter, song, dance and awakening love, all against the backdrop of soft spring skies—and, of course, the clean thrust of my chiseled jaw.

Waves of ecstasy coursed up and down my body as I tossed on my monastic pallet. Outside in the darkness, a few distant rumbles of early spring thunder mingled with the soughing of the eternal train whistles reaching into the dark, going away, coming closer, going away again. A few drops of rain pattered on the rusty screen outside my bedroom window. Gradually I fell asleep, but not without a struggle.

At first, as I awoke in the gray-green light that trickled in through the battered window shade and the roar of sparrows holding their morning orgy filled the room with whooping and hollering, I did not remember what day this was. Then I noticed my Number-One, Heavy-Artillery, Important-Occasion Sports Coat hanging on the back of my bedroom door, and I knew. This was D day.

I dressed absent-mindedly in my school clothes, my mind deep in scheming. At the breakfast table the aura of wonder was still rich and ripe. As I spooned in the oatmeal, my kid brother abortively attempted to wrest from me the glory that was rightfully mine by relating some trivial cock-and-bull story about a silly pumpkin he had drawn at school and that was being hung on the bulletin board. I smiled tolerantly and headed off for school.

That morning, when I joined my hitchhiking companions, my fellow freeloaders who every day pocketed—and squandered—the dime that was given to them by their parents to ride the school bus, it was all I could do not to tell them that although I was briefly among them, I was no longer of them. Flick particularly, that morning, seemed to be not only disrespectful but somewhat insolent. He had gained some degree of fame on the hitchhiking corner by an alleged exploit which, at least according to his overblown account, he had shared with a certain Juanita Clobberman. I, naturally, did not pull him up short, knowing full well that when the word got out that I had had a date with Daphne Bigelow—in full public view—there would be no question as to who was who and what was what among the hitchhikers.

I approached biology class, however, with certain trepidations. Perhaps she

would chicken out. But no, it was like any other day, a routine class. As I crouched over our pickled grasshopper, Daphne was as cool and detached, as chillingly beautiful as ever, but now, deep inside myself, there was a mounting conspiratorial excitement that could not be denied. Almost at the very end of that session, in my most urbanely offhand manner, I came straight to the point:

"Uh—heh, heh—what time shall I pick you up? Ah . . ."

She smiled that faint extra-dry lemon twist of a smile, which to this day I remember above all smiles that have ever been aimed in my direction.

"Tonight?" she asked. An ice pick of fear jabbed up my spinal cord. She paused and went on:

"Oh, any time."

"Ah—how 'bout after supper?"

"Supper?"

Without knowing why, I knew that already I had ticked off a foul ball.

"Oh, you mean *dinner*," said Daphne.

Dinner? Dinner was something we had in the middle of the afternoon, on Sundays, Thanksgiving, New Year's Day and Christmas. It was always eaten with the sun high, around three P.M., after which, immediately, my old man, his belt opened, lurching across the living room, burping loudly and bellowing, "Boy, am I stuffed!," would topple over on the sofa and instantly plunge into a snoring coma. I did not, therefore, see how I could pick Daphne up after dinner, and decided to play it safe.

"Well, uh—how about seven-thirty? We can catch the eight-twenty show."

"That'd be nice."

She smiled, and we returned to the world of the grasshopper, the cricket and the cockroach. The rest of the day passed in a kind of dreamy delirium. Bells rang, chalk scratched, basketballs swished through hoops, papers were passed from hand to hand, poems were read, questions asked. School droned on.

At last I was home. Into my bedroom I went. Every item of clothing I had selected the night before I carefully rechecked twice, going back over my entire wardrobe to be sure that in my enthusiasm I had not committed a sartorial *faux pas*. I hadn't.

"NOW DON'T ANYBODY TOUCH ANY OF THIS STUFF!" I shouted out into the hall.

My mother's pans rattled; my brother stolidly threw a ball against the side of the house out in the driveway as I went into the bathroom to begin the meticulous ritual of ablution that would result in a vision of masculine beauty so blinding that there could be no conceivable chance for anything but a spectacularly triumphant evening.

Carefully examining my face, the door locked tightly behind me, I worked with a surgeon's dispassionate skill over my usual blossoming array of bruises, blackheads and what my father called "old juicers." Applying steaming hot water between operations, I worked steadily, until finally there shone out of the bathroom mirror the fresh, pink, beaming image of dynamic handsomeness.

I leaped into the shower. This was an important enough occasion to warrant a second shower for the week. The water roared, and I spread a thick, vibrantly aromatic layer of pungent Lifebuoy lather over my Olympian torso. I had read enough ads to know what happened to those who Offend. I took no chances. The water ran alternately hot and cold, until finally I stood as pure and clean as the driven snow in the heady steaminess of the bathroom, buffing myself down briskly with a terrycloth towel. Reaching up to the top shelf of the medicine cabinet, I took down my father's can of Old Spice talcum powder, a gift that he had received many Christmases before and never, to the best of anyone's knowledge, used. I shook billowing clouds of its cloying sweetness down over me; dusting, brushing here and there, smoothing, anointing myself.

Stealthily using his heavily guarded razor, I then shaved myself to the veritable quick. All 17 of my downy golden fibers, undiscernible to the naked eye, washed down the drain with the shaving

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lather and warm water. My leonine mane of manly auburn hair, which had been thoroughly shampooed, I now massaged with a heavy elixir of what my father scornfully called "bear grease," a concoction put out by Vaseline to abet the ambitions of countless generations of Midwestern Lotharios. Its scent was more of a direct statement than a suggestion, being violent, highly volatile and—some said—inflammable when in close quarters.

Now came the most crucial task of all. I was known far and wide for my "cute wave," which did not come easily. Dragging a comb through my greasy locks, I began to mold my classic Grecian coiffure. Time and again I redid my masterpiece, only to be driven, as the true artist always is by the elusive dream of perfection, to start anew.

At long last, there I stood: the finished product, American manhood at its ultimate. Teeth agleam, seven pounds of carefully sculptured hair, exuding all the aromatic mystery of a thousand mingled scents enveloped in a palpable nimbus of pure Lifebuoy, the soap of those who care for others. As a final fillip, I gargled at great length, swirling it about my mouth voluptuously—a generous draught of Listerine. Well I knew of The Pitfalls of Halitosis, a dread disease that had struck down many a burgeoning romantic career at its very inception.

Springing light as a gazelle into the bedroom, I began to don my armor. Layer upon layer, I carefully girded my loins. Zero Hour was rapidly approaching. Tonight I would skip supper. First, a crisp new pair of Jockey shorts that I had kept concealed in my drawer for just such a state occasion. I debated briefly about whether or not to wear a T-shirt, finally deciding that I was sexier without. My white-on-white dress shirt, which I had received as a birthday present and worn only for genuinely high moments in life, was painstakingly unbuttoned. I admired its vast, razor-sharp, seven-inch-long collar points, its Tony Martin high-rise, its crackling, crisp French cuffs. Pulling it on inch by inch so as not to create the slightest wrinkle, I buttoned it, using only the tips of my sanitary fingers. Then, reaching into my dresser drawer, I brought out the most effective weapon of my arsenal, a pair of magnificent bull's-eye cuff links, each link a great bull's eyeball outlined in dazzling gold. I loved to hold them in certain lights; they seemed to glow—a malevolent, baleful, virile shaft of masculine aggression. True, they made movement of the arm rather difficult, since their combined weight was several pounds, but it was worth it.

Now the tie. A thing of transcendent beauty. It had been given to me as a graduation present from eighth grade by my Aunt Clara. Tying my widest, fattest, sharpest Windsor knot—about the size of a man's fist—I drew it up under my collar with geometric precision. A glittering opalescent silver-gray, 100-percent satin, five and a half inches wide at its fulcrum, it bore in its center the hand-painted image of a beautiful red snail, and hung tastefully well below my belt. It was the greatest tie I had ever seen.

My slacks were a rich chocolate brown, high and pinch-waisted, beginning just under my armpits. They cascaded down over my loins, my kneecaps, and finally clung tenaciously to my ankles. Billowing, pleated, alligator belted, they were the slacks of a man who worked in the lindy as other artists worked in marble. I thought briefly of wearing my golden key chain with the emerald initials, but decided tonight I would underplay. Voluptuously, I then drew on my gray-and-maroon Argyle socks, and then neatly tied a perfect bow on each lace of my perforated, Scotch-grained-leather, full-dress, blunt-toed, crepe-soled bluchers; burnished to a high gloss, the rich dark-red Thom McAn cordovan leather glowed in the gloom of my bedroom.

There are moments of dramatic climax in the rite of dressing. Mine came when I donned my greatest pride—my sports coat. With infinite care, so as not to wrinkle my cuffs, I drew each waffle-weave woolen sleeve down clutched by the fingers, tugged at its low, sweeping hem, squared its massive, looming, horsehair-packed shoulders, straightened its fashionable six-inch delta-wing lapels, and finally fastened its tasteful mother-of-pearl button. It lit up the entire room, its unique electric-blue shade sending off a lambent radiance of such promise, such rare, delicate aesthetic excitement as to crown my entire ensemble.

Rummaging through my socks in the little drawer of my dresser where I kept my secret papers, I hauled out my invitation to the spring ball. Carefully I tucked it into the inner pocket of my coat. After all, this was the reason for it all. Tonight I would present Daphne with the ultimate gift!

Walking carefully so as not to disturb a hair of my billowing pompadour, I ambled into the kitchen—not without some difficulty, since I had to inch sideways through my bedroom door to squeeze my enormous padded shoulders into the next room. The applause was deafening.

"Wow!"

My kid brother, openly awed at my entrance, raised his head dripping from the mound of creamed chipped beef into which he had burrowed—chipped beef being the regular Friday-night chef-d'oeuvre of our weekly menu. My familiarity with this epicurean dish was to prove invaluable basic training for my later years in the Army.

As I walked in—a veritable human Christmas tree—the pulse of family life noticeably quickened.

"My, you certainly look nice." My mother approved.

"Do you think you'll see Mr. Bigelow tonight?" my father asked, always hoping for an opening, some slight crack in the wall between us and real life outside.

"I don't know," I answered, breathing Pepsodent, Listerine and Sen Sen into

"The party should be breaking up any minute now. Shall we stay and watch?"

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couldn't ask for a better place to brew beer. Because the water of Tumwater gives Olympia its perfect blend of flavor and refreshment. Why is Olympia brewed only here? Why is there no other beer quite like it? ***"It's the Water"***

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". . . Each night I dream that someone will come and take this love I have to offer."

the already rich mixture left permanently in the air of the kitchen by millions of boiled cabbages, fried bacon, souring milk and moldering dishrags.

"See if he looks like he does in the pictures in the paper," the old man said.

"Well, I better get going."

I glanced up at the clock hanging over the stove, a clock of purest white plastic made in the form of a large chicken, with two red hands. It didn't have actual numbers to mark the hours; instead, golden plastic letters marched around the rim spelling out: "It hasn't scratched yet." My mother had gotten the clock by saving Bon Ami cleanser labels. It was considered the most beautiful thing in that part of the house.

"Well, I'll see you."

My father smiled proudly; my mother smiled proudly; my kid brother stared blankly, chewing slightly. With a casual flick of my left hand in farewell, I slipped out into the night. It was a cool evening, with just the slight edge of winter coldness to it, the kind of night made for warm bodies snuggling together, for dark exchanges of deep thoughts, out of the wind, away from the unfriendly night.

Under the streetlight two blocks away, I waited for the cross-town bus, little realizing that a man named Charon would be at the controls. As I waited, not daring to move lest I disturb a crease, a button, a single undulating wave, I watched the mundane neighborhood life go on around me. The Bluebird Tavern halfway up the block flung open its doors briefly. A flash of light and Mr. Kissel reeled out into the darkness, his unmistakable starboard list instantly recognizable even at 200 yards. And there was Pulaski's Bull Durham sign on the wall of the old candy store (where I had spent many an hour of my callow youth in mortal combat with Old Man Pulaski over the purchase of jawbreakers, JuJu Babies and root beer barrels), looming high against the glow of the steel mills on the horizon. I could barely make out the familiar slogan under the massive bulk of that subtly humorous old bull on the sign: HER HERO. I looked up at him; he looked down at me. We were both in the same business.

The bus slammed to a stop, breathing out hot air and carbon monoxide. In I went, dropping my fare into the box with the practiced nonchalance of the true sophisticate, a man of the world out on the big town. There were no other passengers in the bus that night: I had my choice of seats. I sat immobile, protecting my razor crease, for the entire journey—through darkened streets, traffic, long stretches of used-car lots, junk yards, machine shops, car barns, gas stations, gray battered houses huddled in the shadow of monstrous gasworks. On and on.

Gradually the neighborhoods changed, until at last I was on the North Side. The bus rarely stopped now. Few got on or off except an occasional maid or elderly people carrying little bundles. Somehow the night was different over here: darker, and yet more exciting. I watched the trees grow thicker and higher outside the bus window—hedges and graveled walks, until finally we reached my stop. I got off, and the bus roared on. Again I was alone under a streetlight. There were no Bull Durham signs. Mr. Kissel was light-years away. Even the street sign was different from those on the other side of town; a kind of carved Olde English sort of plaque swung in the breeze under the short, stubby little street lamp: WAVERLY STREET.

Daphne had told me that her house was the third one from the corner, on the right. I followed the broad, grass-lined sidewalk into the night, the air fragrant with well-tended lawns, rare budding tulips, freshly graveled drives. Here the houses were not hard by the street but, rather, buried deep in the velvety blackness; a glowing yellow light through the trees, here a glint of silver, there a splash of blue. I drifted on, knowing that at last I had reached a safe harbor, the world I had always known was mine.

There is something about the smell of well-being that is a balm for the most savage of souls, and yet contains the vaguest whiff of nameless dread. Now I stood at the foot of a curving asphalt ribbon that wound through a grove of overhanging trees, weaving between sculptured beds of rich loam. A small white sign read simply, BIGELOW. No street number, no explanation; just BIGELOW. The lure of the unknown, Circe calling from the rock, enticing ancient sailors to their doom—it was all there, beckoning; but in the American night, what 15-year-old with seven dollars in his pocket knows of this? Or cares?

It was one of those porches modeled loosely after the Lincoln Memorial: Neo-Greek and noble. I felt the tiniest twinge of fear, like the faint beginnings of a toothache. Never, outside of a Vivien Leigh movie, had I seen anything like this. A bronze lantern hung amid the snowy vastness, casting a soft amber glow on the welcome mat before a stained-glass door—carved, sparkling, gleaming. The rest of the veranda trailed off into the blackness to the left and right.

I knocked. Nothing happened. I knocked again, peering through the colored panes into a hall; dimly lit, arched and vaulted, silent. I knocked again. It seemed as though I had been under that amber lantern for perhaps a month, maybe more, before I noticed a tiny carved-ivory button sunken into one of the fluted Doric columns that framed the vast doorway. A doorbell. I pressed. After a discreet interval, floating as if from a vast distance away, came the sound of two chimes. Then silence. I waited. The sound of approaching footsteps. Finally the door swung open and an elderly man dressed in black stood in the gloom.

"Master Shepherd?"

"Yeah . . . I . . ."

"Miss Daphne is expecting you."

I followed him down a short, wide flight of stairs to a vaulted hallway lit by a giant crystal chandelier and then through two sliding oak doors into an enormous, darkened chamber lit here and there by glowing bronze lamps.

"Won't you sit down? Miss Daphne will be down presently. I'll tell her you're here."

"Uh—thanks."

He disappeared. I sat on the edge of a high-backed leather chair that looked as though it had been hand-carved by a Spanish conquistador. I looked around. Books with leather binding, thick and wide, ran from floor to ceiling, fading off into the distance. A mammoth carved desk of black wood lit by a small green lamp stretched along one wall. Above it, a tall man with white hair, wearing a black suit, holding a book in one hand, his other resting on a dark-brown globe, looked down at me with a faint, familiar smile, from a gigantic painting. I looked again. It was Daphne's lemon-twist smile.

A distant voice filtered down the curved, arching staircase that disappeared upward in the hall. Somewhere a light went on. I caught a glimpse of a long table, sparkling crystal, snowy-white linen, the kind of table and glassware I had seen only in the movies.

Then, suddenly, through the door came a tall, gray, dignified man. For a minute I thought he was the one in the portrait, but no, not quite. I rose. For the first time, I noticed that my shoes squeaked. His face was jovial, pink, a few white hairs over the ear, his suit brown, striped, elegant.

"Hi there. You're here for Daphne, aren't you?" he asked, sticking his hand out toward me, thumb skyward. It was the first time a grownup had ever offered to shake hands with me.

I yanked my mitt out of my right pocket, spraying change all over the Oriental rug. Nickels, dimes, streetcar tokens and a rare bottle cap I had been saving softly distributed themselves in artistic patterns among the furniture legs. He laughed as he shook my sweaty hand. We both bent simultaneously to pick up my dropped effluvia. My sports coat hunched up over my shoulders, burying my ears deep in horsehair. Together we scavenged about under rich cordovan leather, behind carved-ebony claws holding cut-crystal orbs.

"By George, this is interesting," he said as he scooped up my Magic Tom Mix Good-Luck Charm with the

embossed secret Tom Mix TM Bar password.

"Heh, heh . . . yeah . . ." I replied.

I tried to hide the bottle cap, but it was no use. Three times I dropped my rare collector's item before I finally got it back into my pocket.

"You're Shepherd, aren't you, son?" His voice was yeasty, deep; it bounced off the oil portrait.

"Yeah. Heh, heh . . ."

"Sit down, my boy. Care for some sherry?"

"Uh . . . yeah. Heh, heh . . ." I really liked cherry pop. How did he know? He pulled a cloth cord on the wall. A minute later, the old guy who had let me in appeared in the door.

"You rang, sir?"

"Yes, Drew. Bring us some of the sherry, will you? Well, young man, it certainly is tiresome waiting for the womenfolk, isn't it?"

"Yeah. It sure is. Heh, heh. It sure is . . ."

"Say! . . ." He looked at me with great interest, his white brows arched, his magnificent teeth glowing healthily. "Aren't you one of the Pittsburgh Shepherds?"

"Uh . . ."

He continued: "The Pittsburgh *steel* Shepherds?"

I could feel, actually *hear*, my face getting beet red. The Pittsburgh STEEL Shepherds! All I knew about Pittsburgh was that the Pirates came from there, but I did have an uncle who worked in the 40-inch soaking pits at the steel mill. I couldn't see how Mr. Bigelow would know him.

"Well, yes . . . I guess so. I do have some relatives in steel."

He slapped his knee and laughed.

"By George, I thought you looked like old Googie! I haven't seen the old rascal since our class reunion at New Haven! The next time you see him, tell him Max Bigelow said—now get this, he'll know what it means—Bango!" He roared.

"Heh, heh. I sure will."

"Don't forget, boy. Bango!"

Over his shoulder, off in the middle distance, I saw a maid moving back and forth along the immense table, touching a glass, arranging a napkin. A huge grandfather clock, seven feet tall, all brass and dark wood, ticked quietly in the rich air.

The old guy shoved a silver tray under my nose and smiled. Panicky, I reached for the thinnest, tiniest glass I had ever seen. It looked like my Uncle Carl's eyecup, only tinier. I had it for a brief instant between my thumb and forefinger, its stem barely discernible. And then, suddenly, it tipped over and the warm amber fluid soaked into my best slacks, dripping down inside over my kneecap and down my leg, to be absorbed by my Argyles.

"Oops!" Mr. Bigelow bellowed. "Bad luck!" Immediately, the old guy was back with another glassful. I took it and held it tight.

"Cheers!"

"What?"

"In your eye!"

"What?"

It was then that I think he began to suspect. He sipped his drink and watched me narrowly as I raised my glass to my mouth and drained it in a single gollop. A raging bolt of fire streaked downward.

"Gaaahhhkkk!"

"What did you say, boy?"

". . . Gork!" My eyes watered, my throat burned. Deep in my stomach a pot began to boil. Never in my life had I had anything stronger than a fleeting sip of my Uncle Tom's homemade root beer.

Mr. Bigelow settled back in his deep leather armchair and for the first time really looked at me. It was then, inexplicably, that my sports coat began to glow in the dark. His beautifully cut muted mocha creation looked like no suit I had ever seen before. It was not a Cleveland Street pick-'em-off-the-pipe-rack special. Even *I* knew it. My father's only good suit was a kind of yellowish color with a tasty kelly-green plaid. Its lapels, high and sweeping, jutted out like the mainsails on a Spanish galleon. He always wore his lodge button stuck in the left sail, a pin the size of a nickel made in the shape of a Sacred Beaver. He belonged to the Royal Order of the Beaver, Dam 28. Mr. Bigelow wore no pins.

Stealthily, I tried to hide my left cuff link, which had somehow begun to send a shaft of purple light to the ceiling. No sooner had I gotten it under my electric-blue sleeve than the other one switched on even brighter. I pulled it out of sight and sat with both arms clamped behind me, my French cuffs crinkling. Then I noticed that my beautiful shoes were getting wider; the soles of which I was so proud had grown thicker and squeakier. I tried to hide my Argyles by tucking my bowling balls under the chair. Mr. Bigelow watched, but said nothing. Finally he called out:

"Daphne. Your . . . *date* is here." His voice had changed.

"Well, have fun," he said to me. "Don't stay out too late." He smiled, again that lemon twist that Daphne used, then rose and left the room.

Almost on cue, Daphne appeared atop the broad, sweeping balustrade and glided gracefully down the thick, carpeted

stairs. I stood, my cuff links jangling, my shoes squeaking, the bottle cap in my pocket clanking loudly against my Tom Mix lucky charm, my enormous padded shoulders swinging back and forth. But I was not at a loss for words.

"Heh, heh . . . Hi, Daphne."

"So glad to see you."

"Yeah. Likewise."

"Well, shall we go?"

We moved from room to room, down the marble entrance hall and finally out onto the dark, amber-lit veranda.

"Dad said we could use the car."

"The car?"

A long black Cadillac gleamed like an ebony crypt in the driveway, the one I had half seen near school. A man in black darted out of the bushes and opened the back door with a sweep. Daphne stepped in. In my panic, I cracked my shin such a thump against the doorsill that my teeth rattled for an instant.

"Heh, heh . . . By George!" I hadn't lost my presence of mind.

I hobbled into the car, stumbled across a deep wall-to-wall rug and groped my way to the back seat, my leg throbbing dully. A thin trickle of blood oozed down my shin.

We waited in the drive. In the front seat, the man who had opened the door sat quietly. After what seemed like 20 minutes, Daphne finally came out with:

"Well?"

"Well, it sure is a nice night out." I was really sharp tonight.

The driver turned and said, "Where to?"

Daphne waited. The Cadillac waited. The driver waited. Fuzzily suspecting they were waiting for me, I took the plunge:

"Uh . . . the Orpheum."

The driver said, "The *Orpheum*?" with a rising inflection that was familiar. Many teachers had used it on me before, an effective oleo of dignity and scorn. Daphne, her voice calm, said quietly:

"Yes, Raymond. The Orpheum." The note of stainless-steel authority was one she did not use in Biology II. I had not seen this side of Daphne. It interested me.

Silently, the car began to roll. We wound through the trees, past the flower beds and out into the great night through the tunnel of green, past looming hedges, wrought-iron gates, antique lanterns, and finally into the street.

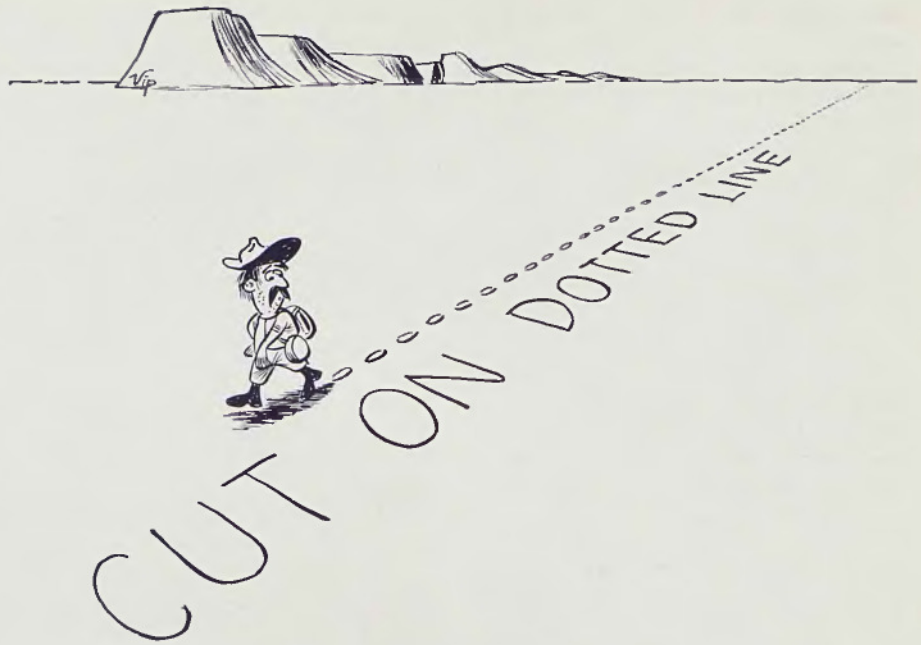
I flayed my jellylike mind for something to say. Where was my agile whipcord brain? What had happened to my famed cool irony? Finally, I quipped:

"Boy, it sure is nice out."

"Yes, it is a lovely evening."

"It sure is. Boy."

A flash of inspiration percolated



through the coffee grounds of my cranium: "Old Settlemeyer's really a gasser, isn't he? Boy!"

"He *is* . . . amusing."

I did not know till that moment how wide, how vast, car seats could be. Daphne was at least 30 yards out of field-goal range, perched miles away from me on the billowing dove-gray cushion we shared. Raymond, two and a half miles ahead of us, was obviously clearly out of earshot.

Dauntless, I wondered how she would react to a quick clinch. I watched her out of the corner of my eye to see whether there were any outward signs of passion yet. It was hard to tell at that distance. Finally, I decided once again to play it safe, a tendency that has cursed me all of my life.

We were now in the streetcar–hot-dog-stand–neon-sign belt. As the terrain became more and more jazzy, more familiar, my courage rose. I was just on the point of making a quick grab for her delicately turned ankle and risking the whole caper on one shot in the dark when we drew up before the Orpheum. Such was my frenzy that I was caught off guard and didn't notice that the car had stopped and Raymond was holding the door open for our descent back into the real world.

"Well, here we are," said Daphne pointedly.

Coming to, I stepped out of the limousine, cracking my good ankle heavily against the curb. Where I came from, cars had running boards. Raymond, alert, shot a hand out as I pitched forward, grabbing my left shoulder pad in an iron grip like a quarterback about to throw a 60-yard pass. Of course, all he got was a handful of the horsehair, excelsior and tiny bedsprings with which my coat was equipped to give me the stylish Chicago Bears lineman look that was so admired in the sophomore class. A few threads snapped and gave, but I stood upright.

"Are you all right, sir?"

"I was just kiddin' around."

I playfully belted him in the ribs. He coughed slightly and drew back, his eyes flat, opaque.

"Just havin' a little fun, Raymond."

He did not laugh.

Daphne joined me on the sidewalk under the brilliant glare of the white lights of the friendly old Orpheum marquee. The usual motley rabble that hung around the Orpheum entranceway every night—to watch the girls go in or just to look at the red-and-yellow posters displaying sinister Japanese soldiers tying Merle Oberon to 500-pound bombs—openly gawked at the black land yacht, Daphne, and my electric-blue coat. Quickly I scanned the crowd, hoping for at least one envious face. There was none. I bought the tickets and we passed inside. Mr. Woscowski, who had replaced Mr. Doppler as manager after the infamous Orpheum gravy-boat riot of my youth, took the two tickets, ripped them across and dropped them in the slot with one motion. I tried to catch his eye in order to let Daphne know how widely known I was, but he ignored me.

Into the blackness we went. Some of the more meaningful moments of my life had been spent in this dark, warm cocoon. The Orpheum had always seemed to me one of the greatest places in the world. With suave assurance I convoyed Daphne safely down the littered aisle, popcorn crunching underfoot, ankle-deep in candy wrappers, to my favorite row of seats in the left-hand section halfway down. We sat directly

behind a couple who, if not engaged in actual copulation, were certainly doing a good impersonation of it. On the screen a 75-foot John Wayne glared stonily into the rolling hills.

Since I had seen the picture twice before, I hoarsely outlined the part we had missed into Daphne's fragrant, shell-like ear. But I got the distinct impression of a lack of concentration on her part. Ahead of us the two seats squeaked and groaned. The girl, if that's what she was, giggled briefly as they battled on. A masculine voice in the darkness ahead mingled with the sound track, overriding it sharply:

"Aw, for Crissake, Nan, come on!"

"Stop it!"

The slap of flesh sharply striking flesh, followed by a burst of raucous laughter.

I became aware of a movement behind as a large knee crept up the back of my seat and rested on my right shoulder. It pushed forward, tilting my seat three or four inches nearer the combatants ahead. I turned and said politely into the darkness:

"Do you mind removing your knee?"

A blast of alcohol engulfed me.

"WHO'S GONNA MAKE ME, YOU SON OF A BITCH?"

Now, in the Orpheum under normal circumstances, this was a direct cue for action. For a moment I almost forgot myself. Fighting for control, however, I forced myself to ignore the outrage and said to Daphne through clenched teeth:

"John Wayne is sure good."

She said nothing. She was sitting bolt upright, a rare sight in the Orpheum, and seemed to be peering around in the darkness at the huddled figures that surrounded us.

"Who ya lookin' at, baby?" a merry-making steelworker asked bluntly. Another challenge.

Daphne, tilting her head gracefully, whispered into my ear:

"This is a very *interesting* place."

It had never occurred to me that the Orpheum was a very interesting place, at least not the way she put it.

"Yeah. It's great. Really great."

Somewhere far off to our right, someone unleashed a gigantic, resonant burp, after a prolonged rasping gurgle, a guy really dredging it up from the bottom. Scattered applause and laughter followed. From the balcony a shower of Cracker Jack drifted down over the center section, accompanied by three folded airplanes that danced briefly in silhouette over the Western prairies.

"Wouldja like some popcorn?" I asked.

"No, thank you."

"How 'bout a Coke?"

"Maybe later."

We sat numbly together in the rickety seats. Comparative calm reigned for half a reel or so, and then the final collapse of the evening began. During a tense moment on the screen—in dead silence as John Wayne waited for the attacking rustlers to come over the hill, the audience crouching forward in nervous anticipation, Daphne herself showing discernible signs of interest—a low rumbling began. At first I thought it was a DC-3 flying over on its way to Chicago. It got closer and closer, louder and louder. It seemed to come from all directions at once, a low bass thrumming. It grew in volume. In the dark, my palms turned to ice. Oh God no, not now!

My stomach was rumbling! It was a great joke in the family that when I missed supper, or a meal was late, the old gut would bang it out like an anvil. As the roaring gurgle sighed off into the distance like a freight train crossing a viaduct, the voice behind me, still on the muscle, barked out:

"Cut it out, ya slob!"

More cackles. Daphne cleared her throat.

"Excuse me," I said.

After all, I didn't want the Bigelows to think I wasn't well brought up. My gut settled down to its regular idle after the first clarion blast and continued muttering throughout the movie.

I had always taken the Orpheum for granted. All of it. But now I began to notice things that I had never been aware of. Somewhere off behind us there was a continual flushing of plumbing. I could hear the projector whirring, accompanied by the low-voiced, nonstop argument between the two operators. I hoped Daphne didn't notice. But she caught something else.

"Certainly smells funny here."

"What d'ya mean?"

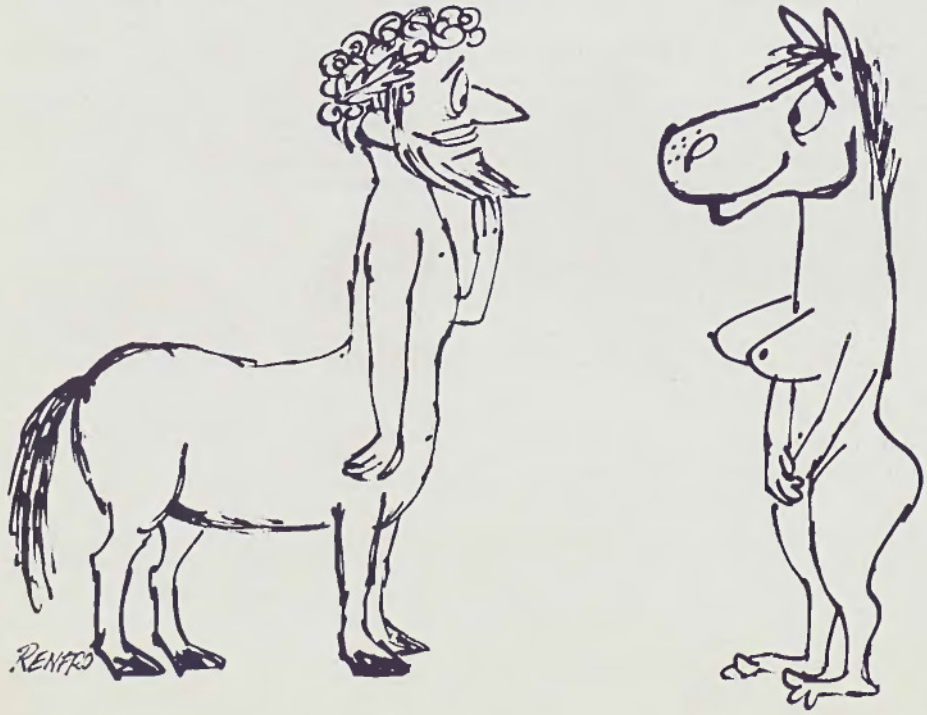
"You don't notice?"

"Oh, yeah. Yeah. Sure."

After all these years coming to the Orpheum, how was it I had never before been aware of all those feet? I sat quietly, sorting out scent after scent, hoping desperately that Daphne didn't recognize most of them.

The picture neared the end. John Wayne told Charles Bickford, the cattle baron, how he'd have to move on 'cause he was the roamin' kind. I knew it was now or never. My fingers crept softly over my knee, over the armrest, poised in the dark for a moment and then dropped slowly over Daphne's exquisitely modeled hand. For a few seconds we sat unmoving; her fingers, cool and smooth, nestled in my sweaty palm. I stared straight ahead, afraid to break the spell. Even my stomach stopped rumbling out of respect for this magic moment. Ahead of us, the tangled couple had fallen into a comatose state, lulled perhaps by satiation or maybe by the tender sentiments of *Hearts Aflame at the Old Corral*. Thus we sat to the final frame, the last slanting rays of the Western sun outlining a lone rider galloping into the distance.

The lights came up. Unfastening our hands, we moved together back up the aisle and out into the glare of the marquee. Welders, steam fitters, kids, old men wearing black hats pushed and shoved around us. The Cadillac waited. Raymond at the wheel. Daphne said the first thing either of us had uttered for hours, it seemed:



"That was certainly a very interesting place. I'm really glad you brought me to it. Do you come here often?"

"Nah. I just thought you might find it interesting."

"Well, it certainly was."

We were back inside the chariot. Already its rich dove-gray aroma seemed homey and familiar to me. I was about to instruct Raymond to wheel us down to the old Red Rooster when Daphne said in a small voice:

"It's certainly late, isn't it? I had no idea how late it was."

Raymond, without a word, turned his battleship against the traffic and we headed back toward the North Side. For a few moments nothing was said, as the limousine hummed silently along. The heady excitement of social triumph surged through me. Stealthily my hand crept like a predatory spider over the soft mohair, closer and closer to Daphne, as I whistled a few snatches from the Hammond High Victory Song. Raymond tooled on, coolly, discreetly, as the trees grew higher, the privet hedges appeared and the neon signs receded.

Closer and closer. We touched! For a single quivering instant, and then quietly she drew her hand away, laying it in her mysterious lap.

"Did you finish that caterpillar drawing?" she asked.

"Caterpillar drawing?"

"In lab."

"Oh, yes. You can copy it Monday."

We rode on in silence. I groped frantically for some feeble straw, some last bit of flotsam to cling to, to keep the conversation going. It was no use.

"I sort of like Mr. Settlemeyer," she said finally.

"He's all right, I guess."

We pulled in the drive, up to the veranda and stopped. Raymond whipped the door open. This time I knew how to get out. Daphne took my hand and shook it, the second time it had happened in the same night!

"I've had a very lovely time, and I want to thank you."

"I had a great time, too. It sure was great."

"Raymond would be glad to drive you home."

"Oh, no, I'll walk. I live just a few blocks over, on Harrison," I lied spectacularly.

"Well, see you in class. Good night."

She was gone.

"Sure you don't want a ride, Bud?" Raymond had changed.

Without a word, I turned and walked down the long curving asphalt drive between the flower beds, under the trees, past the stone sundial, the iron gates, the white sign that read BIGELOW, out into the night, walked in my electric-blue sports coat, my hated, rotten, crummy electric-blue sports coat, its padding squishing and banging against my shoulder blades, its hem flapping against my knees, walked with my long, fluttering tin-foil noose with its monster snail crawling up and down—my despised, ridiculous tie—walked in my booby, pleated, sacky clown pants, walked in my Tony-Martin-collared, French-cuffed, miserable, jazzy shirt. Walked and walked.

I had struck out. My old man had struck out. My mother had struck out. Even my kid brother had struck out. I sailed my Tom Mix lucky charm off across the street toward a delicate, lacy gazebo and walked on, mile after mile, through leafy streets, under catalpa trees, eventually past lurking pool halls, taverns, junk yards, used-car lots. I never knew it was so far to the North Side. Finally I walked under the Bull Durham sign, past the Bluebird, up the back steps, through the screen door and into the kitchen. It was then I remembered for the first time that the invitation to the spring ball was still in my pocket.

I breathed in the aroma of red cabbage, spilled ketchup, fermenting Brillo pads, my mother's Chinese-red chenille bathrobe. Opening the refrigerator, I peered into the yellow, fragrant interior. A dish of peas from last week, a meatball with a bite out of it, what was left of a baked ham, a plastic container with some pickled beets. Home. Smelly home.

Grabbing the meatball, I stuffed it in my mouth, washing it down with milk from the bottle, and was about to rip off a piece of ham when the kitchen light blasted on. Her hair in curlers, her bathrobe hanging limply, my mother beamed sleepily.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Sure did."

"Were you nice to them?"

"Yep."

"Well, that's nice. I don't want them to think you aren't well brought up. Well, hurry to bed."

"OK. Night."

I finished the food, snapped off the light, stumbled through the dark into my bedroom, removed my repulsive sports coat and my pleated slacks—smelling faintly of sherry—and threw them in the corner next to my baseball bats. I sat on the edge of my bed in the dark. A sparrow rustled under the eaves outside the window. In the next room my kid brother muttered in his sleep. The sink burped moodily. The refrigerator chugged and squeaked. I thought briefly of that long table, with all the crystal and the maid touching things here and there. I wondered idly if Esther Jane Alberry had gotten her invitation to the spring ball yet. Then I lay back on my lumpy mattress and finally fell asleep, but not without a struggle.

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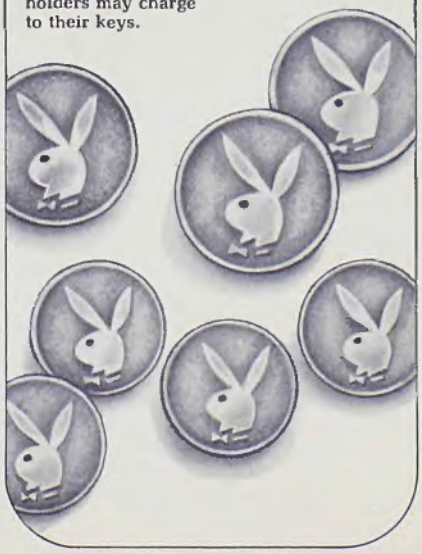


HOW I WOULD START

(continued from page 116)

that these will be limited to technicians. As just one off-the-cuff observation—which should serve to spark the imagination—think of what will happen when the atomic battery is perfected and placed on the market. Aside from all the investment that will be needed to produce and distribute the batteries, armies of crack executives will be needed to manage this new industry. And fortunes will be made by the individuals and companies who plan and implement the programs to convince an understandably atom-shy public that the new product will not make a Hiroshima out of Hartford or Hoboken.

Electronics—although it has taken astounding giant steps in recent years—is also still in its infancy. Here is another new industry that will continue renewing itself during the career span of any young man now embarking on business life. There are no bounds to the uses to which electronic equipment might be put. Computer development will make all that is familiar now seem as antiquated as the hand-operated adding machine. As far back as 1955, David Sarnoff, in his book *In the Fabulous Future: America in 1980*, predicted tubeless television and electronic light. Arthur C. Clarke's book *Profiles of the Future* predicts that "within a few years, our present [communications] facilities [will] seem as primitive as Indian smoke signals." Tex Thornton foresees the time when there will be absolutely no need for anyone to carry money or checks; a purchaser will need only to hold up his thumb before an electronic scanning device. At lightning speed, the device will check his bona fides—and automatically subtract the amount due from his bank account.

I could go on indefinitely, listing the electronic marvels that are even now under development—and some of which might well be on the market by the time this article sees print, such is the awesome speed of our progress. However, to extend the list would be unnecessary. The fledgling businessman worth the name will see the fantastic promise of electronics. The beginner can get his big chance in research, development, production, sales and distribution or servicing—in any phase of the mushrooming industry.

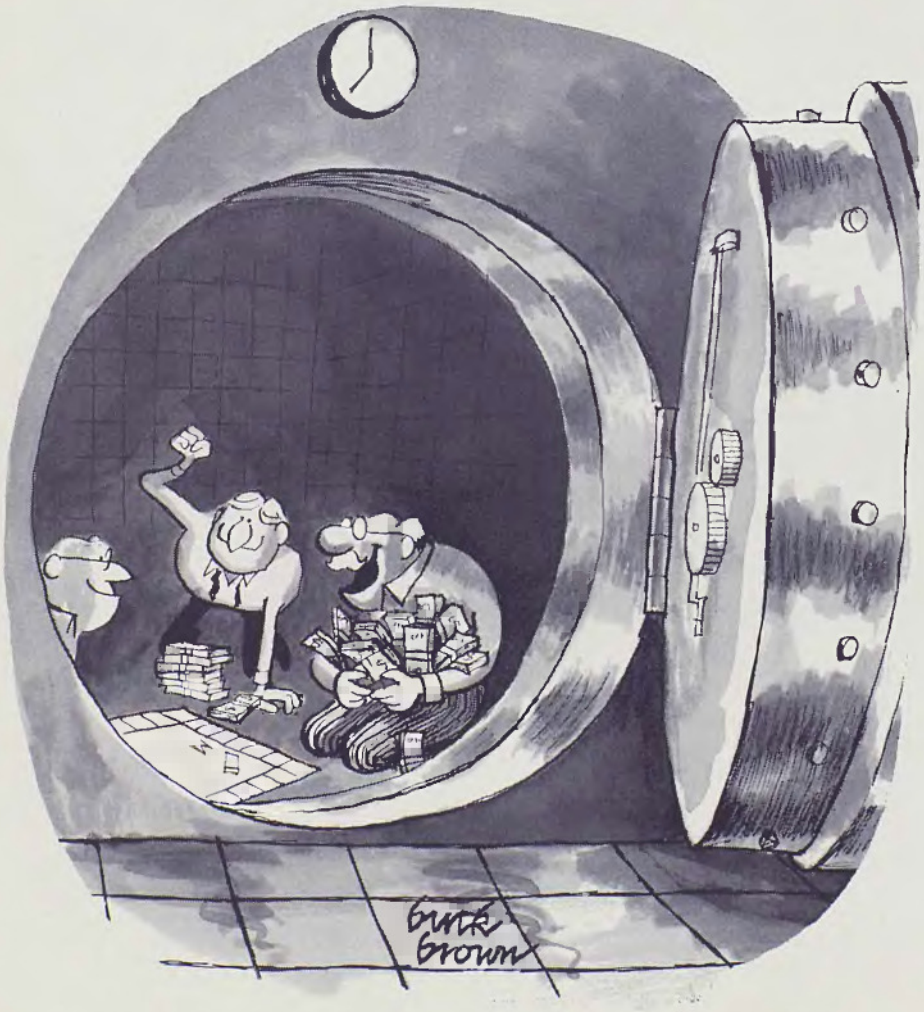
Breadth of opportunity and open doors in virtually all departments are characteristics of the new industries. Even those that start from scratch show such immense potential that there is hardly a managerial field that will not require hosts of new men. Desalination, for instance, gives much promise of one day becoming an important industry. The population explosion and centuries of deforestation have made fresh, sweet water less available in many areas, a serious problem in others. More and more water will be needed for human and industrial use, for irrigation and for the reclamation of arid regions in an increasingly crowded world. The desalination of sea water offers a theoretically feasible answer to this problem. The main problem now, as I understand it, is to devise a process that will desalinate the requisite vast quantities of ocean water fast enough and economically enough to permit widespread use.

Science is working on this right now. The breakthrough is bound to come—and when it does, there will be opportunities galore for the beginner. Not only will there be fine executive openings in what is certain to become a large industry virtually overnight—but there will be golden harvests for those who understand the implications and move in to develop lands that had previously been worthless but that will be extremely valuable as the new water supplies become available. And this is only one of many by-products the economical desalination of ocean water will offer the astute businessman.

The space industries have awesome potential. True, they are now working almost exclusively on Government contracts—and they may well continue to do so, for the capital expenditures needed seem far beyond the capacity of any private company or even any private consortium. However, the companies that produce the equipment for the space program are largely private firms, operating under the free-enterprise system, and all signs indicate they will continue to do so.

For the beginner in the space industries, the stars are the limit. The human animal being what he is, he will not rest, but will continue to move ahead, from one unknown to another. It is no more possible to reverse or halt man's exploration of space than it was to halt the global exploration that began in the 15th Century.

Space programs will expand. Those who complain about the cost might do well to remember that Queen Isabella was—at least according to legend—forced to give up her jewels in order to finance Columbus' expedition. History often repeats itself by offering recurrent parallels,



"How much do you want for Boardwalk and Park Place?"

and I believe that the eventual rewards of space exploration will be proportionately as great as those ultimately reaped from the voyage of Columbus.

The enterprising would-be businessman whose interests and aptitudes lie in that direction will not hesitate to leap aboard the space-industry band wagon. Just as in the other industries and areas that I have listed, he will find more than ample latitude to prove his abilities, whether he enters this field as an executive or as an investor.

I have not covered all the new industries. It would take far more space than I have here to mention them. Lasers, ultrasonics, pantography, thermionics, the retardation/prevention of organic deterioration (irradiation, freezing, dehydration) are only some of the many areas that space limitations prevent me from discussing. However, if I were starting out on my business career today, I would certainly make a careful assessment of the possibilities offered by each of the industries and fields I have mentioned—as well, I might suggest, as those I have omitted.

As I have previously suggested, my final decision would be governed to no small extent by another assessment—that of my own abilities and inclinations. There is less and less chance for the square peg to squeeze himself into the round hole under today's complex, fast-moving conditions; a man who doesn't know and cannot learn what he is doing and is not comfortable in his work hasn't much chance of getting off the ground, much less to the top.

Before a beginner can begin, his biggest job is that of appraising—not praising—himself. He must carefully weigh his strong points and his weak points. If he has the capital to invest in some business, then he must proceed with care—care for himself and his money. I know that it sounds childish to say that the investor should know—or have a very good idea of—what he is doing. But, childish as it sounds, too many individuals invest their money subjectively, on a whim, in a burst of enthusiasm or on the advice of some fast-talking pitchman. It is necessary to learn as much as is humanly possible about any venture before investing in it. That dictum has held good through the ages; it will continue to hold good in the future. No scientific or technological advancement will change it.

As for the individual just graduating from college or completing a postgraduate course—one who wants to work his way up the ladder or to gain experience before going into business for himself—my advice is also, on the face of it, too simple. He should get a good job with a good company in the field of his considered choice.

It is essential to bear in mind that, in a large company, the executive tends to learn and experience only one phase, or at best only a few phases, of business operations. In a small company, on the other hand, he is much more likely to learn about the over-all operation of the business—and thus has more chance of developing into a seasoned, all-around manager and businessman.

As for going into business for himself, the employed executive must be certain that he is ready for the big step, ready to graduate from the payroll to the position of the man who has to meet it. He must feel that he has sufficient experience—and sufficient aptitude and acumen—for doing business on his own profitably. Nothing is more important for him to remember than that basic business tenet that I recently saw expressed with barbed pungency in a *Harvard Business Review* article. "Marketing opportunities?" the author of the article asked after taking certain types of manufacturers to task. "Just come up with something that (a) works and (b) has the features customers want." In my opinion, that priceless gem should be pasted into the hat of every businessman—be he beginner or 50-year veteran. It states the essence of what is good business, what makes a business—and a businessman—a success.

The man going into business for himself also needs sufficient capital, but this is the least important factor. Just as a bad workman invariably complains that he has bad tools, so the bad businessman always wails that he does not have enough capital. It is entirely possible, even in this day and age, and will remain so in the marvel-filled future, to start small and grow big. There are always individuals and legitimate lending institutions willing to provide capital for a promising business at reasonable rates of interest or in exchange for reasonable quantities of stock.

To the man who feels himself qualified to go into business for himself, I say, "Start now!" There is no time like the present to get in on the ground floor and take full advantage of the rising trend and of the new and unprecedented opportunities that present themselves in dozens of fields. Large fortunes will be made in the next two decades by men who are beginners today. The most exciting and promising golden age in the world's history lies before us.

Starting your business career now?

If you are, I repeat—even more enthusiastically—what I said in 1958: I envy your chances. I wish I could take them for you. It would be fun to do it all over again!

"I worked six hours on that soup."

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SKIING EUROPE

(continued from page 160)

lift servicing intermediate to expert pitches, and St. Christoph, where Professor Kruckenhauser originated the Modern Austrian Ski System), to be sure to buy a block lift ticket, as it can be used on all uphill facilities.

During the 1920s, Ernest Hemingway spent many long winters writing, climbing the peaks and ski-romping through the woods in the Schruns-Montafon valley of the Vorarlberg. "The black kirsch-drinking Christ" was what local peasants nicknamed the black-bearded American. Papa Hemingway reveled in unspoiled natural adventure. If that is what you're after, try Schruns or, better yet, the Radstadter Taurn, Dachstein or the Gross Glockner regions of Austria; snow depths there are more dependable and true-blooded Austrian skiers more in prominence.

Many avant-garde skiers who love variety and novelty are heading for the highly developed French resorts, discovering new facilities in Switzerland at St.-Moritz, Klosters and Gstaad, and even visiting Italy. One reason for this may be that skiing in Austria, both economically and as a sport, is taken very seriously. A perfectionist ski technique and the tremendous importance placed on competition skiing have obscured some of the fundamental joys of good old-fashioned slope slipping.

With the opening of the Mont Blanc Tunnel (the longest auto tunnel in the world), Italian ski resorts such as Courmayeur, Cervinia and Sestriere, which have deluxe living facilities and first-rate runs, have become easily accessible to charter-flight skiers. The Italians, though far from the most stylistic skiers in the world, are full of fun and humor, whether on the slopes, by the swimming pools or frugging in the clubs. One of the best Italian resorts is Sestriere, where every weekend the Ferraris and FIATs whine up the mountain road from as far away as Rome. There you'll find one of the best hotels in the Alps, the deluxe Albergo Principi di Piemonte. For $145 per week, including service and taxes, it offers: a large bedroom with bath and balcony, excellent food, outdoor heated swimming pool, sauna, bars, night club with orchestra, unlimited use of Sestriere's three aerial trams, 13 poma lifts, one chair lift; and gorgeous girls (not included in the bill) who do their shopping in the Turin arcade *boutiques* or adorn cafés on the Champs Élysées. For $100 per week, much the same thing, with less pomp and circumstance, can be had in the famous round-tower hotel, the Duchi d'Aosta. But *attenzione!* With 173 doors giving onto the serpentine ramp corridor, the rooms tend to be noisy. Controlled by major stockholders of the FIAT combine, Sestriere attracts an international crowd and has been a popular retreat for some years. Except for the expert Rio Nero trail, most of the runs are perfect for beginner–intermediate skiers.

Another Italian area that has the special Dolomite feel about it is Madonna di Campiglio, a four-hour drive south from Innsbruck. The best hotel is the Golf, where the American ski team stayed before the 1964 Olympics. This is a great, rambling, deluxe hideaway in the forest, a few miles from the Ferrari Café night club on the main piazza. Madonna di Campiglio, with 42 hotels, now has two long aerial trams, several chair lifts, T-bars, drinking bars, and a variety of slopes to choose from. Incidentally, in many of the Italian ski resorts, during holiday or weekend rushes you can reserve places in the trams for a slight extra charge—a good idea.

The 15,771-foot-high white dome of Mont Blanc, western Europe's highest peak, dominates the Chamonix valley, which winds out of a corner of France. Within a radius of 40 miles (including Morzine-Avoriaz and Italy's Courmayeur-Entrèves), one finds 14 aerial tramways, 13 chair lifts, 60 T-bars and poma lifts, 4 gondola cars and 2 cog railways. Nowhere in the Alps is there such a concentration of uphill transport and developed ski *pistes* at such extremely high and low altitudes. An automobile is useful, but regularly scheduled buses and shuttle cars run up and down the valley, through the Mont Blanc Tunnel and to Geneva, which is just one and a half hours away.

One reason the famous mountain town of Chamonix is becoming a favorite with American charter-flighters is the recently opened two-section Aiguille des Grands Montets tram, six miles from the *Place de la Poste*. The tram takes off from 4075 feet, the mid-station at the Croix de Lognan. The Téléphérique des Grands Montets then whisks 60 skiers at more than 30 feet per second to 10,758 feet, providing a *vertical* drop of over 6600 feet to the valley station. No U. S. ski area has a height differential comparable with this. The upper trails, traced over glaciers, have fine fluffy powder from November to June. For downhill pleasure, Chamonix' Grands Montets development puts skiing in the rest of the Alps into another perspective.

In February, the inspiring ten-mile run down the Vallée Blanche glaciers becomes feasible. Leaving from the center of Chamonix, you take the Téléphérique de l'Aiguille du Midi—the highest in the world—to 12,600 feet, and after stepping gingerly down a snow

ridge carrying skis and sacks, you can ski slowly down the Glacier du Géant, through the *séracs* and around crevasses, back to the green valley below. This is high mountain skiing, a several-hour excursion surrounded by 12,000-foot-high peaks and glaciers reached the easy way. Take a mountain guide if you have any question about the weather or your skiing ability: The cost is about $20 for two.

Shortly before they were married, Roger Vadim and Jane Fonda discovered Chamonix. Since then, the old town's local color has been tinted by stars from the entertainment milieu. Serge and Christian Marquand, Sacha Distel, Sammy Frey and the Vadim *bande*, along with thousands of skiers from all over the world, have profited from the superb, endless-variety skiing at the Brévent, Flégère, Lognan areas and in the Vallée Blanche. Hard on the heels of the stars came the miniskirted girls, and many a wizened guide raised his eyes toward Mont Blanc and wondered what Balmat and Shelley would have thought.

Baron Elie Robert de Rothschild's Hotel Savoy is the most fashionable lodging in Chamonix ($14–$26 per day with three meals), while the three-star Hotel Mont Blanc is more intimate and easier on the wallet ($9–$15). With frequent American customers, bartenders in both hotels now know how to mix bone-dry martinis. Chamonix' seven-day *Forfait Skier* plan (hotel with food, ski lifts, ski school and shuttle cars) is a good bet. The best night club (with excellent food) is the Casino, while Jeannot Tournier's Toboggan *cave* (entered by sliding down a toboggan) is a good place to launch the evening with an aperitif. For fondue, try Le Lion d'Or.

In bad weather, skiing the big Chamonix tram areas can be a problem, so, instead, travel through the tunnel to Courmayeur and ski the Checrouit beginner and intermediate slopes and trails. On the way back, you will want to stop at one of the finest restaurants in the Alps, La Maison de Fillipo at Entrèves, where the specialties include dried herb-flavored chamois meat (called Mozzetta), Bistecca alla Valdostana, and the cognac-spiked coffee served in a spouted wooden vessel that is passed around the table from person to person. An unbelievable $3.50 per person for six courses includes service and wine, and perhaps a *grappa* offered by Garin Fillipo, who will tell you his restaurant is "a work of passion."

If you like the unspoiled hospitality of the Valle d'Aosta, plan to spend some days in Courmayeur and, if the weather shapes up, take a crack at the Col de Toule. In this case, the best hotel is the Royal, where the food is more Italian than French.

"I say we must oppose the subversives in the market place of ideas; and only after failing to win there should we throw them in jail."

When you tunnel back to Chamonix, head for Megève's deluxe Hotel Mont d'Arbois, where, around the heated indoor swimming pool or in the sumptuous bars, you will find models, movie stars and industrialists living the good life. For $20 per day plus food, you have a luxuriously rustic room overlooking the Mont Arbois slopes. Or you may prefer the Hotel Mont Blanc in Megève proper, which, though the rooms are small, can be a swinging place. Downstairs is Les Enfants Terribles—a rather hip spot decorated by one of Jean Cocteau's student imitators. The strictly-on-the-make clientele runs the gamut from chic naïveté to cultured prostitutes. Up from Nice or down from Paris for the big Megève winter season, they give weight to the proposition that sex is closer kin to skiing than to any other sport. Of the dozen or so boites that have given Megève the reputation of being the Alpine St.-Tropez, the best are the Esquinade (expensive and classy), the Scoubidou (popular) and the Casino, which has an orchestra and excellent Côte de Boeuf. Megève is also a favorite weekend hangout of French government ministers in and out of favor, and chalet life is at the heart of the social doings. The best skiing, if you get up early enough, is in the Very massif.

The creation of a modern ski resort where there was more or less nothing began in Europe; post-War Courchevel, with its myriad lifts and snow-packing machines, is more American than America. After a day on Courchevel's slopes, the *cognoscenti* settle down to a leisurely dinner at La Bergerie, which used to be a sheep barn. The next stop is the Saint Nicolas Night Club or the Bus Paladium (drinks $3.20, whether Coke or Scotch), one of the wildest, jumpingest clubs in the Alps. The Beatle-type band plays from ten P.M. to five A.M., which delights *les copines* from Paris, Lyon and the Côte d'Azur, who are sure to sharpen up your frug and watusi.

A French area that Americans rarely visit but that offers substantial ski and

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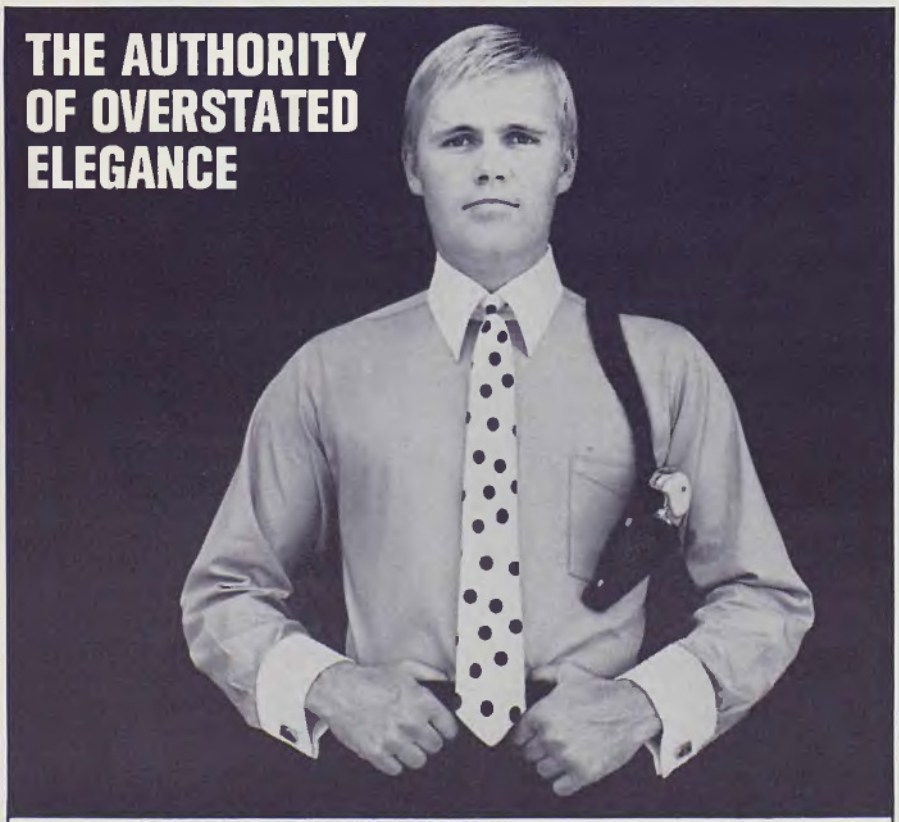

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après-ski animation is Alpe d'Huez, 40 miles up from Grenoble. It is situated on an open plateau at 6102 feet, and the sun here is as bright as the night clubs—the Saint Nicolas, Dahu, Isba and Saint Trop'—are dark. With abundant facilities for beginning skiers, Alpe d'Huez is the best hangout for the 1968 Grenoble Olympics. Two excellent hotels are the Ménandière and the Ours Blanc ($14–$16 per day with food), while the three-star Vallée Blanche is a great value with a rate of $72 for 7 days, including food and service.

After the wild, stimulating quality of Italian and French ski resorts, Switzerland may seem tame. It needn't be. In spirit, Gstaad is close to Megève, Verbier close to Courchevel—but this is as far as the comparison goes. The French have no equal for the glittering St.-Moritz, Davos or quaint Klosters, all of which are within four hours of Zurich's Kloten. One of the great joys of skiing Europe is variety, as writer Irwin Shaw found out when he discovered Klosters some years ago. After having installed himself in a chalet, he helped establish the Five to Five Club in the village's best hotel, the Silvretta, and since then, the formerly serious resort has become the discreet hangout of movie stars, directors, writers and artists who want the calm excitement of Swiss skiing mixed with the pleasures and comforts of international living. Klosters' Madrisa Mountain development (one gondola and five T-bars) has opened up a vast sunny plateau that overlooks the Parsenn range. The slopes are easy to moderate, and this is a fine place to take private ski lessons, which, at $15 per day, are the most reasonable in the Alps.

Since the pioneer days of Sir Arnold Lunn and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who made some of the first high-mountain ski tours, Davos has become known as the start of the seven-and-a-half-mile-long Parsenn run from the summit of the Weissfluh to the hamlet of Kublis. Like Chamonix' Vallée Blanche, this is relatively gentle skiing. While Klosters is a charming agglomeration of chalets, Davos is a sprawling city favored by English, Germans and Americans who like mass animation. Three of the best hotels, all near the Parsennbahn, are the Flüela Sporthotel, the Seehoft Parsennbahnhotel and the Meierhof Sporthotel. The Flüela has excellent food. For entertainment, visit the Central Foyer and La Ferme, both decorated *rustique* and enlivened by violin and harmonica players. Davos will soon open a new aerial tram on the Pischa Horn, which will raise uphill capacity to 15,000 skiers per hour, making quite a difference from the day in March 1894 when Conan Doyle hiked up from Davos across the

Furka Pass and arrived at Arosa "white as a corpse."

About 80 miles of mountain road separate Davos from the more fashionable city of St.-Moritz. The construction of the Silvaplana–Corvatsch aerial tram in 1963 opened up marvelous ski fields at 11,000 feet and resurrected St.-Moritz from moribund luxury. Of the 50 hotels, many of which have been refurbished or are new, the Palace, probably the most expensive in the Alps, is where international society comes to meet international society. This usually occurs in the Kings Club, where the parties are likely to last all night. Under the same ownership as the Palace, the Chesa Veglia restaurant–night club is the nub of St.-Moritz night life. Once a rambling stable, the C. V. has been completely rebuilt. Its dignified ground-floor restaurant is enhanced by the Viennese waltzes of an Austrian combo, and many Palace guests prefer to take their meals there rather than in the hotel's formal dining room. Down in the *cave* are two bowling alleys and hot-from-the-coals pizza pies, while on the first floor is a grillroom decorated in old Engadine style.

The best place to select a feminine companion is probably in the nighteries; the Chesa Veglia is but one of St.-Moritz' many offerings. In the Casino, while the roulette wheels turn, the young swinging set dances till all hours. The Hotel Steffani usually imports a noisy band from Hamburg for its Grotto, and one sits in the smoky cellar among a clutter of broken skis, a huge wine cask and the carefully collected skeletons of, one must suppose, the clients who did not quite make it. Most of St.-Moritz royalty prefer the Hotel Suvretta-House, which is a safe distance from town; while the more ardent skiers head for the Kulm, because of its proximity to the chair lift. Wherever you stay in St.-Moritz, hotel social life is animated and the daily-events program—from bobsledding and beauty contests to French fashion shows—is staggering. As at Megève, some people even go skiing.

Time, patience and a sense of humor are essential elements for skiing Spain, Yugoslavia and Greece. At Navacerrada, 37 miles north of Madrid, one finds two chair lifts and six T-bars that serve open slopes often covered by heavy powder snow. The lifts operate until dark and it is not unusual to see Spanish skiers—an enthusiastic, rollicking lot—arrive at four in the afternoon for their first run. Most skiers are off the trails by midnight. Of the 14 hotels, the best is the Ventas Arias, where the specialty is the delicious lamb and veal from Segovia.

Although there are many highly skiable mountains near Granada, there are no lifts, so serious Spanish skiing takes place in the Pyrenees at places such as Candanchu—a long day's drive from Madrid—where a T-bar and chair lift climb to the 6633-foot summit of El Tobazo. One hundred hard miles from Barcelona, near Ribas, is La Molina. The best hotel is the Solineu. Peaks there and at Nuria rise over 6000 feet and are serviced by gondolas and T-bars.

In Yugoslavia, every year the half-dozen loyal members of the Dubrovnik Ski Club organize a ski outing to Mount Orien, where, from the 6000-foot summit, they claim you can see the blue Adriatic. There are no lifts, wolves (the furry kind with teeth) are not uncommon, the peasants are very friendly, the language spoken is Croatian, and to keep warm and jolly you can drink slivovitz and rakija.

Skiing in northwest Yugoslavia at Ratece-Planica, Kranjska Gora and Maribor is very similar to skiing in southern Austria: adequate lifts and clean, inexpensive hotels. But as long as you are in Yugoslavia, seek the real thing; saddle up your donkey and hoof it up to Popova Sapka, about three hours from the Macedonian city of Skopje. The hotel ($2.25 per day with three meals) is on the primitive side, the T-bars and pomas (five cents a throw) leave from the front terrace, but surprisingly enough, the skiing in the 8000-foot-plus Sar-Planina range is superb. Several new areas in the region, like many things in Yugoslavia, have been in the planning stage for many years.

A quality not lacking in these southern countries is ski enthusiasm, and for that, the champions are the Greeks. If you happen to be in Athens, it is worth while to drop in at the offices of the Greek Alpine Club (after eight P.M. every evening, foreign skiers are royally welcomed), Kareorgi Serbias St. 7, just around the corner from American Express. Here you will meet some of the 3500 Greek skiers (three fifths of Greece is covered by mountains), who have skied the northern areas of Mount Olympus (9570 feet), Mount Vermion, one and a half hours from Thessalonica (the only chair lift in the country), or the 4635-foot-high Mount Parnis, 13 miles from Athens, where there is a good hotel, fine views and an occasional snow flurry. In the well-equipped club room one drinks ouzo and nibbles kalamata olives; someone shows color slides of the donkeys with ski racks during the last outing; the skiers discuss a forthcoming sortie while checking waxes and bindings; and one drinks still another ouzo.

But whether you make it to the golden shores of Greece or confine your schussing to more northern climes, a European ski holiday, like a good Bordeaux, is a rich and rewarding experience.

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SUPREME COURT *(continued from page 156)*

others who had fled England in order to be able to live and worship as they chose, were acutely aware of the need to protect the rights of the individual. The decision to have a written Constitution enumerating the powers of the Government was the immediate outgrowth of this concern. But even then, those so closely familiar with the tyranny an all-powerful government can exercise were not satisfied. Accordingly, after the Constitution was drawn in 1787, there was a great outcry that more safeguards for the individual had to be added. By 1791, a Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to the Constitution—had been promulgated and ratified. They placed specific limitations on the new Federal Government, leaving to the people their inalienable rights—among them, freedom of speech, press, religion and assembly; the right to trial by jury; the right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures; the right not to be compelled to be a witness against oneself; the right not to be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; the right to speedy and public trial; the right to confront witnesses against oneself; the right to counsel; the right to be secure against excessive bail and cruel and unusual punishments.

Thus, at the very beginning of this country's constitutional history, the limitations on majority rule that were to trouble an eighth-grader in Virginia in 1962 had already been clarified in the minds of the framers of the Constitution. In 1788, James Madison wrote:

> Wherever the real power in a Government lies, there is the danger of oppression. In our Government, the real power lies in the majority of the community, and the invasion of private rights is *chiefly* to be apprehended, not from acts of Government contrary to the sense of its constituents, but from acts in which the Government is the mere instrument of the major number of the constituents.

"Well, my gosh, Martha—you've been after me for years to take up some kind of hobby . . ."

Since a Constitution is not self-enforcing, a detached and impartial body—the Supreme Court—was entrusted as its guardian and interpreter. At first the Court was hesitant to test its powers. It was so insignificant at its start that when the new capitol in Washington was constructed, no place was made for the Court. It had to meet in a basement room of the Senate. The Court was so lightly regarded in those early days that Patrick Henry and Alexander Hamilton refused to accept appointments to it.

But beginning in 1801, under John Marshall, the Court fully established its right to review and, if necessary, strike down acts of Congress and of state legislatures that violated the Constitution. This power, coupled with the independence of life tenure (Supreme Court judges can be removed only by impeachment, and this has never happened), makes the United States Supreme Court unique among courts anywhere in the world. But with its unparalleled authority comes an enormous responsibility. "We are very quiet here," said Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes a half century ago, "but it is the quiet of a storm center. . . . Doubts are expressed that go to our very being."

There is, furthermore, the burden of exceedingly difficult and detailed work. As Justice Brennan has explained in Alan Westin's *An Autobiography of the Supreme Court*, "Each Justice, unless he disqualifies himself in a particular case, passes on every piece of business coming to the Court. The Court does not function by means of committees or panels. Each Justice passes on each petition, each item, no matter how drawn, in longhand, by typewriter or on a press. There is one uniform rule: Judging is not delegated. Each Justice studies each case in sufficient detail to resolve the question for himself. . . . The process can be a lonely, troubling experience for fallible human beings conscious that their best may not be adequate to the challenge."

"The fact is," Justice Jackson underlined, "that the Court functions less as one deliberative body than as nine, each Justice working largely in isolation except as he chooses to seek consultation with others. These working methods tend to cultivate a highly individualistic rather than a group viewpoint."

And being individualistic, a Justice on occasion may nettle one of his colleagues. In the 1930s, Justice James C. McReynolds, rebuked because he was late for a conference, snapped, "Tell Mr. Chief Justice Hughes that Mr. Justice McReynolds does not work for him." And Justice William O. Douglas on one occasion publicly termed a majority opinion of his brethren "smart-alecky."

The divisions within the Court are usually revealed publicly only in the

clash of written opinions. But once in a great while, the bench itself is the scene of a break in judicial demeanor. In 1961, Justice Frankfurter was on the losing end of a 5–4 decision granting a new trial—his fourth—to a man who had been convicted of murder. The majority ruled that the convicted man's last trial had been prejudiced because of improper questioning by the prosecution. Frankfurter had written a dissenting opinion in which he claimed the prosecution's mistake had been a "harmless error." From the bench, on the day the Court announced its decision, Frankfurter stopped reading his dissent and improvised a caustic denunciation of his colleagues in the majority for "indefensible judicial nit-picking."

Chief Justice Warren reddened in anger, glared at Frankfurter and said, barely containing his fury, "As I understand it, the purpose of reporting an opinion in the Court is to inform the public and not for the purpose of degrading this Court."

Despite these occasional revelations of human frailty, the nine Justices, sitting in public in the huge marble temple that is the Supreme Court building, inspire awe. In the courtroom, with its tall Ionic columns, medallioned ceiling and friezes carved high on the walls, the impact of austere pomp has caused a few lawyers appearing before the Court for the first time to faint dead away.

Yet these Justices are decidedly human men, and the interplay of their differing backgrounds and temperaments affects what becomes the law of the land. Even within the two major wings of the Court —the liberal (more accurately, libertarian) and the conservative—there are substantial philosophical differences among the members. Indeed, some Justices cannot easily be placed in either wing, which explains why a real understanding of the decisions of the Court must go beyond convenient labels to an analysis of the individual attitudes and beliefs of each man.

In the present Court, 75-year-old Earl Warren, appointed Chief Justice of the United States by President Eisenhower in 1953, is a courteous, remarkably considerate, affable man who is, however, essentially serious and an extremely hard worker. Prudent, he likes to quote Lincoln, "I am a slow walker but I never walk backward."

From the start of his career as a public prosecutor in California through his ten highly popular years as governor of that state, Warren has always been concerned with justice. "He never let us sneak up on a fellow's blind side," his chief investigator in the early years has said. And Warren has also been persistently troubled by the responsibilities of power. Recalling his tenure as a district attorney, he says, "I never heard a jury bring in a verdict of guilty but what I felt sick at the pit of my stomach."

While usually on the libertarian side of the Court, Warren has become increasingly conservative in obscenity cases, which sometimes rouse strong feelings in him. Once, shaking a copy of an allegedly obscene book, he told a colleague, "If anyone showed that book to my daughters, I'd have strangled him with my bare hands."

Warren is not a legal scholar; his judicial philosophy is characterized more by a deep sense of humanity than by adherence to doctrine or precedent. One day a lawyer stoutly maintained that his client's legal position was supported by a series of previous rulings by the Court. "Yes," said Warren, leaning forward, "but is it *fair*?" Added to his sense of fair play is a sharp insight into the real meaning of Governmental actions, which enables him to strike immediately at the heart of an argument.

The oldest member of the Court, in age and length of service, is 80-year-old Hugo L. Black of Alabama, an expert trial lawyer who had gone on to become one of the most powerful members of the United States Senate during the early New Deal days. Black was appointed to the Court by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1937. Fond of describing himself as "a rather backward country fellow," Black has less formal education but reads more widely than any other member of the Court. A wiry, energetic man, he plays tennis nearly every day, sometimes four hours at a stretch.

Regarded as the chief philosopher of the Warren Court, Black has long been its leading advocate of full constitutional protection for civil liberties and rights. "No other Justice in the past 25 years," says Gerald Gunther, professor of law at Stanford University, "has cared more, worked harder and done more to persuade his colleagues to accept his constitutional philosophy." And no Justice in the entire history of the Court has lived to see more of his dissents become majority views.

The persuasiveness of Black's judicial philosophy lies largely in its simplicity. Fundamentally, his position is that the Constitution is to be enforced according to its precise terms—no more and no less. On free-speech questions, he often quotes the language of the First Amendment ("Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech"), and says, "By 'no law,' I understand the First Amendment to mean *no* law." Using the same literal approach, Black concludes that the separation of church and state; the rights of free press, petition and assembly; the privileges against self-incrimination; the right of confrontation; the right to the assistance of counsel and all other rights similarly stated in categorical terms in the Constitution

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are "absolute"; they must be observed by the Government and enforced by the Court under *all* circumstances.

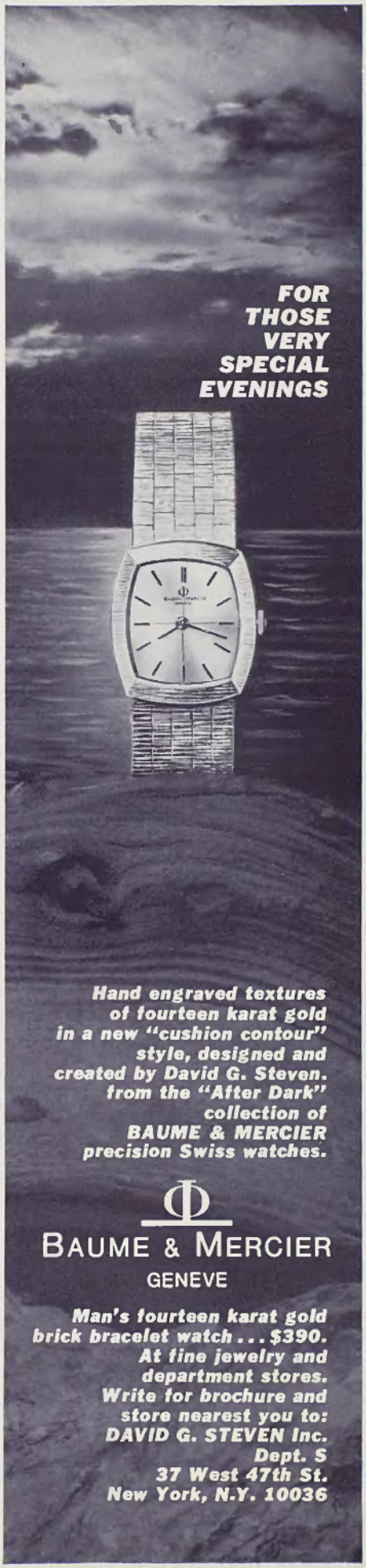
Because he believes that the very minimum requirements of the Constitution have yet to be completely applied to American life, Black is often labeled a "judicial activist." Black rejects the label, whether it be applied approvingly by those who think the Court should actively develop solutions to all social problems or disparagingly by those who think the Court should, in the name of judicial restraint, ignore all but the most flagrant of constitutional violations. To Black, the Court has no power to impose social solutions beyond its duty to protect the particular rights specified in the Constitution itself. Conversely, he believes the Court has no more right to *restrain itself* from enforcing these constitutional provisions—no matter how extraordinary the consequences—than it would have to invent provisions not specified by the founding fathers. Hence, Black regards himself as a legal reactionary—a defender of the Constitution as it was originally written and intended.

Usually in judicial agreement with Black is 68-year-old William O. Douglas, one of the most brilliant men ever to sit on the Supreme Court. Douglas began his career as a law professor and later was chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission before being appointed to the Court by President Roosevelt in 1939. A craggily handsome, restless man, Douglas has hiked in the Himalayas, climbed mountains in Iran and traveled widely in Asia.

Douglas is intensely interested in geography, economics, foreign affairs and many other subjects to which he devotes a considerable amount of time. Probably the most quick-witted of the Justices on the bench, Douglas sometimes appears distracted from the business at hand as he scribbles, seemingly aimlessly, on a pad. But he will suddenly look up and direct a sharp, penetrating question.

Contentious, Douglas believes that contention is at the core of self-government by free men. "A function of free speech under our system of government," he has declared, "is to invite dispute. It may indeed best serve its high purpose when it induces a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction with conditions as they are, or even stirs people to anger."

Joining Chief Justice Warren and Justices Black and Douglas in the libertarian wing of the Court is Justice William J. Brennan, 60, who had seven years' experience as a judge in the New Jersey courts before his appointment to the Court in 1956 by President Eisenhower. The son of an Irish immigrant who became a labor leader and city commissioner of Newark, Brennan is



informal in manner and proud, as he puts it, of the opportunity to "sit here and think hard day after day about this strangely unwieldy yet magnificent system under which we Americans live."

In judicial philosophy, Brennan is closer to Warren than to Black. He has never subscribed to Black's literal approach to the Constitution, preferring to decide cases on broader considerations. This sometimes leads Brennan to a more libertarian position than Black's, but occasionally, as in obscenity cases, it has precisely the opposite effect.

Since the retirement of the late Justice Felix Frankfurter, in 1962, the intellectual leader of the Court's conservative wing has been 67-year-old John Marshall Harlan, grandson of the 19th Century Justice of the same name. Harlan was appointed by President Eisenhower in 1955 after a distinguished career as a Wall Street lawyer and a Federal judge.

Although not as persuasive as the intense Justice Frankfurter had been (Harlan is sometimes referred to as "Frankfurter without the mustard"), he is extremely conscientious and thoroughly respected by his colleagues on the bench. A true legal conservative, Harlan believes the Court must be cautious in the range and extent of its decisions, regardless of the literal language of the Constitution. Accordingly, he balances every judicial claim against what he regards as the legitimate interests of society. Under this balancing test, Harlan would place fewer limitations on Government than would any other Justice in modern times.

Often aligned with Harlan is Tom Clark, 66, who had been a district attorney in Texas and was Attorney General of the United States when chosen for the Court by President Truman in 1949. Clark is a devotee of bow ties and homespun jokes and his office is festooned with mooseheads. Clark's easygoing manner belies a firm, almost rigidly pro-Government attitude in subversion, obscenity and criminal cases, in which he frequently cites FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover as his authority. Consequently, Clark is generally considered to be the most conservative Justice on the Court. But his conservatism is primarily related to the interests of the Federal Government. Thus, Clark joined the libertarian wing of the Court in the reapportionment decisions; he wrote the majority opinion forbidding the states from using illegally obtained evidence; and he has voted consistently for Negro rights. In antitrust cases, where the Federal Government's position coincides with the liberal philosophy, Clark urges vigorous enforcement of the Sherman Act.

With Clark much of the time is 49-year-old Byron "Whizzer" White, who was placed on the Court by President Kennedy in 1962. A former Rhodes scholar, successful corporation lawyer and Deputy Attorney General of the United States, White is a New Frontier pragmatist who prefers to decide cases on narrow legal grounds. By contrast with the often vivid, boldly written decisions of Black and Douglas, White's opinions are dry and highly technical. White believes the rights and liberties of the individual must be balanced against the needs of the Government and, like Clark, he rarely votes against the Government in free-speech, subversion or criminal cases. The approach of both men may be explained by the fact that they held high positions in the Department of Justice before being appointed to the Supreme Court.

"Everything's OK, officer—we're settling out of court."

Justice Potter Stewart, 51, an Eisenhower appointee to the Court in 1958, is perhaps the most difficult member of the Court to classify. A former vice-mayor of Cincinnati and a Federal judge prior to his appointment, Stewart is a staunch conservative ally of Justice Harlan on economic matters; and while a philosophical conservative, in the civil liberties area he often sides with the libertarian wing if he can justify his vote on some narrower ground than the constitutional right asserted. In obscenity cases, Stewart stands almost as squarely behind the literal language of the Constitution as do Black and Douglas. He dissented in both the *Ginzburg* and *Mishkin* cases, when the Court recently upheld obscenity convictions. And in the recent *Redmond* case, in which the Solicitor General requested that the conviction of a couple who had mailed allegedly obscene photographs be vacated because of Justice Department error, Stewart joined Black and Douglas in saying, "We would reverse this conviction not because it violates the policy of the Justice Department but because it violates the Constitution."

The newest Justice, Abe Fortas, 56, was appointed by President Johnson in 1965. Previously he had had a long career in Government, including four years as Undersecretary of the Interior, after which he became a partner in the Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas and Porter, as well as a confidant of the President. Although it is much too early to predict with certainty Fortas' ultimate judicial views, it is quite likely that he will align himself with the libertarian wing of the Court. Shortly before his appointment, Fortas said that the Warren Court had served to "awaken the national conscience and act as a catalyst to cause the nation to take action to discharge neglected responsibilities."

To date, Fortas has been generally cautious: In 75 decisions handed down, he departed from the majority only four times. His opinions have dealt mostly with noncontroversial matters, but in an important civil liberties case, it was Fortas who wrote the opinion holding that juveniles must be given protections similar to those accorded adults when they are charged with crimes.

These differing personalities and conflicting judicial philosophies help one understand the Court and its decisions. Beyond these characteristics, the *kinds* of cases the Court chooses to take can be as important as the decisions it makes. Historically, the Court has gone through roughly two periods of quite

different preoccupations. "One might suggest," Leo Pfeffer, a distinguished lawyer and student of the Court, wrote in 1961, "that there have been in reality two Supreme Courts. The first, which came to an end in 1936, had as its architect John Marshall, and was fashioned by him to be the supreme protector of property rights and to safeguard commerce, industry and finance from hostile legislatures, state and Federal. The second Court, which has developed during the past quarter century, has abandoned this role and has become the nation's guardian of the liberties of its people."

Why did the Court come so relatively late to focus on civil rights and liberties? Justice Brennan has suggested that "in our frontier days not so much problems of individual liberty as problems of the respective domains of Federal and state power incident to territorial expansion and economic growth came to the surface. Issues of individual liberty and the relationship of the citizen to his Government waited in the wings pending the events of this century that brought them to the fore." Those events have included America's changing from a predominantly agricultural and rural nation to one that is now overwhelmingly industrial and urban. And as population grew in numbers and in urban density, so did Governmental activities affecting millions of people in myriad ways, limiting and regulating individual behavior.

In sum, the modern crisis of individual liberty throughout Western civilization has been felt with particular keenness in America, where the inevitable growth of powerful, systematized Government with expanding police powers is so often confronted by the principles of individual liberty embedded in the Constitution.

The changing directions of the Supreme Court as a guardian of civil liberties and rights—before and during Earl Warren's tenure as Chief Justice—can be seen by exploring a number of key decisions. Here a distinction should be made between civil rights and civil liberties, and this has been done with clarity by President Kennedy, as quoted in Edward Bennett Williams' book *One Man's Freedom*:

> By civil rights we mean those claims which the citizen has to the affirmative assistance of government. In an age which insistently and properly demands that government secure the weak from needless dread and needless misery, the catalog of civil rights is never closed. The obligation of government in the area of civil rights is never wholly discharged.
>
> By civil liberties, I mean an individual's immunity from governmental oppression. A society which respects civil liberty realizes that the freedom of its people is built, in large part, upon their privacy. The Bill of Rights, in the eyes of its framers, was a catalog of immunities, not a schedule of claims. It was, in other words, a Bill of Liberties. The immunities defined in this Bill of Liberties were set forth in order that the promise of individual freedom might be made explicit. The framers dreamed that if their hope were codified man's energies of mind and spirit might be released from fear.
>
> When civil rights are seen as claims and civil liberties as immunities, the government's differing responsibilities become clear. For the security of rights the energy of government is essential. For the security of liberty restraint is indispensable.

Perhaps the most widely debated provision of the United States Constitution is the First Amendment, which provides:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

The recurring problem in dealing with the "establishment of religion" clause has been more in the application of accepted principles than in disagreement about the principles themselves. In *Everson vs. Board of Education* (1947), the Court agreed on a definition of this clause that has been accepted ever since:

> The "establishment of religion" clause of the First Amendment means at least this: Neither a state nor the Federal Government can set up a church. Neither can pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another. Neither can force nor influence a person to go to or to remain away from church against his will or force him to profess a belief or disbelief in any religion. No person can be punished for entertaining or professing religious beliefs or disbeliefs, for church attendance or nonattendance. No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice religion. Neither a state nor the Federal Government can, openly or secretly, participate in the affairs of any religious organizations or groups and *vice versa*. In the words of Jefferson, the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect "a wall of separation between church and state."

Yet, despite their agreement on the definition, the members of the Court have repeatedly split on the application of the Establishment Clause. In *Everson* itself, a majority of five voted to uphold the power of states to provide school buses for parochial schools, against vigorous dissents claiming such a law was flatly contrary to the majority's own announced principles. Justice Jackson remarked that "The case which irresistibly comes to mind as the most fitting precedent is that of Julia, who, according to Byron's reports, "whispering 'I will ne'er consent';—consented."

Later, in *McCollum vs. Board of Education* (1948), the Court decided that the Establishment Clause prohibits the use of school facilities for religious classes; but then, in *Zorach vs. Clauson* (1952), it held that the clause does not prohibit the release of students from public schools for religious instruction. Again Jackson vigorously denounced the majority: "Today's judgment will be more interesting to students of psychology and of the judicial processes than to students of constitutional law."

Prior to *Everson*, the Court had held that the Free Exercise Clause did not confer a right upon Mormons to practice polygamy contrary to law; but after denying objections by members of Jehovah's Witnesses to the flag salute, it reversed itself in one of its most often-quoted decisions (*West Virginia State Board of Education vs. Barnette*, 1943) and held that such a ceremony could not be required of those with religious objections. Justice Jackson wrote for the majority:

> To believe that patriotism will not flourish if patriotic ceremonies are voluntary and spontaneous instead of a compulsory routine is to make an unflattering estimate of the appeal of our institutions to free minds. We can have intellectual individualism and the rich cultural diversities that we owe to exceptional minds only at the price of occasional eccentricity and abnormal attitudes. When they are so harmless to others or to the state as those we deal with here, the price is not too great. But freedom to differ is not limited to things that do not matter much. That would be a mere shadow of freedom. The test of its substance is the right to differ as to things that touch the heart of the existing order.

In recent years, the controversy over the religious clauses has not been within the Court itself, but between the Court and large segments of the public. The Justices have been nearly unanimous in holding that the Regents' Prayer, the Lord's Prayer and Bible readings in public schools, as religious exercises, are violations of the Establishment Clause; but

"You have a dirty mind; I like that in a man."

the public outcry has brought the First Amendment perilously close to change for the first time since it was written. While most of the Court's critics grant that there is a conflict between the religious exercises banned and the Establishment Clause, they nonetheless insist that the invasion is petty and should be ignored. The Court's answer, however, is taken directly from James Madison, the author of the First Amendment:

> [It] is proper to take alarm at the first experiment on our liberties. . . . Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity, in exclusion of all other Religions, may establish with the same ease any particular sect of Christians, in exclusion of all other Sects? That the same authority which can force a citizen to contribute three pence only of his property for the support of any one establishment, may force him to conform to any other establishment in all cases whatsoever?

Generating nearly as much public controversy, and considerably less agreement among the members of the Court, are the free-speech provisions of the First Amendment. The Court's enforcement of these provisions has differed from time to time, but in virtually all cases, formulas of varying permissiveness have been devised to limit the amendment's full effect. One of the best known of these formulas, the "clear and present danger" test, was developed by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in *Schenck vs. United States* (1919). "The question in every case," said Holmes, "is whether the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent. It is a question of proximity and degree." Although this test had the effect of restricting *full* freedom of speech, it was designed by Holmes (and Justice Louis Brandeis, who helped popularize it) to *extend* the protection of the First Amendment beyond its previous interpretations. Justice Brandeis said:

> Those who won our independence by revolution were not cowards. They did not fear political change. They did not exalt order at the cost of liberty. To courageous, self-reliant men, with confidence in the power of free and fearless reasoning applied through the processes of popular government, no danger flowing from speech can be deemed clear and present, unless the incidence of the evil apprehended is so imminent that it may befall before there is opportunity for full discussion. If there be time to expose through discussion the falsehood and fallacies, to avert the evil by the processes of education, the remedy is more speech, not enforced silence. Only an emergency can justify repression . . .

During the McCarthy era, the freedoms inherent in the "clear and present danger" concept were sharply curtailed. The Smith Act, passed by Congress in 1940, had made it a criminal act to "teach or advocate" the overthrow of any government in the United States by force and violence. Under it, ten leaders of the American Communist Party were indicted, tried and convicted. In 1951, their case—*Dennis vs. United States*—came before the Supreme Court. The Court, with Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson writing the majority opinion, decided by a vote of seven to two that the Smith Act was constitutionally valid.

In *Dennis*, Vinson admitted that no clear and present danger of overthrow of the Government existed. However, in his view, the "clear and present danger" test was not a limitation upon legislative action, but a judicial recognition that free speech "is not an unlimited, unqualified right," and that "the societal value of speech must, on occasion, be subordinated to other values and considerations." On this basis, Vinson concluded that the right of free speech must be "balanced" against the value of self-preservation and that Congress could rightly decide that a situation was serious enough to warrant immediate abridgment of this right.

This "balancing" test of First Amendment freedoms was followed by a series of decisions upholding the power of the Government to punish and otherwise penalize Communists, suspected Communists, those who associated with Communists or suspected Communists, and even those who, though admittedly unconnected with communism, refused to cooperate with state and Federal investigative efforts in this area. In 1960, Willard Uphaus, a doctor of theology and an avowed pacifist, was given a one-year prison sentence for refusing to tell the State of New Hampshire the names of people who had attended his summer camp (many of them suspected Communists). His sentence was upheld. And in 1961, the Court upheld an Illinois decision by which George Anastaplo was denied admission to practice law in Illinois because he refused to answer the Bar Committee's questions concerning his beliefs in God and communism.

In the same year, a majority of the Court upheld the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950, requiring that the Communist Party register with the Government under an act that would have subjected both the Party and its members to severe disabilities. In *Barenblatt vs. United States*, *Braden vs. United States* and *Wilkinson vs. United States* (1960 and 1961), the Court upheld convictions for contempt of the House Un-American Activities Committee of three persons who refused to answer questions about suspected Communist affiliations of themselves and others, on the ground that any First Amendment rights taken away had to be balanced against the Committee's need for information germane to its legislative function.

Throughout the ascendancy of the "balancing" test, the libertarian wing of the Court, under the leadership of Black and Douglas, was in persistent and vigorous dissent. In *Dennis*, Black said:

> Undoubtedly, a governmental policy of unfettered communication of ideas does entail dangers. To the founders of this nation, however, the benefits derived from free expression were worth the risk. They embodied this philosophy in the First Amendment's command that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . ."

Black added, "Public opinion being what it now is, few will protest the conviction of those Communist petitioners. There is hope, however, that in calmer times, when present pressures, passions and fears subside, this or some later Court will restore the First Amendment liberties to the high preferred place where they belong in a free society."

In the *Dennis* case, only Douglas joined Black in this view of the First Amendment. Subsequently, calmer times did arrive, but, more significant, Warren and Brennan were added to the Court and a more libertarian trend developed. The Court, however, is still split in certain areas involving the rights of Communists. In 1964, it decided that Congress had exceeded its power in withholding passports from all American Communists, because that law penalized a person for his association rather than for his acts. But Justice Clark, joined by Harlan and White in angry dissent, asked rhetorically, "Which Communist Party member is worthy of trust? Since the Party is a secret, conspiratorial organization subject to rigid discipline by Moscow, the Congress merely determined that it was not wise to take the risk which foreign travel by Communists entailed." The most recent decision of significance in the subversive-speech area occurred in 1965. The Court ruled that the stipulation in the Subversive Activities Control Act requiring individual members of the Communist Party to register with the Federal Government was unconstitutional, since a Communist who did register would thereby be forced to incriminate himself in violation of his Fifth Amendment rights.

The inconsistency of the Court's decisions in so-called subversive-speech cases demonstrates not only that Black and Douglas' literal interpretation of the First Amendment has never achieved

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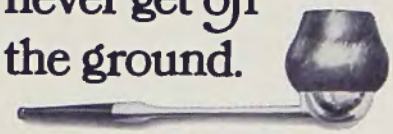

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majority support but that Holmes' and Brandeis' "clear and present danger" formula is no longer strictly adhered to. It seems likely that as long as the "balancing" test survives, the rights of political and other minorities to preach unpopular doctrines will continue to remain in doubtful status.

The Court's decisions under the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press have, with certain notable exceptions, been more libertarian. In its early cases, the Court dealt principally with freedom from censorship or other prior restraint. In *Near vs. Minnesota* (1931), an attempt to suppress the *Saturday Press*, a scurrilous anti-Semitic publication, as "malicious, scandalous and defamatory," was declared unconstitutional, but only on the ground that "previous restraint" had been imposed. Wrote Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes: "The fact that the liberty of the press may be abused by miscreant purveyors of scandal does not make any the less necessary the immunity of the press from previous restraint in dealing with official misconduct. Subsequent punishment for such abuses as may exist is the appropriate remedy, consistent with constitutional privilege."

Five years later, the Court broadened the application of the ban against previous restraints when it struck down a heavy tax imposed by the Huey Long political machine on unfriendly newspapers' selling advertising within the state. Justice Sutherland, one of the Court's most conservative members, wrote the unanimous opinion: "The tax here involved is bad not because it takes money from the pockets of the appellees. . . . It is bad because, in the light of its history and of its present setting, it is seen to be a deliberate and calculated device in the guise of a tax to limit the circulation of information to which the public is entitled in virtue of the constitutional guaranties. A free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the Government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves."

In 1963, the Court, in a major case, moved toward a much fuller enforcement of the guarantee of a free press. Unanimously it handed down a landmark decision reversing a $500,000 judgment rendered in the Alabama courts in favor of the police commissioner of Montgomery, Alabama, against *The New York Times* and four Negro clergymen. The newspaper had published a paid political advertisement vehemently critical of the Montgomery police department's treatment of civil rights demonstrators—and not entirely accurate in some of its details. The police commissioner had charged the advertisement had defamed him personally and he was sustained by the Alabama courts.

In this case, the Supreme Court ruled for the first time that the First Amendment, as incorporated against the states by the Fourteenth Amendment (in *Gitlow vs. New York*, 1925), restricted the right of public officials to sue for libel. The Constitution, said Justice Brennan, requires "a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust and wide-open, and that it may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on Government and public officials." Only if actual malice could be proved—proof that the criticism was deliberately or recklessly false—could damages be collected.

Characteristically, Justices Black and Douglas urged the Court to go further and give the press an absolute privilege to criticize public officials, without regard to malice. Said Black: "An unconditional right to say what one pleases about public affairs is what I consider to be the minimum guarantee of the First Amendment. . . . I regret that the Court has stopped short of this . . ."

Despite Black's misgivings, the only significant threat in recent years to journalistic freedom has been in efforts—largely unsuccessful—to restrain the right of news media to comment on events related to a criminal trial. In an early case, *Bridges vs. California* (1941), the Court held that only if a "clear and present danger" to the administration of justice were shown, could news about court proceedings be suppressed. More recently, however, in the *Sheppard* case (1966), the Court went even further, holding that the responsibility for ensuring a fair trial rests with law-enforcement officials and with attorneys for both sides. Under this decision, the press remains free to print what it can find out, but the police, prosecution and other officials are mandated—by threat of punishment—not to use the press to create a climate of opinion adverse to the defendant.

While these cases indicate that the Court in recent years has been progressing toward full enforcement of the freedom-of-expression provisions of the First Amendment in many areas, it has seemed to retrogress in the area of "obscene" or "indecent" expression. The Court's concern with Governmental censorship of material dealing with sex commenced less than 20 years ago. Previously, the censors generally had their way in determining what could or could not be read, with only occasional, and largely ineffective, interference from state and lower Federal courts. Accordingly, some of the world's greatest literature was banned as obscene for considerable periods of time in this country.

The first case to come before the Supreme Court, however, involved not a work of great literary value but a "true crime" magazine that allegedly violated a New York statute outlawing "any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper or other printed paper devoted to the

publication, and principally made up of criminal news, police reports or accounts of criminal deeds, or pictures or stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust or crime."

The Court held, in *Winters vs. New York* (1948), that the statute was unconstitutionally vague and therefore in violation of the First and Fourteenth Amendments in that it abridged the freedom of the press beyond even "the indecent and obscene, as formerly understood." The Court, however, expressly left open the question of whether clearly defined "indecency" or "obscenity" could be punished.

In 1952, the Court again cited vagueness in striking down a ban against Roberto Rossellini's film *The Miracle*, which the New York Board of Regents had declared "sacrilegious." And five years later, the Court unanimously held unconstitutional a Michigan law that made it a crime to "publish materials tending to incite minors to violent, or depraved, or immoral acts, manifestly tending to the corruption of the morals of youth." The general reading public cannot be quarantined, said Justice Frankfurter for the Court, "against books not too rugged for grown men and women in order to shield juvenile innocence. . . . Surely, this is to burn the house to roast the pig."

The same year, however, the Court greatly complicated the obscenity problem by declaring, in *Roth vs. United States* (1957), that obscenity is not "utterance within the area of protected speech and press." The criteria for determining obscenity, said Justice Brennan, were whether the expression at issue treated sex in a manner appealing to "prurient interest," whether it exceeded contemporary community standards of candor and whether it possessed no "redeeming social value" at all.

It soon became apparent, however, that if the freedom of expression guaranteed by the First Amendment was to receive any effective protection at all under the *Roth* test, the Court would have to pass upon charges of obscenity on a case-by-case basis. Until 1966, the Court's case-by-case approach was fairly liberal. It had reversed, for example, a New York State ban on a film version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and had also overturned a unanimous decision by the three judges of the District Court of Appeal of Florida that Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* was obscene. Indeed, as recently as September 1964, the Court was regarded as so liberal on questions of obscenity that nine leading New York clergymen—Jews, Protestants and Roman Catholics—attacked it for "finding that the Constitution was intended as a guarantee for the dissemination of filth, and a device to deprive the public of the right to protect itself against vile and corrupt publications."

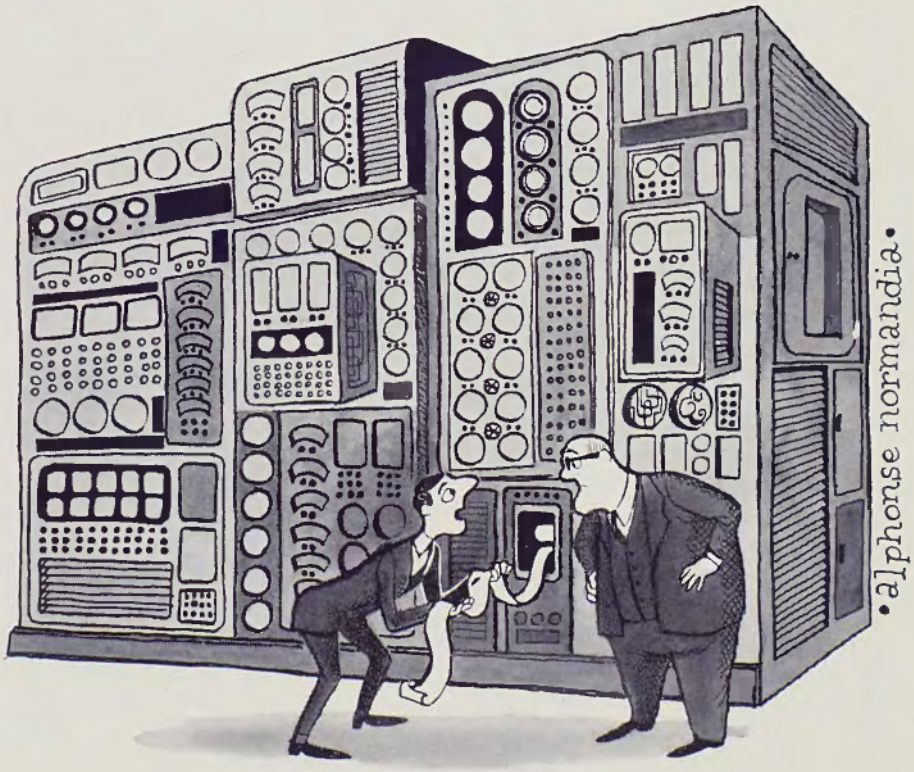
As of March 1966, however, those clergymen were resting somewhat easier. In that month the Court, in a five-to-four decision, unpredictably affirmed the 1963 conviction of Ralph Ginzburg for having mailed three allegedly obscene publications, *Eros*, *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity* and the newsletter *Liaison*.

The startling element in the majority decision in *Ginzburg* was that the Court did not say that the publications involved were themselves obscene. Rather, the Court adopted a theory of Chief Justice Warren's stated as a minority view in the *Roth* case, that the critical factor in an obscenity decision is not the material published, but the conduct of its publisher:

> It is not the book that is on trial; it is a person. The conduct of the defendant is the central issue, not the obscenity of a book or picture. The nature of the materials is, of course, relevant as an attribute of the defendant's conduct, but the materials are thus placed in context from which they draw color and character. A wholly different result might be reached in a different setting . . .
>
> The defendants were engaged in the business of purveying textual or graphic matter openly advertised to appeal to the erotic interest of their customers. They were plainly engaged in the commercial exploitation of the morbid and shameful craving for materials with prurient effect. I believe that the state and Federal Governments can constitutionally punish such conduct. That is all that these cases present to us, and that is all we need to decide.

In *Ginzburg*, the majority picked this theory up, and thus created a new and additional criterion for holding expression to be outside the protection of the First Amendment: Now the courts have also to consider the manner in which a publication is advertised and promoted. Justice Brennan, speaking for Warren, Fortas, White and Clark, said: "Where the purveyor's sole emphasis is on the sexually provocative aspects of his publications, that fact may be decisive in the determination of obscenity."

The dissents sharply criticized this holding as novel, inconsistent with the Constitution and naïve. Justice Black, dissenting along with Douglas, Harlan and Stewart, pointed out that the decision not only violates the plain command of the First Amendment, but also makes it "exceedingly dangerous for people to discuss either orally or in writing anything about sex." Douglas also chastised the majority for ignoring the Constitution and added that they apparently did not know what was going on in the world around them: "The use of sex symbols to sell literature, today condemned by the Court, engrafts another exception on First Amendment rights that is as unwarranted as the judge-made exception concerning obscenity. This new exception condemns an advertising technique as old as history. The advertisements of our best magazines are



"It wants a window office . . ."

chock-full of thighs, ankles, calves, bosoms, eyes and hair, to draw the potential buyers' attention to lotions, tires, food, liquor, clothing, autos and even insurance policies."

The split in the Court on the *Ginzburg* case—and the *Fanny Hill* and *Mishkin* cases that were decided with it—acutely illustrates the differing legal philosophies among the members of the Supreme Court. To Black and Douglas, an obscenity case presents a purely legal question: Can Congress or the states abridge the freedom of speech or of the press? Both Justices literally interpret the First Amendment and categorically answer no. Black feels so strongly about his position that he will not even read material alleged to be obscene before casting his vote against its censorship. Harlan, one of the most consistently conservative of the Court's nine Justices, nonetheless agrees with Black and Douglas that the First Amendment prohibits Federal censorship (as in *Ginzburg*), but disagrees that its provisions are equally binding on the states (which explains why he voted to allow censorship in the *Fanny Hill* and *Mishkin* cases, both of which involved the states). Stewart does not read the First Amendment literally, but would limit its exceptions in the obscenity area to those that go beyond the pale of ordinary communication—i.e., hard-core pornography, such as stag films and similar underground erotica.

The majority of the Court—Warren, Brennan, White, Clark and Fortas—contend, in effect, that the First Amendment is conditional, that certain utterances are beyond its protection. Thus, in attempting to deal with obscenity as a matter capable of objective measurement, despite the fact that the determination of "prurience," "redeeming social value," "patent offensiveness," "community standards" and "pandering" must of necessity be subjective, the Justices force themselves to study each allegation of obscenity in order to test their personal reactions to it. This is perhaps why the Court is so obviously uncomfortable in deciding obscenity cases. As Thurman Arnold pointed out in a brief to the Supreme Court of Vermont:

> The spectacle of a judge poring over the picture of some nude, trying to ascertain the extent to which she arouses prurient interests, and then attempting to write an opinion which explains the difference between that nude and some other nude, has elements of low comedy. Justice is supposed to be a blind Goddess. The task of explaining why the words "sexual relations" are decent and some other word with the same meaning is indecent is not one for which judicial techniques are adapted.

If the Warren Court is uneasy with questions of obscenity, it has been considerably more decisive and precise in dealing with the constitutional rights of persons accused of crime. The Court has, with remarkable consistency, enforced the Bill of Rights in criminal cases—despite an alarmed obbligato of criticism from prosecutors and police officials.

In early decisions, the Court's steps in this area were modest. In the *Scottsboro* case (1932), it was ruled that states must provide counsel when the death penalty might be involved, but the Court avoided a literal enforcement of the Sixth Amendment ("In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the assistance of counsel for his defense"). Indeed, the Court did not even mention it. In the years following the *Scottsboro* case, the Court also began to deal with the problems of coerced confessions related to the Fifth Amendment ("No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself"), but ruled against only the most blatantly coerced confessions, and again failed to mention the specific constitutional prohibition.

The modern concept of constitutional rights concerning criminal suspects began in 1938 (*Johnson vs. Zerbst*), when the Court held that the Sixth Amendment's guarantee of counsel must be applied to *all* Federal cases involving a serious crime. Justice Black wrote the majority opinion:

> The Sixth Amendment stands as a constant admonition that if the constitutional safeguards it provides be lost, justice will not "still be done." It embodies a realistic recognition of the obvious truth that the average defendant does not have the professional legal skill to protect himself when brought before a tribunal with power to take his life or liberty, wherein the prosecution is presented by experienced and learned counsel.

Progress toward a literal enforcement of the amendments dealing with criminal procedure made little headway in the Forties, however. In *Betts vs. Brady* (1942), the Court ruled that the Sixth Amendment did not apply to the states, and in 1947 and 1949 it ruled that the same was true for the Fifth Amendment and Fourth Amendment ("The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized").

In the last decade, however, each of these cases has been overruled. "When *Betts vs. Brady* was decided," Black has said, "I never thought I'd live to see it overruled." Not only did he live to see that day, but he wrote the opinion overruling it. In the *Gideon* case of 1963, the Court declared that state courts, like Federal courts, must appoint a lawyer whenever an indigent defendant in a serious criminal case asks for one.

Clarence Gideon had been convicted in Florida of breaking into a poolroom and received a five-year jail sentence. At his trial, he had tried to serve as his own lawyer, the court having declined to furnish him counsel. From his jail cell, Gideon sent a petition, written by hand, in pencil, to the Supreme Court of the United States. That tribunal consented to hear his appeal and appointed Abe Fortas, now a member of the Court, to represent Gideon.

Unanimously, in a decision written and read with obvious satisfaction by Justice Black, the Court reversed Gideon's conviction, concluding that "in our adversary system of criminal justice, any person hailed into court, who is too poor to hire a lawyer, cannot be assured a fair trial unless counsel is provided for him."

The Court has also dealt extensively with what lawyers call "out-of-court" procedures—police methods of gathering evidence, arresting suspects and questioning them prior to trial. In *Mallory vs. United States* (1957), a young married woman had been raped by a masked man in the basement of an apartment building. The victim, as in many cases of this kind, could give very little description of her assailant, except that he was a Negro. The police quickly arrested three young Negroes who lived in a basement apartment where the rape occurred, took them to police headquarters and interrogated them intensively for hours, notwithstanding an explicit District of Columbia procedural requirement that an arrested person be taken before a judicial officer "without unnecessary delay." Finally, one of the suspects, Andrew Mallory, broke down under a lie detector test and confessed he had committed the crime. Later that night he dictated a detailed confession and signed it. On the basis of the confession, he was subsequently convicted of rape and sentenced to death.

The Supreme Court unanimously reversed the conviction. "The police," wrote Justice Frankfurter, "may not arrest upon mere suspicion but only on 'probable cause.' The arrested person may, of course, be 'booked' by the police. But he is not to be taken to police headquarters in order to carry out a process of inquiry that lends itself, even if not so designed, to eliciting damaging statements to support the arrest and ultimately his guilt. . . . It is not the function of the police to arrest, as it were, at large and to use an interrogating process at police headquarters in order to determine whom they should charge before a committing magistrate on 'probable cause.' "

An even more significant case was

"Hell—this looks like a radical little community!"

Mapp vs. Ohio (1961), in which the Court overturned its previous ruling that the Fourth Amendment did not apply to the states. Cleveland police had broken into the home of a woman named Dollree Mapp on the basis of a tip that her residence contained "policy paraphernalia" and a bombing suspect. Finding neither, the police handcuffed her and searched the house until they discovered erotic pictures and pamphlets. Even though the police had neither a warrant nor probable cause to conduct such a search, Dollree Mapp was convicted of possessing obscene literature and sentenced to one to seven years in prison.

In reversing her conviction and holding that the states, as well as the Federal Government, are bound by the Fourth Amendment, the Court rendered "all evidence obtained by searches and seizures in violation of the Constitution . . . inadmissible in a state court." This holding removed one of the principal incentives for police to violate search-and-seizure rights; since illegally obtained evidence could no longer be admitted in court, law-enforcement procedures throughout the nation were revolutionized.

The Court was widely criticized for its decisions in *Mallory* and *Mapp*. According to Michael J. Murphy, former police commissioner of New York City, such decisions meant that "we are forced to fight by Marquis of Queensberry rules while the criminals are permitted to gouge and bite." However, Justice Brennan offered a quite different explanation of the meaning of such decisions: "A real test of how civilized a society has become is how it enforces its criminal law. No nation possesses a code better designed than ours to assure the civilized and decent administration of justice which is a free society's hallmark. But that code will provide only paper protection if our people are more concerned with prosecutions that are overturned than with fundamental principles that are upheld." And Chief Justice Warren has added: "The police must obey the law while enforcing the law. . . . In the end life and liberty can be as much endangered from illegal methods used to convict those thought to be criminals as from the actual criminals themselves."

Despite the criticisms directed at it, the Court has continued to deal with police invasions of constitutional rights. In *Escobedo vs. Illinois* (1964), the Court reversed a conviction because a suspect being interrogated in a police station had not been allowed to consult a lawyer who had come to the station house to see him. In such a situation, the majority ruled, a defendant is entitled to consult with counsel as soon as an investigation makes him a prime suspect. Police have long pointed out that they obtain many confessions between arrest and formal arraignment—without a lawyer present. Justice Arthur Goldberg, who wrote the majority decision, dissected this traditional police procedure. "The fact," Goldberg said, "that many confessions are obtained during this period points up its critical nature at a 'stage when legal aid and advice' are surely needed. Law enforcement which comes to depend on 'the confession' will, in the long run, be less reliable and more subject to abuses than a system which depends on extrinsic evidence independently secured through skillful investigation. . . . If the exercise of constitutional rights will thwart the effectiveness of a system of law enforcement, then there is something very wrong with that system."

Dissenting, Justice Harlan called the new rule "most ill-conceived" in that "it seriously and unjustifiably fetters perfectly legitimate methods of criminal law enforcement." Justice White agreed, adding sarcastically that the ruling would be unworkable "unless police cars are equipped with public defenders."

Justice White has continued to express his displeasure at the *Escobedo* ruling. In recent arguments before the Court, the Government has maintained that a suspect's rights are not necessarily violated if police are permitted to talk with him before he sees a lawyer. "After all," the Solicitor General said, "the lawyer can't prevent him from being fingerprinted. He can't prevent him from being mugged, or put in a line-up."

White leaned forward and said grimly, "Not yet."

In *Miranda vs. Arizona* (1966), the Court again faced the question of Fifth and Sixth Amendment rights and ruled that, as soon as anyone is "subjected to police interrogation while in custody at the station or otherwise deprived of his freedom of action in any way," the police must follow these procedural safeguards: The suspect must be warned that he has the right to remain silent. He must be told he has the right to have a lawyer present. Furthermore, if the suspect starts talking and then indicates "in any manner" that he wants to remain silent, the police must stop questioning him. If these procedures are not followed, evidence obtained during questioning will not be admissible in any felony or misdemeanor trial, in any state or Federal court.

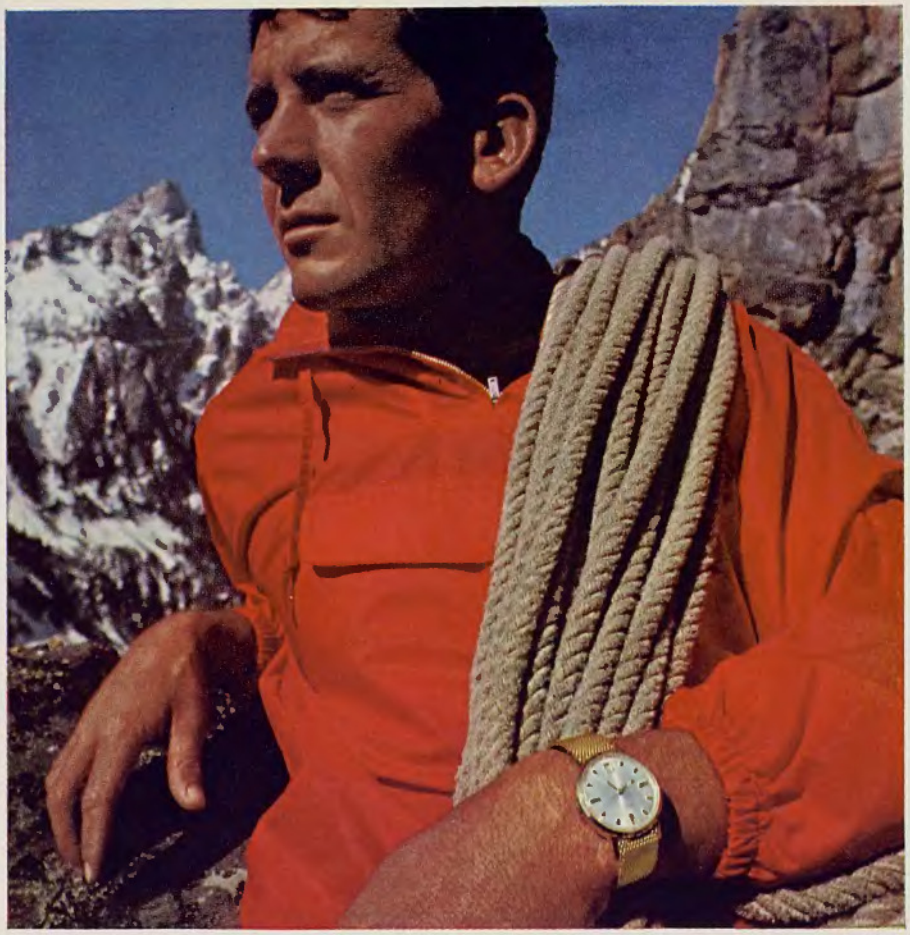
Once again, police procedures throughout the country were subjected to far-reaching changes. In a recent multiple-murder case in Chicago, for example, Richard Speck, the prime suspect, was unconscious when arrested, but arrangements were made to have a court-appointed lawyer stand by at the hospital. These decisions have also elicited a chorus of criticism, most of it based on the notion that criminals cannot be convicted unless they are encouraged to testify against themselves, and that if suspects are provided with immediate counsel, they will be warned not to confess.

Defenders of the Court's decisions point out that, whatever merit the criticism may have, it appears to ignore the explicit commands of the Bill of Rights condemning compulsory self-incrimination and assuring the assistance of counsel. Percy Foreman, the formidable Texas trial lawyer, stated, "The police are having to think and work now—using something besides their boots and billies." A less colorful solution to the law-enforcement quandary was suggested by Cincinnati prosecutor Melvin G. Rueger, who told local police to "do a more effective job before you start talking to a defendant."

In the *Mapp*, *Gideon* and *Escobedo* cases, among others, the Court has been applying more and more sections of the Bill of Rights to the states. When it was originally adopted, the Bill of Rights was interpreted as limiting only the powers of the Federal Government. Justice Black has steadfastly contended that one of the chief purposes of the Fourteenth Amendment—when it became part of the Constitution after the Civil War—was to make all the specific provisions of the first ten amendments applicable to the states. In Black's view, the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment ("No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws") cannot be reconciled with the states' continuing violation of the Bill of Rights.

Although the Court has on three separate occasions come within one vote of accepting Black's view, he has not yet carried a majority with him. But the Court is certainly moving in that direction. After deciding in 1961 that all evidence obtained in violation of the Fourth Amendment is inadmissible in state courts, the Supreme Court ruled the next year that the Eighth Amendment's ban on cruel and unusual punishments also applies to the states. Then in 1963 came the *Gideon* case, requiring the states to adhere to the Sixth Amendment's provision of counsel in criminal cases. In 1964, by a five-to-four vote, the Court extended the Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination to witnesses and defendants, whatever their status, in all state courts. And in 1965, the Court, six to two, forbade state prosecutors from calling attention to a defendant's refusal to testify under his Fifth Amendment rights.

Black has been successful, meanwhile, in achieving majority support for a literal application of the Fourteenth Amendment's Equal Protection Clause. In a



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series of cases decided in the Forties, the Court had ruled that the principles of the Due Process and Equal Protection Clauses did not apply to questions involving legislative apportionment, since these are political questions. Accordingly, the Court refused even to consider whether a malapportioned legislature might deprive poorly represented voters of equality of treatment. Black dissented in these cases, and finally, in 1962 (*Baker vs. Carr*), his view prevailed. This case involved a suit brought by a group of urban citizens in Tennessee who contended that rural control of that state's legislature deprived city voters of equal rights under the law. The Supreme Court agreed that it had power to decide the case, citing the Fourteenth Amendment's Equal Protection Clause. In subsequent decisions, the Court ruled that both houses of any state legislature had to be apportioned on the basis of population alone. One man, one vote.

Another issue on which the Court has broadly enforced the Equal Protection Clause concerns the rights of Negroes to equality under law. In *Brown vs. Board of Education* (1954), the Court dramatically confronted the issue. That decision, unanimously declaring compulsory racial segregation in the public schools to be unconstitutional, reversed more than a half century of complacent adherence to the unsupportable doctrine that constitutional equality could be achieved by giving whites and Negroes separate facilities that were more or less equal in quality.

In 1896, in *Plessy vs. Ferguson*, the Court had considered the constitutionality of a Louisiana law providing that "all railway companies carrying passengers in their coaches in this state, shall provide equal, but separate, accommodations for the white and colored races." In an opinion written by Justice Brown, the Court declared that the mere separation of the races could not be considered, of itself, to constitute inequality or discrimination.

In what may be the apex of judicial sophistry in American constitutional history, Justice Brown wrote: "We consider the underlying fallacy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it."

In a lone but searching and prophetic dissent, the elder Justice Harlan proclaimed: "Our Constitution is colorblind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens. . . . The thin disguise of 'equal' accommodations . . . will not mislead anyone, nor atone for the wrong this day done."

In the 1954 school segregation decision, the Court finally vindicated Justice Harlan in an opinion written by Chief Justice Warren: "Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal. Therefore, we hold that the plaintiffs and others similarly situated for whom the actions have been brought are, by reason of the segregation complained of, deprived of the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment."

In subsequent decisions, the Court struck down Jim Crow in parks and playgrounds, swimming pools and beaches, and in all recreational accommodations operated under municipal, county or state auspices. With the meaning of equality under the law thus firmly established, Congress finally passed a succession of civil rights laws, outlawing racial discrimination in all kinds of private enterprises affecting the stream of interstate commerce, and also providing means by which Negroes' right to vote, also expressly guaranteed by the Constitution, could actually be protected.

The segregation cases, better than any others ever decided by the Court, illustrate the necessity for a Constitution and a Supreme Court to protect the rights of a minority from the often callous will of the majority. The Negro was systematically denied his full rights of citizenship in many areas of this country for the last century, and, in spite of minor improvements in his lot, there seemed little prospect of major concessions from the white majority via the political processes. Fortunately, the authors of the Fourteenth Amendment foresaw this injustice and provided the Supreme Court with the power to enforce equal protection under the law for all. That the Court evaded its duty in 1896—in *Plessy vs. Ferguson*—is tragic, but it is to the credit of the Warren Court that, in the face of bitter hostility, it saw its obligation and performed it. "The Supreme Court . . . does not deserve all credit for the nation's new march toward the color-blind society," Judge Loren Miller has pointed out in his book *The Petitioners: The Story of the Supreme Court of the United States and the Negro*. "But . . . certainly it broke the log jam of law and precedent. . . . It would take blindness of another sort and of great dimensions to conceal the fact that much remains to be done. But there is hope now where there was once despair; there is faith now where there was once doubt and cynicism."

Apart from its concern with traditional civil rights and liberties, the Court is actively evolving and interpreting individual rights that, though not explicitly spelled out, are implicit in the Constitution. As Justice Douglas has said, "The Bill of Rights have penumbras, formed by emanations from those guarantees that help give them life and substance." Accordingly, the Court in recent years has been actively pursuing the admonition of a 19th Century Justice (Joseph Bradley) that "Constitutional provisions for the security of person and property should be liberally construed. . . . It is the duty of the Courts to be watchful for the constitutional rights of the citizen and against any stealthy encroachment thereon."

In *Robinson vs. California* (1962), the Court ruled that the conviction and punishment of a narcotics addict under a statute that made it a criminal offense to "be addicted to the use of narcotics" violated the prohibition of the Eighth Amendment against "cruel and unusual punishments." California had construed its narcotics statute as applying to the "status" or "chronic condition" of being addicted, but the Court held, in an opinion by Justice Stewart, that the imprisonment of a person for what he is, as opposed to what he does, is cruel and unusual, regardless of the length of imprisonment imposed.

This opinion—that status cannot be the basis for a criminal conviction—may project the Court into entirely new judicial areas. For example, it raises the question of whether criminal proceedings based upon charges such as habitual drunkenness, where no charge of specific illegal conduct is made, are constitutional. And in view of the Court's willingness to look behind statutes that purport to be regulatory but are actually punitive, this aspect of the *Robinson* holding could be extended to protect individuals who are barred from employment and other Government benefits on the basis of their status (for example, homosexuals).

Another recent decision that has created new constitutional doctrine is *Griswold vs. Connecticut* (1965), involving the penumbras of the First, Third, Fourth and Fifth Amendments. In *Griswold*, the Court, speaking through Justice Douglas, held unconstitutional a Connecticut law that prohibited the use of contraceptives, because the statute invaded "the zone of privacy created by several fundamental constitutional guarantees." According to Douglas:

> Such a law cannot stand in light of the familiar principle, so often applied by this Court, that a "Governmental purpose to control or prevent activities constitutionally subject to state regulation may not be achieved by means which sweep unnecessarily broadly and thereby invade the area of protected freedoms." Would we allow the police to search the sacred precincts of marital bedrooms for telltale signs of the use of contraceptives? The very idea is repulsive to the notions of privacy surrounding the marriage relationship.

Like *Robinson*, the *Griswold* case requires the Court for the first time to consider the constitutionality of laws not

only from the standpoint of the abstract power of Government to enact such laws but also from the standpoint of how, as a practical matter, the laws are to be enforced. Where enforcement would involve the Government in unconstitutional procedures, such a law, though valid on its face, is, under *Griswold*, unconstitutional. Indeed, the doctrine might be taken far enough to invalidate statutes punishing consensual sexual conduct among adults, since the enforcement of these laws usually involves entrapment or illegally obtained evidence.

The Court's recent concern with the right of privacy, a right long taken for granted but of especial importance amid the stresses of modern society, indicates, as Justice Douglas has said, that "All constitutional questions are always open." Accordingly, the Court in the years ahead is certain to continue to function in "the quiet of a storm center." The Court, for instance, has already been asked to extend the application of the separation of church and state by ending state and local tax exemptions for houses and buildings used for public worship. Also due before the Court are state laws against interracial marriages—an area of equal protection of the law on which the Court has not yet directly ruled. And the definition of an individual's right to privacy is bound to involve the Court in rulings on the increasingly sophisticated methods of obtaining information without the individual's being aware that he is under scrutiny.

Many open questions still exist, moreover, concerning the scope of the Fifth Amendment. In a case on which the Court has agreed to rule during its next term, 20 Connecticut gamblers were convicted under a Federal law requiring them to file information that could have led to the state's bringing them up on charges under state gambling laws. By refusing to file the information, are the gamblers within the Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incrimination?

Nor has the Court's ruling in the *Ginzburg* case by any means ended its deliberations on the constitutionality of limiting free speech and free press on the grounds of alleged obscenity. The Court has recently agreed to decide the constitutionality of an anti-obscenity law in Arkansas that permits judges to ban "obscene" magazines, have them destroyed and prohibit the sale of any future issues of the magazines. And certainly, in cases to come, the Court will again be forced to rethink its opaque 1957 ruling in the *Roth* case that "obscenity" is nonspeech and therefore not protected by the First Amendment.

Inevitably, some of the Court's future decisions will ignite more outraged criticism of it. But, as the late Justice Robert H. Jackson said, "Public opinion . . . always seems to sustain the power of the Court. . . . The people have seemed to feel that the Supreme Court, whatever its defects, is still the most detached, dispassionate and trustworthy custodian that our system affords for the translation of abstract into concrete constitutional commands." Moreover, the genius of the United States Constitution—which, though not offering a panacea for all social ills, does guarantee an atmosphere of freedom, fairness and justice in which to solve them—is becoming increasingly appreciated and understood by the American public.

Justice Douglas has written, "We need a renaissance of liberty at home. . . . The more tolerant of the unorthodox we are, the more respectful of minorities we become, the greater the chance of realizing the rich dividends of a Free Society. The greater our insistence on fair procedures by Government, the greater the confidence in Government. The more we encourage pluralistic tendencies at home, the greater our ability to manage the critical affairs of the world. . . . The advantage of encouraging nonconformity is that new and fresh approaches to troublesome problems are encouraged. Once speech, belief and conscience are placed beyond the reach of Government, a nation acquires a spiritual strength that will make it a shining light to all who have never known the blessings of liberty, even to those behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains."

The Supreme Court, as the ultimate guardian of our constitutional rights and liberties, stands at the forefront of a continuing struggle to turn into reality the ideals upon which this country was founded. Here we have the opportunity to show that individual freedom and equal justice under law are worth the effort and sacrifice of achievement. As Justice Black has suggested, this Government, with its Constitution and Bill of Rights, may indeed be "the last best hope of earth."

"Oops—sorry about that!"

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